MANUAL AND MODELS FOR COLLEGE COMPOSITION

SHIPHERD

THE MANUAL

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William DeWitt Hyde

TO BE AT HOME IN ALL LANDS AND AGES; TO COUNT NATURE A FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCE, AND ART AN INTIMATE FRIEND; TO GAIN A STANDARD FOR THE APPRECIATION OF OTHER MEN'S WORK AND THE CRITICISM OF YOUR OWN; TO CARRY THE KEYS OF THE WORLD'S LIBRARY IN YOUR POCKET, AND FEEL ITS RESOURCES BEHIND YOU IN WHATEVER TASK YOU UNDERTAKE; TO MAKE HOSTS OF FRIENDS AMONG THE MEN OF YOUR OWN AGE WHO ARE TO BE LEADERS IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE; TO LOSE YOURSELF IN GENEROUS ENTHUSIASMS AND CO-OPERATE WITH OTHERS FOR COMMON ENDS; TO LEARN MANNERS FROM STUDENTS WHO ARE GENTLEMEN, AND FORM CHARACTER UNDER PROFESSORS WHO ARE CHRISTIANS:—THIS IS THE OFFER OF THE COLLEGE FOR THE BEST FOUR YEARS OF YOUR LIFE

MANUAL AND MODELS

FOR

COLLEGE COMPOSITION

BY

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A NOTE TO THE INSTRUCTOR

A representative survey of English composition in required college courses has recently shown that the usual practice is the use of reference handbook and prose models. This book attempts to satisfy that need, and in a way apparently not before tried; namely, by combining in one volume a full-length handbook with a large and varied body of prose specimens.

The purpose of this combination is double: (1) that the student (and the instructor) may be convenienced by having these two most useful "scholar's companions" merged in one volume; (2) but more specially that the handbook may thereby become an instrument of positive, affirmative, constructive help, through reference at every strategic point to the best possible forms to be found among the models. The psychology of displaying many bad examples is always questionable; the emphasis is discouragingly on "thou shalt not." Here the attempt is to overlay that negative instruction with affirmation, and to surround the student with counsels of encouragement by sending him on all occasions to specimens of first-rate literature, which, partly for that purpose, are put immediately under his hand for instant and persistent guidance.

The "Manual" in this volume tries to supply all matters of technical information which college use may reasonably ask of such a handbook of reference, and also to supply instructor and class with such drill material as experience has shown us we are likely to need. It ought also to be emphasized that this opportunity for group drill, suggested here and there by exercises, may even more helpfully be used for the technical study of the "Models."

The arrangement of the "Manual" is optimistic. Those fortunate instructors whose students need little or no review of grammar, spelling principles, and the other more elementary

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matters, will be aware of them only as relegated to an appendix. Those instructors whose students must have their technical fences rather carefully gone over and mended can easily rearrange the schedule of assignments to fit their needs. Such a rearrangement might take this form:

	PAGES
1. Note-taking	129 f.
2. Composition Notebook	130 ff.
3. Manuscript Rules	125–129
4. Borrowing Ideas	132 ff.
5. Review of Grammar	180–219
6. Capitals	219 f.
7. Numbers	220 f.
8. Abbreviations	221 f.
9. Punctuation	88–124
10. Spelling	171–179
11. Pronunciation	163–171
12. Sentences	37–63
13. Paragraphs	64–78
14. Words	3–37
15. Larger Units	78–88
16. Speaking (Oral Composition)	134–138
17. Oral Reading	139 f.
18. A Reading List	144–157
19. Written Examinations	140–144
20. Books Useful to Writers	158–161

Though the fullness and variety of material in the "Manual" is such as to give it, the author hopes, the greatest possible value as a handbook for reference and drill, yet it does not profess to be a rhetoric, and only mentions the finer matters of rhetorical principle; its exercises, therefore, are primarily technical rather than rhetorical and structural. And this mention of the larger matters of style and composition is naturally placed in the "Models," in immediate contact with the illustrations of the various kinds of prose writing.

The "Models" are commented upon as a group and analyzed in some detail on pages 225 to 232, to which the instructor is especially directed. As there explained, the usual terms are so modified as to suggest to the student the *purpose* of each sort of prose. In order that the student may be unprejudiced in his appreciation, only serial numbers and titles are given: the

writer's name is not printed with the piece. An index of those titles, with author, source, and full credit, follows the "Models." The analysis (pages 229–232) is chiefly an attempt to supply the instructor with a key which may save him the preliminary reading of such pieces as may be unfamiliar to him; but there would seem no good reason that the student should not use it too.

The dominant purpose of the author has been to make such a combination text as he has more and more wanted for his own teaching, and such as he hopes may be of real service to his confrères in their high and difficult calling.

H. R. S.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

FOR THE STUDENT

Students are not supposed to read prefaces; but if you get a chance, I hope you'll read this one.

This book was made for you rather than for your instructor; with constant thought of what would be of help and of use, and possibly even of interest, to you.

If you are one of those who already enjoy working out the problems of language, and have even now some skill in doing it, you will go merrily on without need of much more than an opportunity and a Godspeed.

But if you are like most of us, and have to work pretty hard for such half-successes as you get, you may find some real help in this book. For whether the composition course you are taking in college is compulsory or not doesn't matter — it will soon be over anyway; but your language "course" in life won't be over until you are through using language.

The language problem, though, is not only lifelong; it is continuous. Language is an instrument we use all the time; for all our speaking, for all our writing, and even (I believe) for all our thinking. We seem to have no way of separating these activities; and really use the same language throughout. Hence the poverty of one is the poverty of all; but, fortunately, the richness and skill of one — power gained in thought, or speech, or writing — spreads to the others. This is why it has been said that we should — and do — write as we speak, and speak as we think, and think as well as we can; and that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Two other interesting truths apply to this matter of language: (1) it forces us to take the other person's point of view; (2) and it is a rather miraculous process.

(1) You hear much these days about "sales talk"; but the salesman is merely trying to do what all of us try when we use

language — to be unmistakable: to whom? to the other fellow. And the salesman starves if he does n't succeed; therefore he does everything he can to make his language effective. The fact is the same for all of us: all our use of language is aimed at some one else; we must above everything else be clear (and if we care very much, unmistakable) not merely to ourselves but to the persons we are trying to reach.

(2) Language is so universal that we easily forget its really miraculous quality. Yet when we look thoughtfully at the effects we achieve with these curious marks on paper and sounds in the air, — at the height, the depth, and the breadth of feeling and of thought that we convey by means of them, — rather successfully and easily too, — to other souls whom we thus discover to be surprisingly like ourselves; and when we pause long enough to remember what helpless and hopeless prisoners we should be, shut up (as Helen Keller was) each in his separate cell, without this enfranchisement that language brings us, — we have to admit that the process is not much less miraculous, apparently, than such other common but unexplained phenomena as radio and flowers.

As you read around among the "Models" in the second part of this book, among good things written by other students like yourself, as well as those by famous persons, you will catch yourself wishing you could do as well. *You do not know that you can't*, — unless you *prove* that you can't: by trying every means that you know, to match or surpass this good work. The "Models" are here to give you suggestions, material, and technique to think about, imitate, and practice with. The "Manual" is here to answer the technical questions which those writers, as well as you and I and all of us, have to answer as we work at this vastly fine and delicate art of self-expression, in language, for others: questions whose answers all come, not from the grammars and handbooks, but really from good writing itself. The book as a whole exists, as I began by saying, to be of use to you; and this is my chief hope for it.

THE AUTHOR

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The anthologist puts himself in the debt of many, and has decent need of making his acknowledgments as public as his borrowings. Not decently only, but gladly, I would announce my debt, in the second part of this book, to the many gracious persons and publishers who have allowed me to use their property: to each of whom I have made specific acknowledgment elsewhere.

Particularly do I wish to record my obligation to those friends who in special ways have lightened my labors with wise counsel: Professor Sophie M. Hart, of Wellesley College; Dr. Kenneth C. R. White, of Western Reserve University; Mr. Rollo Walter Brown and Dr. Stewart Macdonald, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

H. R. S.

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MANUAL AND MODELS FOR COLLEGE COMPOSITION

"WORDS FITLY SPOKEN—"

The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and tell in a plain way what it saw.— JOHN RUSKIN

Sit down to write what you have thought, and not to think what you shall write.— WILLIAM COBBETT

It is with words as with sunbeams: the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.— ROBERT SOUTHEY

We have the richest language that ever a people has accreted, and we use it as if it were the poorest. We hoard up our infinite wealth of words between the boards of dictionaries, and in speech dole out the worn bronze coinage of our vocabulary. We are the misers of philological history. And when we can save our pennies and pass the counterfeit coin of slang, we are as happy as if we heard a blind beggar thank us for putting a pewter sixpence into his hat.— WILLIAM J. LOCKE, *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*

THE MANUAL

THE BUILDING MATERIALS

I. WORDS

Words are the signs and symbols of things; and . . . in the course of human affairs words and names pass for things themselves. — ROBERT SOUTH

Our words should fit our thoughts like a glove, and be neither too wide nor too tight. If too wide, they will include much vacuity beside the intended matter. If too tight, they will check the strong grasp. — GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

I observe that all distinguished poetry is written in the oldest and simplest . . . words. There is a point, above coarseness and below refinement, where propriety abides. — EMERSON

In the commerce of speech use only coin of gold and silver — be profound with clear terms, and not with obscure terms. — JOUBERT

The word is the thought incarnate. — MAX MÜLLER

Syllables govern the world. — COKE

Of the four units of written language, words first attract us, as the simplest and briefest. Yet nothing may be more deceptive than their brevity; for a tiny word may reach into the highest heaven or the lowest hell or the farthest past. All words carry quite measureless trains of human history, — struggles, migrations, piracies, conquests, colonizings, industries, — vividly and immortally chronicled in the words past races have used, and modified, and bequeathed to us. Hardly any study is more fascinating or more enlarging.

But since words are also the most hourly-needed symbols of both thought and expression, one of our chief needs is constant study of them. Only as we choose the right word and the right number of words for our immediate purpose, are we able to work our will upon our friends and neighbors and employers and customers.

What "the right word" is we have always to decide from two points of view: (1) that of our meaning and (2) that of our readers' understanding. Only that word is "right" which is the best for *both* the writer and the reader.

ACCURACY IN WORDS

GOOD USE

The "good use" of words was long ago defined as meaning "present use," "national use," and "reputable use." Language as a medium is usable only as far as it is accepted and used by the most skilled and expressive speakers and writers: they lead, the rest of us follow. But we follow the majority — we'll not follow a few.

How are we to know what good use is? As the dictionary-makers learn: by reading and hearing and noticing the best writing and speech. Each of us thus becomes an authority and an expert, a kind of honorary member of the American Academy. Meantime, of course, we get all the help we need from the other experts, in their dictionaries and synonym-books and the like.

Present Use

For one thing, words now acceptable are neither out of date nor just coined.

Words out of date are either gone (obsolete) or going (obsolescent). Notice that such words last longer in verse than in prose:

amidst	ere	quoth
amongst	erst	spake
anon	fain	whilom
betwixt	hath	whilst
doff	nigh	withal
don	oft, ofttimes	yore

New words (neologisms) are apt to start as slang — which is the most short-lived form of language. Whether, therefore, they go or stay depends on whether they are needed; and this takes time to show. Slang as such never stays, — or at least never gets into the permanently useful working language, — because it supplies no actual need, and finds no real job. Slang kidnaps a word already attached to an idea, and applies it suddenly (in fun) to an idea already provided with a word. Slang is therefore a playful novelty; like all novelties it is quickly worked to death, and is then dead beyond hope. As a form of fun it adds to the gaiety of nations; but it is of course

incapable of doing the real work of the world. Children play with it, as with their other toys; but when dolls and sleds go, slang should soon follow. Its serious use, as a substitute for real language, is like the use of profanity, — an attempt to get along with emotions and signs in place of words. Some of the following are slang; a few are going out; most never have been in; none are in the language of really good modern writers or speakers, and will have to wait a very long time before they get in:

ad
arousal
auto
boughten
burgle
clerk (*as a verb*)
combine (*as a noun*)
complected
co-ed
cute
disremember
educationalist
enthuse
etc. (*always translated in speech*)
exam
exit (*as a verb*)
fictionary
firstly
gent
gesture (*as a verb*)
gotten
gym
human (*as a noun*)
illy
invite (*as a noun*)
lengthy
mortician
onto
pants (*as a noun*)
peeve
phone
photo
photographist
prof
proven
realtor
recommend (*as a noun*)
reminisce
resolve (*as a noun*)
suspicion (*as a verb*)
viewpoint
vision (*as a verb*)
week-end (*as a verb*)
worthwhileness

National Use

For a second thing, words now acceptable are so used and understood by the best speakers and writers all over the English-speaking world. Such words make up the tongue which we must have for use the world over, wherever we find other English-speaking persons. Localisms and provincialisms are of no use outside their own little township.

So, too, of trades, crafts, sciences, or other compartments of life, which use special terms obscure to those outside. *Scab,*

from the trades unions; *party*, from telephone parlance, to mean one person; *A1, below par, take stock in*, from the stock market; *pan out, get down to bed-rock, diggings*, from mining; *aforesaid, on the docket*, from law, — these are examples of the great quantity of "technical slang" which will very slowly, if at all, win admission to the general language.

Foreign words and phrases should be translated, if possible; very rarely is that impossible. And it is neither considerate nor skilful to show your learning to readers who may not be able to translate for themselves. The Latin abbreviation *etc.* has no place outside of auction bills and other tabular lists; *per* belongs only in Latin phrases; *i.e.* (*id est*) means "that is"; *viz.* (*videlicet*) means "namely"; *e.g.* (*exempli gratia*) means "for example"; therefore use the English. A very few French expressions have no English equivalent, and may therefore be pardoned, if sparingly used:

à la carte	bête noire	sang-froid
à la mode	coup d'état	savoir faire
au fait	fin de siècle	table d'hôte
ennui	par excellence	tête-à-tête
esprit de corps	pièce de résistance	vis-à-vis

And certain Latin phrases have been so long and familiarly used that they are almost part of our English thought, hence may be resorted to occasionally:

alma mater	habeas corpus	ne plus ultra	summum bonum
a priori	in medias res	per capita	terra firma
bona fide	in statu quo	per se	verbatim
de facto	ipse dixit	post mortem	vice versa
dramatis personæ	magnum opus	sine die	vox populi
ex officio	modus operandi	sine qua non	

Yet many of these Latin phrases can be well translated, therefore they should be:

a priori = deductively
de facto = in fact
in medias res = into the midst of things
in statu quo = as it was
magnum opus = masterpiece
modus operandi = ways and means
ne plus ultra = the ultimate
per se = by itself
sine die = without day
sine qua non = essential
summum bonum = the supreme good
terra firma = solid ground
vox populi = public opinion

And many popular foreign phrases are quite or nearly as expressive in English as they can be felt to be in the original:

ad infinitum = forever
ad valorem = according to value
amour propre = self-love, egoism
billet doux = love letter
chef d'œuvre = masterpiece
de novo = anew
Deo volente = God willing
de trop = superfluous
double entendre = double meaning

and so on, *ad libitum*,— that is, as far as you like.

Reputable Use

A third truth is that words actually in the language need to be used as the great majority of good writers and speakers use them — reputably, with reputable meanings and in reputable combinations. This use is our real problem. For we distinguish easily the "barbarisms," — the words that are not in the language and therefore not to be used at all in really good style; slang, foreign words, antiques, and neologisms. But our real task is to discriminate nicely in our use of the words that *are* English, that everybody uses, and that everybody needs to use skilfully and appreciatively in order to do business successfully. Anybody can avoid "barbarisms"; only appreciation and vigilance will keep us from "improprieties" — proper words improperly used. To this finer accuracy we all devote ourselves, in proportion as we do active thinking and have thoughts to express; and we shall need to continue this devotion as long as our thought-machine continues operation. To assist this devotion, the lists that follow are to serve as stimuli: in all these matters, your own lists are likely to be even more suggestively useful.

SYNONYMOUS WORDS

No two words are identical in meaning; for meaning includes what the word names, *denotation*, and what it suggests, *connotation;* and no two words which mean the same in the dictionary mean quite the same in their suggestiveness. *Have* and *possess*, *get* and *acquire*, *wages* and *salary*, are examples of synonyms in denotation, but not in connotation. All the finer

and more subtle and skilful work in language observes these nice differences in connotation.

There are, therefore, few or no perfect synonyms, that is, words which are equivalent throughout. But there are many which overlap in some or much of their length. To find and appreciate these likenesses and differences is to go far toward mastery of our rich and kaleidoscopic tongue.

The following pairs have *only* their *differences* very briefly noted; their likenesses are usually noticeable enough. *Follow through* these differences for yourself, in dictionaries and in good use generally, and the words will never again seem confusingly alike. Remember that this list is not to displace the dictionary, but to lead to it. (Note that just comparison requires both words to be the same part of speech.)

ability (to do)
abstinence (none)
action (general) = process
affect = to alter
aggravate = to make bad worse
ago (from now)
allusion = mention
amateur = skilled, but for love — not money
aware (outside)
begin (of ordinary doings)
beside = alongside
between (of two)
can (of ability)
ceremonious (private)
character (reality)
childlike = properly like a child
cite = refer to
claim (before an object)
commit (of crime)
confess (one's own guilt)
conscience (connected with morality)
contagious = spreading through touch
contemptible = worthy of contempt

continual = intermittent

capacity (to receive)
temperance (some)
act (specific) = deed
effect = to complete
provoke = to arouse ill feeling
before (in any earlier time)
illusion = a delusion
novice = unskilled because a beginner
conscious (inside)
commence (of large matters)
besides = in addition
among (of more than two)
may (of permission)
ceremonial (public)
reputation (supposition)
childish = improperly like a child
quote = repeat exactly
assert (before a clause)
memorize (of poetry)
admit (some one else's opinion)
consciousness (no connection with morality)
infectious = spreading in any way

contemptuous = feeling and showing contempt
continuous = uninterrupted

cost = cost — high or low
council = city legislature
credible = believable
credible (of reports)
criticism (sweet-tempered)
cure (of disease)
deathly (appearance only)
decided = strong
decimate (of one-tenth)
definite = clear
demean = behave—either well or ill
deprecate (of actions)
different = unlike
discover = to find
distinct = separate
dramatic (real)
each other (of two)
economic (of economics)
either (of two)
elder (of people)
emigrate = leave
enormousness = physical hugeness
exceptional (no praise or blame)
expect = look forward to
famous = known for good
farther (physical distance)
feminine (fact)
fewer (of numbers)
fix = set
funny = amusing
gesture (always a noun)
guess (of a riddle)
happen = take place
healthy = having health
house (physical)
human = relating to the race
hung (things)
if (of *one* possibility)
ill = indisposed (general)
imaginary = non-existent

impending (dreaded)

imperious = like an emperor (personal)

costliness = high cost
counsel = advice
creditable = praiseworthy
credulous (of people)
fault-finding (ill-tempered)
heal (of a wound)
deadly (power to cause)
decisive = conclusive
slaughter (of more than one-tenth)
definitive = final
debase = degrade
depreciate (of values)
numerous = many
invent = to make
distinctive = characteristic
theatrical (superficial)
one another (of more than two)
economical (of thrift)
one (of any number)
older (of animals and objects)
immigrate = enter
enormity = immoral hugeness
exceptionable = blameworthy
suppose = think
notorious = known for bad
further (mental distance)[1]
effeminate (condemnation)
less (of quantity)
prepare = make ready
odd = unusual
gesticulate (verb)
believe (of a fact)
transpire = become known
healthful = producing health
home (spiritual)
humane = kind
hanged (persons)
whether (of *two* possibilities)
sick = nauseated (particular)
imaginative = possessing imagination

approaching (neither dreaded nor wanted)

imperial = connected with an empire (general)

[1] No distinction *need* be made between farther and further.

in (enclosed)
incredible (of reports)
infer = conclude (for yourself)
ingenious = skilled
intelligent = having and using a mind
interior (large or important)
invite (verb, always)
involve = include (loosely)
judicial = impartial
knowledge = facts acquired
lady (aristocratic)
last = no more to come
leave = abandon, forsake
lie, lay, lain (intransitive and irregular)
like (preposition, to introduce *substantives*)
like (of objects)
likely (of any probability)
locality (general and "bookish")
locate = to assign, to find
lose (transitive verb) = mislay
luxurious (of objects)
mad = insane
majority = more than half
manly = properly like a man
mean = contemptible
mind = attend
most (substantive; before *of*)
mutual = actively reciprocal
neglect (an act)
nice = delicate, fine
observation = seeing
official = properly like an officer
oral = spoken
partly (has one meaning)
party (several)
per cent = by the hundred
perseverance (attractive quality)
perspicuity = clearness
pitiable = needing pity
pleasing (a dull, condescending word)
practicable = can be done (never of persons)
precipitous (of cliffs)
prescribe = require

into (inserted)
incredulous (of people)
imply = suggest (to some one else)
ingenuous = frank, open
intellectual = connected with mind
inside (small or commonplace)
invitation (noun)
implicate = entangle (tightly)
judicious = wise
wisdom = power to use facts
woman (democratic)
latest = most recent
let = allow, permit
lay, laid, laid (transitive and regular)

as (conjunction, to introduce *clauses*)

love (of people)
liable (of an unpleasant probability)
place (particular and "simple")
settle = to establish a residence
loose (adjective) = not tight
luxuriant (of growths)
angry = indignant
plurality = more than any other one
mannish = improperly like a man
unkind = inconsiderate
obey = follow orders
almost (adverb; before *all*)
common = passively general
negligence (a habit)
agreeable = pleasant
observance = keeping up
officious = improperly like an officer
verbal = in words
partially (has two meanings)
person (one)
percentage = proportion
persistence (not so attractive)
perspicacity = clear-sightedness
pitiful = needing or having pity
pleasant (a bright word)
practical = useful (also of persons)

precipitate (of action)
proscribe = reject

preventive (the correct form)
proposal = an action
propose = to offer, suggest
prosecute = pursue lawfully
quite = entirely
raise (literal; physical)
raise (of live stock)
raise, raised, raised (transitive and regular)
real (adjective only)
recommend (verb)
refute = disprove
relation (a condition)
residence (costs $30,000 or more)
respectfully = with respect
revoke = recall
school (where most American children go)
sensible = feeling (merely)
sensuous = connected with the senses (of objects)
sentiment (real)
significance = importance
sit (intransitive)
smart (active, clever)
so (before a result clause)
solicitation = asking
some (adjective)
speak (rather formal)
start (single: physical)
state (formal)
stop (of a sudden single act)
student = a studying adolescent
subterranean (a bookish word)
suppress = put down (by outside force)
team = two draft animals
(am) through = done
ugly = repulsive
undertaker (good English word)
verse = one line
vocation = what calls — work
wait for = expect, stay for
way (noun)
wire = bind or equip with wire
womanly = properly like a woman

preventative (a corruption)
proposition = an idea
purpose = to intend
persecute = pursue unlawfully
rather = much
elevate (figurative; moral)
rear (of children)
rise, rose, risen (intransitive and irregular)
really (adverb)
recommendation (noun)
deny = merely protest against
relative (a person)
dwelling-house ($10,000)
respectively = in the order given
rebut = strike back
college (where 1 in 400 American youth goes)
sensitive = feeling too much
sensual = immorally connected with the senses (of people)
sentimentality (false)
signification = meaning
set (transitive)
stylish (fashionable)
very (before an adverb or adjective)
solicitude = anxiety
somewhat (adverb)
talk (rather informal)
begin (first of series: general)
say (informal)
stay (of continued inaction)
pupil = a child being taught
underground (a simple word)
repress = keep down (by force within)
vehicle = machine for carrying
(am) finished = exhausted
vicious = bad-tempered
mortician (fancy trade slang)
stanza = a group of lines
avocation = what calls away — play
wait on = serve, attend
away (adverb)
telegraph = send a telegram
womanish = improperly like a woman

EXERCISES

1. Challenge any of the above distinctions that seem questionable to you, and find out the truth about them.

2. Check all those words that are not quite familiar to you, and get acquainted with them by every possible means; then erase the check-marks.

3. Begin adding other words and distinctions at the rate of one every other day: and see how long you can keep up this progress.

4. Mark a pencil oval around every word in "College Honor" which you do not use in your own speech or writing.

TOO FEW WORDS

Language, like every other growth, tends toward simplification; but economy may go too far — natural thrift in word and phrase may be pushed too fast. When omitted words leave disagreeable bluntness, or actual obscurity, economy becomes miserliness. "Cookbook diction," "business-letter English," and the like, are especially disagreeable, or even obscure, in their omission of necessary articles, nouns, and pronouns; and they are sometimes, like the comparisons below, seriously blind or even flatly self-contradictory.

EXERCISE AND EXAMPLES

Correct the obscurities and other faults:

1. I enjoyed *Henry Esmond* more than any book I ever read.
2. The technical terms, as "binding," should be in quotation marks.
3. No one has ever shown such broad humor as Rabelais.
4. One cannot taste the walnuts if too small.
5. Whip the yolks until stiff.
6. I was very pleased with my welcome.
7. Did you see Rev. Smith?
8. His lower lip has a trick of protruding when hurt or angry.
9. Yours fifteenth received, and will answer same in detail.
10. The army made a longer march than any body of men ever accomplished.
11. She graduated Woodward High School in 1925.
12. They passed their French but failed their German.
13. "How do you do?" she greeted.
14. Stir vigorously and bake in quick oven until brown.

15. We think we know ourselves better than anyone else.
16. I hope I don't fail my geometry.
17. He thought nothing was so beautiful as a well-bound and highly-illustrated book.
18. "Watch your step!" he warned.
19. He wants in.
20. I shall be very gratified to have you call.
21. My training was a great deal different than the two previous years.

TOO MANY WORDS

It is with words as with sunbeams: the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn. — SOUTHEY

He that hath knowledge spareth his words. — SOLOMON

We are more likely to use too many words than too few. The use of more words than an idea needs is bad workmanship, for several important reasons:

1. *Weakness.* An idea spread thin over many words loses most of its strength: compactness and compression is power, in all forms of energy.

2. *Obscurity.* An idea is submerged, buried, lost among many words; yet their business is to carry it safely and surely, not to lose it on the way. Language is merely a servant; good only when its service is swift and sure. And a straight line is still the shortest distance between two points. Insure the delivery of your idea by making your messenger drop all unnecessary bundles, and avoid detours and side-trips.

3. *Debasing of the language.* A strong word bolstered or repeated is insulted. An idea repeated is a reflection against the power of the words already used. Such shiftlessness become habitual with many persons, weakens (for them) the strength and usefulness of their language; and thereby reduces their power and influence in their world, and weakens for them and their friends the power and values of the words they have misused.

Adams Sherman Hill used to say: "When a thing doesn't fit, try leaving it out." If the attempt is not the resort of laziness, it often brings the solution; for most of us speak and write loosely and redundantly.

103932

EXAMPLES

("A free gratis gift for nothing")

inclosed herewith	positively grand
continue on	perfectly grand
later on	perfectly beautiful
stood up	absolutely none whatever
rise up	current events of the day
divide up	large in size
wind up	few in number
end up	tall in stature
finish up	seldom ever
climb up	rarely ever
ascend up	total abstinence
enter into	student body
examine into	equally as
investigate into	lie down
nod up and down	drop down
final completion	lower down
from whence	fall down
project out	win out
true facts	lose out
false lie	follow after
issue forth	pervade throughout
final outcome	penetrate through
ultimate end	has . . . to it
return back	from out of
refer back	quiet stillness
back back	remember of
mingle together	reason why is because
collect together	oak, elm, maple, pine, birch } trees[1]
connect together	
gather together	
blend together	
link together	
no doubt but that	I personally
concealed from sight	necessary requirement
off of	needed requirement
eight years of age	essential need
absolutely no one	along the line of music
perfectly all right	in the line of art
absolutely perfect	in a business way
absolutely wonderful	"Thank you" (*at the end of a speech*)

[1] When a tree is named for its fruit, the word *tree* is needed; as with *cherry, apple, peach, pear, fig, persimmon, olive,* etc.

red color
azure blue
vermilion red
emerald green
crimson shade
up until
on the outside
dead corpse
termed as
oftentimes
repeat again
post-graduate
oval-shaped
round shape
square shape
think for
in back of
each and every
some better
each and all
try out
more preferable

EXERCISE

Make these sentences as *clear*, *strong*, and *simple* as you can:

1. She hung her head down.
2. He wrote down the words.
3. What you say is sensible, but it could be said in fewer words. (Say this in three.)
4. I also like the *Post* because it is such a clean paper, and anything that you may see in the *Post*, you may be sure is true.
5. Empires may vary greatly from one another in certain characteristics.
6. The city has a population of over 15,000 people.
7. He is not as foolish as you think for.
8. Yourself and your friends are cordially invited.
9. We just simply couldn't help it.
10. Here is something for each and every member.
11. Mrs. Whenfer says she is some better.
12. He is a total abstainer.
13. I hope to follow in back of my father.
14. The fruit I put up last fall spoiled on me.
15. I hope my enthusiasm remains to continue on.
16. There are andirons of brass which dazzle the eyes with their brightness.
17. Darkness hung all round me, — in front and on both sides.
18. When the last ray of day had disappeared, an indescribable darkness was everywhere visible.
19. He pondered over the matter in his mind.
20. They galloped through the village on their horses.
21. I shall be careful in the future to avoid this mistake.
22. It is hardly fair to you that just because you were unaware of this offer at the time you placed your order that you should lose the money-saving benefits it provided.
23. Our house is not next to the church, but opposite to it.
24. The story has a good plot to it.
25. A prostrate man was lying on the floor.

26. One hears a snore from one of the patients who is fast asleep.

27. I just could n't face the music.

28. In many cases her sentences are too long.

29. I consider that to be absolutely perfect.

30. She spent a year in post-graduate work.

31. From whence do you come?

32. One is equally as good as the other.

33. His acting is perfectly wonderful.

34. He has already said that before.

35. They returned in three days' time.

36. In regard to a cure for the dreaded malady called seasickness, it may be safely stated that there is no medicine which has yet been discovered which can entirely remove the difficulty. (Three words.)

37. If writers will observe their style, they will find themselves stuffing and padding their work with matter which is absolutely worthless to them.

38. I always admire anyone who can use good expressions in writing the English language.

39. The sophomores appeared wearing masks on their faces.

40. She lay ill on a bed of sickness.

41. Whereas, there does exist in our country an excitement in respect to our colored population, and fears are entertained that on the one hand they will be left unprovided for as to the means of a proper education, and on the other that they will in unsuitable numbers be introduced into our schools, and thus in effect forced into the society of the whites, and the state of public sentiment is such as to require from the Board some definite expression on the subject; therefore, resolved, that the education of the people of color is a matter of great interest, and should be encouraged and sustained in this institution. (Resolution proposed in the Board of Trustees of Oberlin College in 1835; reduced to twelve words.)

42. We often hear this question asked.

43. It is a well-recognized fact that practically all of the great educational reformers and authors have placed a great amount of emphasis on the value of play in the educating of children to take their place in life, and equipping them with the power to do something in this busy world.

44. It seems to me personally that this man has done wrong.

45. How does the student body feel about it?

46. He does better than what he did.

47. We agreed unanimously to have another party soon.

48. A bounteous repast was served to which full justice was done.

49. The senator made a statement to the effect that he did not wish to be quoted in this connection.

50. One can not only make salesmanship a pleasant art, but also a lucrative one as well.

51. We met in a business way.

52. This would give me the necessary rest that I would have to have in order to be in fit condition to resume the responsibilities of my position.

53. A good moral character is absolutely essential, and no candidate of doubtful character will be considered.

54. The tire blew out on me.

55. The flowers drooped their heads.

56. Applicants must come provided with three necessary requirements.

57. The brilliant sunlight dazzled his eyes.

58. They romped on the grassy lawn.

59. The workers were few in number.

60. Some players do not pay any attention at all to any of the rules.

61. I climb higher on the scale which records avoirdupois.

62. The trees were far apart, but very large in size.

63. He will wait for you up until 3 o'clock.

64. I don't know whether or not I can come.

65. He's feeling all better this morning.

66. There is a feeling of sadness creeps over us.

67. There was absolutely no one in the room but two old men.

68. I really feel perfectly all right.

69. It is usually my intention, under ordinary circumstances, to deposit my meal bags in some secreted locality where no vexatious vermin can commit no conceivable depredations.

70. This mars the effectiveness of the piece.

71. Lawn tennis is a game which is popular at Harvard University.

72. There is great reserve power shown.

73. Everything was covered with a thick coating of dust.

74. If a short letter is disagreeable to me in writing, it will probably be doubly so to the person who receives it.

75. I took lessons along the line of piano playing.

76. The club made an ascent up the mountain.

77. Lower the pail down the well.

78. All this was going on outside of the house.

79. College is a place where compulsory attendance is not required.

80. To develop our minds along the poetical line of work we were asked to write short poems of our own origin which proved very beneficiary to us.

81. Start your painting lower down on the wall.

82. Begin every new paragraph with indention.

83. My mother gave her consent that I might go to college if I paid all my expenses and on condition that I would not appeal to her for financial aid of any kind whatsoever.

84. It was certainly gratifying to perceive and learn that congeniality, co-operation, and friendliness are so freely displayed by each and all the inmates of this institute of learning.

85. Up to the present I have spent all my life in Haverhill.

86. When different clubs and societies are organized, they bring the pupils closer to one another.

87. The course [in acting] dealt with the dramatization of some of Shakspere's plays.

88. I shall look back on them in the future as the happiest years of my past life.

89. I often regret that I have n't time to read as many books as I should like to read.

90. My education began with the advent of my birth.

91. It is very essential that one should speak a good plain English, so that he may be easily understood when expressing his thoughts.

92. I beg to reply that we have received your esteemed favor of the 19th; and I might say that the matters therein mentioned are being given due consideration by us.

93. There are so many reasons one can have for taking the course in English composition, and there may be a number of reasons, that, though they do not form any part of the inducement to taking the course, they may yet constitute a greater inducement than those reasons that constitute his inducement for enrolling in this course.

94. I will not say much about this as it did not interest me at all.

WORDS TO WATCH

absolutely: this has become almost the worst word in the language; it means "quite," that is "wholly," "entirely." It needs a long, complete rest.

adore: the strongest word in the language to suggest worshipful affection — which is a rare emotion in the United States.

advise: does not mean *inform* or *explain;* overworked in business letters.

all better: gross contradiction of terms: *all* and *some* cannot both be true.

alternative: "the other" — hence *one* of *two* possibilities.

and which: use only after a *which* clause: *and* is a sign of addition.

appreciate: to grasp, thoroughly to understand; "to appreciate a favor" — all the effort and inconvenience it cost the doer — is usually impossible. Not properly a synonym for *be grateful for.*

as: never sufficient to introduce a list of specimens -- prefix *such:* "*such as* German, French, and English."

as: no substitute for *that* or *whether* in negative statement: prefer "I do not know *that* they will do it," "I do not know *whether* they will do it."

as: not needed after *considered:* say "considered experts" — *to be* is understood at that point. (See **term.**)

as good as or better than: correct but disagreeable: the second *as* must appear, but in this form false emphasis comes on *as* and *than.* Avoid the dilemma by something like "as good as it was or better."

athletically: English, but a very disagreeable form.

awfully: so as to inspire awe; not to be used when no awe is felt.

beastly: "bestial," "animalistic"; true only of dog-fights, drunkenness, and the more revolting crimes.

better: superlative in its meaning if only two are considered.

boresome, boring: "boresome" expressions: *tiresome* and *tedious* are better.

caused by: refers to a person or thing: see that it ties up to the right noun. (See **due to.**)

certainly: needed only in statements of denial or insistence; not to be used as a vague intensive.

clerk: a busy noun; it cannot take on the duties of a verb.

college course: high-school term for "college preparatory course" — not to be used outside of high school.

combine: never a noun; verb only.

criticism: to be followed by *of.*

criticize: *not* "to find fault"; but "to judge," "estimate," "evaluate"; to find the truth as to good and bad, and strike a just balance between them.

dangerous: said of a *criminal;* but not of an invalid, unless to refer to his *condition.*

data: plural of *datum.*

deceased: in bad taste as verb or noun. All attempts to camouflage the fact of death by means of decorative or deceptive expression are apt to seem futile or silly; death is too genuine to be played with. Speak of it directly, simply, and have done. "Passed on," "passed out," "crossed the dim river," "cut down by the grim reaper," are really no better than "passed in his checks" or "kicked the bucket"; and "launched into eternity" of course suggests the trap sprung by the hangman.

derive: to trace a result back to its cause, or source; to "derive benefit" would be to work hard and wring good out of difficult conditions; a "bookish" word.

detract: add *from.*

differ with: the words contradict each other; if you mean *dissimilarity,* say *differ from. Differ with* suggests two or more persons disagreeing *together* on a matter of opinion.

different: used only to emphasize "unlikeness"; does not mean "numerous" ("the different cities I saw"); and should not be used absolutely: "a book that is different."

different from: *from* is the contrasting word; *than* is not to be used with *different,* since *than* is a word of comparison. "Different to" makes no English sense.

don't: means "do not": hence use it only with *I, you,* or *they.*

due to: must refer to a person or thing; give it the right reference. (See **caused by.**)

either . . . or, neither . . . nor: only *two* in all; *one* referred to; hence use a singular verb.

exit: Latin verb or English noun; never an English verb.

fearful: literally filled with fear: as by an earthquake shock, a violent thunderstorm, or a wild sea; or applied to these phenomena, which have power to "fill with fear."

folks: belongs to "the old folks" at "the old homestead"; suggests hay and "punkins."

former, latter: not words, merely pointers. Name the thing you mean.

gentleman friend: a simpering, shop-girl expression for *friend, acquaintance, caller.*

get (got, got): go after, with such purpose and vigor as to win success. *I have got* therefore means possession *after a struggle.* A hard-working man might say, "I have got a home"; his small boy might say only, "I have a home."

ghastly: suggesting death or morgues or graves.

gorgeous: applicable only to the strongest colors beautifully combined. Save it for the Grand Canyon, a few sunsets, and the aurora borealis.

grand: belongs only to beautiful appearances of great size: Niagara, mountains, the ocean.

human: never a noun: an *adjective* only.

in back of: never get caught using this expression: you mean *behind.*

in so far as: four words.

invite: always a *verb*; if it were an "invite" your friends would n't be there.

just, simply: feeble, childish "intensives," when used as in "I just simply had to": omit them. *Just* means "fair" or "exactly"; *simply* means "with simplicity," "merely."

kind: singular number; therefore "*this* kind," "*that* kind."

kind of, sort of: need not be followed by *a. Kind* and *sort* are *nouns.*

lady: in "saleslady," "washlady," "scrublady" democracy seems to have become a burlesque: as though anything could be more finely feminine than *woman* or *womanly.* If "saleslady" and others like them, then "saleslord," "rubbish-gentleman," "furnace-gentleman."

leave for *let*, **like** for *as*, and **lie** and **lay** confused: the exclusive and distinctive property of those who eat with their knives and drink from their saucers.

lovely: reserved for the rarest forms of quiet beauty.

maddening: inciting to uncontrollable rage or fury — temporary insanity: try first *provoking, annoying, irritating.*

more years: keep *more* out of compromising situations ("many more years" is confusing): they are not "more years"; *many years more* is safer.

mortician: a ridiculously "fancy" name for one who makes costly disposal of corpses. (Even more disagreeable a word than *realtor*)

myriad: not to be followed by *of*; means literally "ten thousand"; "a myriad birds."

near-by: not to be used as an adjective preceding a noun.

nice: has meant ignorant, foolish, foolishly fussy persons; now means "delicate," "exact," "particular," "fine," applied not to persons but to things said or done.

no sooner: a phrase of comparison, to be followed soon by *than.*

none: means "no one"; hence singular, with a singular verb.

not hardly, not scarcely: double negatives; drop the *not.*

not help but feel: double negative; change *but feel* to *feeling.*

on me: ridiculous when the connection is not *position* or *attendance upon*: "I had a crate of oranges spoil on me"; "Where were you? I've been waiting on you here for an hour."

one, anyone, anybody, somebody, someone, a person: all *singular*: hence to be used with *singular* verbs and reference words.

ought: never drag in *had.*

partly: "in part"; safer than *partially*, which can also mean "with partiality."

pass: not used with "remarks"; they are *made* — or better, use one word as noun and verb: *remarked, whispered, gossiped.*

peer: from L. *par*, "equal": means "an equal" — "a jury of his peers." (We have no other kind of peers in this country.)

per: Latin: use only in Latin phrases, *per diem, per capita.* But don't use Latin if English will do.

perfectly: without imaginable flaw: seldom true of mortal doings. Save it for gushing at afternoon teas — and then don't use it.

phenomena: plural of phenomenon.

place: a noun, hence not a substitute for *-where* in *anywhere, somewhere, nowhere, everywhere.*

plot: used in two very different ways: "conspiracy" implies wrongdoing; "complication" in a story is a technical term, applied to a necessary element in all good fiction.

portray: belongs to portraiture: use it of the face, and then perhaps of the "traits" of character which have formed the face.

preferable: already "comparative" in sense: anything "preferable" is necessarily "better."

proven: like "gotten," an undesirable form. Prefer *proved* and *got*, which are better grammar and better usage.

quiet, calm: prefer the simpler, quieter form to *quietness, calmness*; and especially avoid *quietude.*

raise: (noun) colloquial, commercial slang, for *rise*, which should be used when wages rise as well as when tides and birds rise.

realtor: a real estate agent arrayed in cutaway and high hat. (Almost as bad as *mortician.*)

receive: altogether passive; no one ever "received" a *position*, or an *education*: most things worth having (not unsought honors or bad news) are gone after, *sought, won, worked for*, and *secured.*

render: suggests "trying fat"; if you mean sing, or play the piano or violin, say so. "Render a selection" is affected and artificial.

rendition: several degrees worse than *render*, because more vague, fuzzy, remote from life. In plain English, "performance"; but if you want to be specific, say "song," or "reading."

respectively: never needed except to *connect in order* items in *two* series: "discussions on letters, art, and finance, by Phelps, Cortissoz, and Noyes respectively."

Reverend: usually spelled in full following *the*; and *never* to be used without something between it and the surname — given name, initials, or another title: such use is grossly improper.

ripping: British slang for *splendid.*

round: as an adverb, as good as *around* — a little better, because shorter.

same: not to be used as a pronoun, — standing alone.

-self: reflexive and emphatic addition to pronouns; not to be used when the simple forms will do.

since: a good word, but dangerous: it may mean "because" or "after." It is safer to use an unmistakable word.

so, such: not a substitute for *very*, as a "feminine intensive"; unless followed by a *that* clause of result.

so: as a connective, childish; put it away among your discarded toys.

some: adjective or pronoun; never an adverb: not for *somewhat*, but "*some* women," or "send me *some*."

strata: plural of *stratum*.

stunning: true only of effects that strike one dumb with startled emotion.

substituted: use *for;* an alternative *replaces*, is *substituted for*, what it *displaces*.

such: uses *as* to introduce its relative clause: "such books as I like"; uses *that* to introduce its result clause: "such a good time that I could n't get away."

sure: requires *to:* one action, not two: "be sure to write." (Like *try to . . .*)

suspicion: always a noun: never a verb.

term: as a verb, never followed by *as;* means "name," "call." (Like *consider*.)

terrible: mangled bodies or wrecked houses: involves the strongest shock of repulsion it is possible to feel.

the . . . (mountain, lake): in description, *the* always implies a previous mention of that object.

too: supply *much* or another adverb in front of a past participle: "too much grieved," "too much pleased," "too greatly moved." (Like *very*.)

treat: if you mean "explain," add *of*.

try: use *to:* means one action — "try to get it," "try to come" - not two actions. (Like *sure to . . .*)

unique: an absolute term meaning "single," "only": nothing can be "more" or "less" unique; to be used as the statement of a fact, not as the description of an effect.

universally: comprehensive, and not clearly capable of degrees — "more universally" is meaningless: prefer *more widely, more generally*.

verse: one line of poetry — from L. *versus*, a furrow; a stanza is a group of verses.

very: add *much* or another adverb before a past participle: "very much offended," "very much pleased," "very seriously hurt." (Like *too*.)

viewpoint: not yet the best form; prefer *standpoint* or *point of view*.

wait on: only of service or attendance when both persons are present; if one is absent, "wait for."

-ward: prefer the simple form of words with this ending: the *s* is no longer needed; *forward, backward, toward*, and so on.

worth-while: as an adjective preceding a noun, worn threadbare but not yet English. (Correct as a phrase: "The attempt seems worth while.")

EXERCISE AND EXAMPLES

Substitute the right word for each poor or wrong one; and also give the sentence any other first aid it may need:

1. The use of words is an art and cannot be obtained without work.
2. If I would receive a higher education, I would be able to compete for a worth-while position.
3. Kindergarten next claimed my abilities as a student, where many a happy hour was spent.
4. The third floor of the school building constituted the domain of the older scholars.
5. I became nauseous at the humility of that most disgusting character in literature, Uriah Heep.
6. I wrote to mother and father respectively.
7. This subject of manicuring is unable to be expressed except by using simple words.
8. The League of Nations has already had to adjust the functions and influence of the Council and the Assembly respectively.
9. If you are to be a passenger, you will sit at the further end of the canoe, with your back towards the direction in which you are headed.
10. Jessica was a worthy production of an unworthy source.
11. There was no sound save the chuckling of one or two ducks.
12. Macbeth had too weak a boldness to murder.
13. The water was doing its best to overcome us, but we withheld its surging surface.
14. I can't describe to you the tediousness of my poor body after the climb.
15. He suddenly felt a twinge at the end of his line.
16. The ladies of the faculty entertain the students at afternoon teas, at which a spirit of democracy and homeliness prevails.
17. The man could not tell by the costume if it were boy or girl.
18. The stillness and chill of the night air penetrated my environs.
19. I stood on the porch taking in the works of nature.
20. I entered the employment of the firm as a clerk.
21. I had n't walked a block until I found I was lost.
22. He had not appreciated the enormity of the Library.
23. Achilles' mother dipped him in the Stynx, and after that he was intolerable to all men.
24. I saw smoke protruding out of the transom.
25. A book is a utensil for learning.
26. It is difficult for one to receive a position without education.
27. Wanted — a boy to be partly outside and partly inside the store.
28. Her structure is good, but her ending is poor.
29. He remembered that he had been there three years ago.
30. I should term him as a good man.
31. I will appreciate it very much if you will do this.

32. They just got up and went.
33. The team was loaded with wood.
34. The deceased was given a very fine funeral.
35. We oftentimes saw him pause at the gate.
36. The quietness of the lake was undisturbed.
37. "How are you?" he greeted.
38. He tried smoking in back of the barn.
39. That mortician has fitted up a perfectly lovely funeral home.
40. Wanted — an organist and a boy to blow the same.
41. His face expressed a placid calmness.
42. The South believed the slaves were property which they were justified to own.
43. On account of financial circumstances, I had to leave college.
44. I feel just like I could sleep for hours.
45. I 've had such a good time; and I do so hope you 'll come and see me.
46. Neither she or her mother or I wanted to go.
47. "Don't give up yet!" he encouraged.
48. Shakspere and Milton were doubtless great poets; but the former is hard to understand, and the latter never seems very interesting.
49. A soft breeze wafted over the fields.
50. That speech was much too lengthy.
51. Some of my subjects, as English and French, I have a hard time with.
52. We should never criticize our neighbors.
53. Yale is a very nice school.
54. A fight started between the three dogs.
55. We have less students this year than we had last.
56. You exit on the right.
57. We had poems to read from Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, etc.
58. I should n't term him as a very good teacher.
59. On the way, we stopped at the different cities.
60. I started with three dollars, but found when I arrived that I had insufficient funds to complete the desired purchases.
61. They viewed with awe the palatial three-story home of the banker.
62. She is, indeed, quite beautiful.
63. She objected on three grounds: firstly, his age; secondly, his position; thirdly, his family.
64. While Lee may have been good in defense, Napoleon was great in offense.
65. If he failed to procure financial assistance, he would find himself under the necessity of walking the two miles to his residence.
66. His paramount reason for opposing smoking was cost.
67. Do you mean to infer that I am a liar?
68. This eventuality transpired on the sidewalk in front of the palace gates.
69. I will never demean myself by such ignoble conduct.
70. He has become a successful realtor.

71. My throat is all better this morning.
72. Your argument is not yet proven.
73. The book treats on the history of the Swiss.
74. She wrote a criticism on *Hamlet.*
75. I tried to see the party you referred me to, but he was out.
76. This is the most unique house I ever saw.
77. They are a sad lot of humans.
78. I did n't raise my boy to be a soldier.
79. That is a new viewpoint for him.
80. I have gotten much good from my efforts.
81. If he can love like he can fight, he 's the man for me.
82. I was very pleased when she noticed me.
83. Coady was substituted by Roberts, a freshman, at center.
84. He passed a remark about the old fellow.
85. The economical prosperity of the town demands a lower tax rate.
86. None of the fellows which I know were there.
87. I was immensely enthused over the prospect.
88. Both men were famous educationalists.
89. I love to read about fictionary characters.
90. I committed all three verses of "Lead, kindly light."
91. A very nice time was enjoyed by all.
92. We could n't buy the place because of its cost.
93. "Are you coming?" "Absolutely."
94. It 's a perfectly ripping story.
95. The plot of the story was kept from the hero.
96. I felt greatly repulsed by his actions.
97. And, beside, I don't like him anyway.
98. He says he will choose law as his avocation.
99. You are likely to get hurt if you play with buzz-saws.
100. That is the nicest sunset I have seen this year.
101. He sent only a brief verbal message.
102. I was aware of a severe pain in the pie belt.
103. She looks absolutely terrible in that hat.
104. Do you favor the observation of Lincoln's Birthday?
105. The view was perfectly grand.
106. Denver's climate is awfully healthy.
107. He was acutely conscious of his drab surroundings.
108. It seems hardly creditable that this worthy couple has been married twenty years.
109. She 's very sick with rheumatism.
110. My scholastic education was initiated at the kindergarten.
111. We had an awfully nice time.
112. They elevated the car with a powerful jack.
113. I was a scholar in high school only two years.
114. He is a very worthwhile person.
115. She felt great solicitation for her children.

116. Have you perused the last *Harper's*?
117. The task was partially done.
118. Lawyer Chew was in charge of the persecution.
119. Go ahead and relate your story.
120. There is a traitor amongst us.
121. We meet them ofttimes.
122. The university has less than a thousand pupils.
123. I never felt so aggravated in my life.
124. *Barren Ground* is Miss Ellen Glasgow's last book.
125. Only the third alternative remained.
126. Everyone has become interested in preventative medicine.
127. At what hotel are you stopping?
128. Let us do good whilst we can.
129. Mrs. Whinkus rendered a grand instrumental selection.
130. He week-ended with his folks.
131. The fourth strata is clay.
132. My brother is the oldest of the two.
133. He must be quite old by now.
134. The car is propelled with a small steam engine.
135. Deep reading is very boring to me.
136. Her rendition of the selection was stunning.
137. The greater part of these men are low and wretched characters.
138. He affected her death by means of a stiletto.
139. The first year is devoted chiefly to grammar and composition, while the other three are spent in reading English literature.
140. Armour & Co. have 442 branch houses located in every state in the Union.
141. I never cared much about writing compositions, — in fact they bore me to death; but I love to write poetry.
142. I don't know if I 'll get there.
143. Can I have this book a few minutes?
144. It would only be a short time until I would outgrow my self-satisfaction.
145. Without a thorough foundation I would always have a conscious inferiority of my knowledge of learning.
146. The author succeeds to make the purposes of the story successful.
147. I derive not a little pleasure from lively times.
148. She wished to train for a secretary.
149. We sold our country home.
150. He and she have mutual friends.
151. Since I have been to Dr. Sawyer, I feel no better.
152. Place the eggs into the batter.
153. Is n't he just delicious?
154. I should adore to go with you.
155. I think she's simply beautiful.
156. He had no sooner spoken when the young lady arrived.
157. Carefully remove the interior of the chicken.

158. The jungle growth was most luxurious.
159. He claimed that the decision was unjust.
160. They visioned the situation clearly.
161. Every man has got the right to vote.
162. We lived some years in a very small locality.
163. His face was deadly pale.
164. When I spoke to him, he was very mean to me.
165. We had a lovely time.
166. I revoke any statement made by anyone that the team is not playing good football.
167. The flowers in front of the pulpit were grand.
168. He certainly made a nice speech for a boy of his age.
169. Our washlady is a person of color.
170. I received your letter and will answer same in a day or two.
171. We have a new scrublady.
172. Her choice of words is very good, and easy to understand.
173. My home permeates with education.
174. Last year I had my curriculum augmented.
175. By this time we were considered sufficiently proficient.
176. I soon became imbibed with the desire to receive an education.
177. Strong drink effects Christian character.
178. The book is a short novel taking place in the years 1860 to 1869.
179. See if the purpose has a moral meaning or not.
180. It would instil in pessimistic people a more hopeful outlook on life.
181. A high-school pupil does not take the interest in their work as they will after entering college.
182. The methods of my senior year in high school were different than those of the last three years.
183. Most every child's marks will be good if they try.

SIMPLICITY IN WORDS

"Eschew fine words as you would rouge" is still good advice; "love simple words." "Don't whip with a switch that has the leaves on, if you want to tingle." "Write as you speak, — provided you speak well," — that is, write as simply and as naturally as you speak.

We all have two vocabularies: an active, working group of those words we habitually use; and a much larger, passive, reading group of those we understand but do not use: speech words, and book words. The book words are usually longer, and often heavier; not necessarily better. Young writers sometimes think their writing should be very formal and dignified —

spatted, frock-coated, high-hatted — in order to be properly good. But such writing is not able to do the work that good writing must do: it is too self-conscious to be earnest and convincing, too toplofty to "come home to men's business and bosoms." If you use it, you know you are insincere; for you are writing "like a book," and not like yourself, not as you really think and feel.

Of course, you often move a word from your reading vocabulary into your working vocabulary. But your use of such words will be sincere and convincing. I am warning you against using the heavier of two good words, or the vaguer, or the duller; against, generally speaking, such sluggish, ponderous, "bookish" words as these:

alleviate (ease)
apparel (clothes)
asseverate (assert)
assuage (relieve)
attire (clothes)
augmented (increased)
castigate (punish)
chirography (writing)
countenance (face)
debilitated (weakened)
defunct (dead)
demean oneself (behave)
derive (feel, have, or get)
elevate (raise)
elucidate (make clear)
emolument (reward)
enhanced (heightened)
eventuality (outcome)
excavate a subterranean channel (dig a ditch)
expatiate (talk about)
expound (explain)
financial circumstances (having little or no money)
fortuitous (accidental)
habiliments (clothes)
impecunious (poor)
inaugurate (begin)
incarcerate (imprison)
indisposition (illness)
inimical (hostile)
iniquitous (wicked)
initiate (start)
innocuous (harmless)
intoxicated (drunk)
kleptomania (thievishness)
lacerate (tear)
lachrymose (tearful)
lugubrious (sad)
malevolence (ill will)
observe (notice)
palliate (excuse)
paramount (chief)
pecuniary (about money)
perfidious (false)
peruse (read)
physiognomy (face)
prevaricate (lie)
promulgate (announce)
protuberant (swollen)
puissance (power)
pulchritude (beauty)
quietude (quiet)
raiment (clothes)
relate (tell)
remuneration (pay)
render (give)
residence (house)

resuscitate (revive)
reverberate (echo)
saccharine (sweet)
salary (pay)
salubrious (healthful)
sanguinary (bloody)
sartorial (tailored)
sufficient (enough)
terrestrial (earthly)
tonsorial artist (barber)
transitory (brief)
transpire (leak out)
trepidation (fear)
vociferate (cry)

EXERCISE

Make your own additions to this list of "bookish" words — always with the meaning, and test the usefulness of the bookish and the ordinary word by trying each in several good sentences.

EXPRESSIVENESS IN WORDS

FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE

As if the fullness of the soul did not sometimes overflow in the emptiest metaphors, since no one can ever give the exact measure of his needs, or of his conceptions, or of his sorrows; and since human speech is like a cracked tin kettle, on which we hammer out tunes to make bears dance when we long to move the stars. — FLAUBERT

The imaginative quality of metaphor makes it specially at home in poetry; but all types of prose, even the simplest, make much use of it. Even our more thoughtless uses of language show the figurative quality, in the words themselves: *emotion, dependence, courage, refer, nostril, incite,* and so on almost endlessly.[1] Therefore we may, and should, use figurative language in good prose freely, provided our purpose is not the figure but its useful expressiveness.

A double impulse leads us to use figures of speech: the desire to make our statements plainer by bringing in for comparison an object more familiar; and the desire to make them stronger by bringing in for that comparison an object more beautiful or suggestive. All successful figures of speech have one or both of these effects — clearness, force. Those in explanatory prose usually seek clearness; those in imaginative prose often seek force; but in good similes and metaphors both

[1] See especially Greenough and Kittredge, *Words and Their Ways in English Speech,* chap. II.

qualities are apt to be present, and there is no special point in distinguishing between them.

It is important, though, to see how good figures win their success. They have four good traits: brevity, freshness, likeness, and fitness.

1. A good figure is usually brief: to carry a figure far is difficult, and seldom effective. The strain of carrying and following the surface story and the parallel interpretation is too much for all but the most skilled writers and devoted readers. If the figure can come in a single word, so much the better: "a *gush* of violets along a woodpath."

2. Freshness is always a quality of the good figure. Figures are not among the necessities of speech, yet when they are useful and expressive we admit them: not, however, if they are trite or forced. They need to be, or to seem, spontaneous and self-produced.

3. Good figures have always a likeness to the original idea that is more striking than their unlikeness, so that we take no thought of the unlikeness. Words are not really like sunbeams; but when Southey says of both that "the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn," we so wholly accept their suggested likeness in burning intensity that we ignore all their unlikeness.

4. Fitness is perhaps the most important of all: appropriateness, harmony of effect. "The street after the storm was like fairyland. The tempest had plastered the snow to the sides of all the buildings like a thick coat of whitewash." The clearness is unmistakable, and some of the other good qualities are here; yet the discord between fairyland and plastered whitewash is too great: the failure is complete. But when Lowell says, "Thoughts are never draped in long skirts like babies if they are strong enough to go alone," the helpless futility of babes and thoughts so swaddled is similarly and harmoniously ridiculous. Harmony, indeed, is the root of the whole matter; for the foolish figures, which "mix" the literal and the figurative, or mix unlike figures, are foolish chiefly because of their discords.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Study these figures, first, to satisfy yourself which are good and which are poor; second, to find the chief cause of the success or failure.

1. I must instil unity into my sentences.
2. He contended at great and circular length.
3. My thoughts centered about my home.
4. Our words should fit our thoughts like a glove, and be neither too wide nor too tight.
5. An author is playing with edged tools if he adopt such means as these, but the authoress of *Adam Bede* has hit the nail on the head.
6. At one stride comes the dark.
7. The streets were dumb with snow.
8. Boyle was the father of chemistry and brother to the Earl of Cork.
9. Most of our thoughts run in the groove of our instincts rather than through the filter of our reason.
10. It is a mental epoch reached when we realize that we are not turning the crank of the universe.
11. It is unseemly that literary wrath should bring forth no fruit worthy of publication.
12. We must bring the viper to his knees.
13. Whenever the literary German dives into a sentence, that is the last you are going to see of him until he emerges on the other side of his Atlantic with his verb in his mouth.
14. He loved to seek out these dark spirits at odds with the world, and, with kind word or deed, regild their tarnished prospect.
15. It is better to prevent the evil when it is young than to blot it out when full grown.
16. There was a pause in the buzz of conversation, and into it fell straightway the voice of the female "Apostle" like a brick through a skylight.
17. Women know their own minds, and are daily proving their ability to carry them out.
18. A stern, grim smile, like a sunbeam in a rocky place.
19. He seems to have a loose moral tone.
20. Like a dim room with a little taper of personality burning on the corner of the mantel. (Referring to Hawthorne.)
21. I lay in a gondola on the Grand Canal and drank it all in.
22. In some minds a little knowledge is the promise of more; but in others it is like a cork in an empty bottle, — it secures the continuance of vacuity.
23. The play has an undermining thread of tenderness.
24. The emotions in this book are touched by a master hand.
25. A slight athletic swagger in a young woman with a basketball halo does not mean that she will be mannish for life. It subsides, like the puffed cheeks of mumps — rather grotesque while it lasts, but not at all prophetic.

26. The problem of how to study in summer boils down to the simple problem of how to keep cool.

27. We stood upon the forehead of the hills and lifted up our hearts in prayer.

28. Her lovely eyes are her crowning glory.

29. If there is anything worse than an unimaginative man trying to write imaginatively, it is a heavy man when he fancies he is being facetious. He tramples out the last spark of cheerfulness with the broad, damp foot of a hippopotamus.

30. The brains of this country are in the hands of the college men.

31. I was drinking in his words, and smiling away as conceited as a cock on a wall, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast.

32. He used a gripping flow of words.

33. It is not the great Xerxes army of words, but the compact Greek ten thousand that marches safely down to posterity.

34. The writer tackled the subject low and brought out all the meat possible.

35. Its standards remain undiminished.

36. It fulfills the points mentioned.

37. His point of view is true as far as it goes, but his line of gaze is narrow.

38. The rush of affairs dritts words from their original meanings, as ships drag their anchors in a gale; but terms sheltered from common use hold to their moorings forever.

39. When Silas was cast out of society, his faith in human nature received a rude jar, which, though it did not sour him entirely, at least blazed the way for the degeneration that followed.

40. For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure.

41. It is a good thing in our hustling national life, when the election of a president and the lassoing of the galloping cost of living seem about the only things worth considering, to stop and look around a bit and realize that we are no mushrooms, but that we have a background, and have been shaped by conditions and driven on by forces irresistible.

42. Expository writing leads the student really to think, instead of contenting himself with that mental muddlement in which the mind goes round and round, playfully like a kitten chasing its tail, or earnestly after the fashion of a squirrel in his wheel, but in neither case getting ahead.

43. Men's minds will neither feed upon their own good or upon other's evil, and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.

44. The floodgates of irreligion and intemperance are stalking arm in arm through the land.

45. The chariot of revolution is rolling, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls.

46. Sooner or later the eyes of the investigating commission will fall upon the building, and there will be a crash.

47. A silvery flame had kindled at the far end of the long, soft, gray tunnels that were her eyes.

48. One notices, for instance, that long, involved sentences confuse him, and that he is obliged to re-read them to get the sense. . . . He accustoms himself to writing short sentences as a rule. At times he may indulge himself with a long one, but he will make sure that there are no folds in it, no vaguenesses, no parenthetical interruptions of its view as a whole; when he is done with it, it won't be a sea-serpent, with half of its arches under the water, it will be a torchlight procession.

49. Every chance meeting with him stood out embossed and glowing against the blur of lesser memories.

50. Through every clause and part of speech of a right book, I meet the eyes of the most determined of men: his force and terror inundate every word: the commas and dashes are alive; so that the writing is athletic and nimble — can go far and live long.

51. Young man, if you have the spark of genius in you, water it.

52. Do not let the bones of the brief stick through your argument, but pad it so that it will read easily.

53. The truth is that Macaulay was not only accustomed, like many more of us, to go out hobby-riding, but from the portentous vigor of the animal he mounted, was liable, more than most of us, to be run away with. His merit is, that he could keep his seat in such a steeplechase: but as the object in view is arbitrarily chosen, so it is reached by cutting up the fields, spoiling the crops, and spoiling or breaking down the fences, needful to secure to labor its profit, and to man at large the full enjoyment of the fruits of the earth.

54. The imputation of inconsistency is one to which every sound politician and every honest thinker must sooner or later subject himself. The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion. The course of a great statesman resembles that of navigable rivers: avoiding immovable obstacles with noble bends of concession, seeking the broad levels of opinion on which men soonest settle and longest dwell, following and marking almost imperceptible slopes of national tendency, yet always aiming at direct advances, always recruited from sources nearer heaven, and sometimes bursting open paths of progress and fruitful human commerce through what seemed the eternal barriers of both.

2. Collect from the Models ten effective figures, including some similes and some metaphors.

3. Begin a list in the Notebook[1] of words that seem to you specially vivid or notable in their figurative quality.

4. Begin, and steadily pursue, the practice of copying into the Notebook examples of figurative language: the poor examples in left-hand columns, the good ones in right-hand columns.

5. What figures do you find in "The Swamp" (p. 454)? and how effective are they? In "Elephant-Back" (p. 427)? In "Life" (pp. 418 f.)?

[1] For suggestions of what this Notebook should contain and how it may be most useful, see pages 130 ff.

THREADBARE EXPRESSIONS

The phrases that follow have been done to death by promiscuous and headlong use, and now are therefore sufferers from a sort of nervous prostration[1] — unable to do well their own work or any other. No skilful or considerate writer uses them consciously except in jest. The only hope for their recovery is in their being laid away in verbal sanatoriums for a long rest. The more artificial expressions fall very quickly into triteness; only the simplest and sincerest can stand the wear of constant use. All these below are so artificial as to have become thoroughly trite, hackneyed, threadbare.

DESCRIPTIVE

boasted of
testified to
Dame Nature
Old Sol
snow-covered pines
single tree stood like a sentinel
wreathed in smiles
well-kept lawns
briny deep
cradle of the deep
pearly teeth
golden locks
mouth like Cupid's bow
fragile (willowy) form
eyes like stars
marble brow
swanlike neck
damask cheek
furrowed brow
silvery locks
downy couch
wealth of hair
vied with
greeted our eyes
moon in all its glory
eyes of heaven's own blue
bounding billow
bated breath
green with envy
reigns supreme
finishing touch
finny tribe
sumptuous repast
too full for utterance
dreamy mazes of the waltz
devouring element
tumultuous applause
blushing bride
a slip of a girl
proud father
fond (doting) mother
deep-dyed villain
worse for wear
spires pointing heavenward
silhouetted against the sky
far as the eye could reach
sight that met my gaze
red-blooded
gripping
riot of color
Old Mother Nature
Old Mother Earth
lent a cheerful (somber) aspect
presented an attractive appearance

[1] Dean Briggs's phrase.

pleasing sight
harbingers of spring
feathered songsters
like fairyland
table groaned
toothsome viands
dull, sickening thud
brave as a lion
cottage nestling below the hill
birds singing their matin songs
mantle (carpet) of snow
velvety grass
lake like a mirror
river like a silver ribbon
saluted our ears
beggars description
pleasing
viewed
weird (especially owl hoots)
palatial residence
fragrant weed
festive board
daintily-gloved hand
succulent bivalve

fair sex
weaker sex
instructive and entertaining
goodly number
each and every
tempting viands
in our midst
wondrous fair
grim reaper
poor but honest
contracting parties
hymeneal altar
heartless wretch
heated argument
proud possessor of
conspicuous by its absence
could be seen
might have been heard
specimens of humanity
adds a note of
blanket of snow
in girlish glee
vicelike grip
hundred per cent American

Narrative

an enjoyable time was had by all
partake of refreshments
do justice to the repast
psychological moment
nipped in the bud
one fell swoop
tired but happy
no sooner said than done
cut down in her (his) prime
consigned to earth
proved no exception to the rule
next thing on the program
feeling well repaid for our efforts
discoursed sweet music
rendered a selection
passed a remark
doomed to disappointment
breathless with suspense

point with pride
view with alarm
irony of fate
led her to the altar
order out of chaos
launched into eternity
passed out
passed on
everything went off smoothly
a shriek rent the air
sought his (her, their) downy couch
claimed him for its own
passed away
rudely awakened
retraced our steps
pleasant and profitable time
came in for their share of
reached our destination

General

along the line of
student body
filthy lucre
all that was mortal of
arms of Morpheus
financial circumstances
it seems to me
food for thought
engaged in commercial pursuits
paternal (maternal) ancestor
of no mean sort
along the line of least resistance
worthy person
derive benefit
certainly
in the last analysis
proud possessor of
"Thank you" (*at the end of a speech*)
in the last analysis
absolutely
positively
worth-while object
single blessedness
hoping you are the same
someone has said
in the words of the poet
long-felt want
words fail me
a few well-chosen words
we have with us this evening
with whom he (she) came in contact
survival of the fittest
to the victor belong the spoils
boresome, boring
near future
on the other hand
so to speak
as it were
points of interest
spells romance

Trite Quotations

Even these famous expressions from great prose and verse, though originally witty or expressive, have been bandied about by trivial people for trivial purposes, and have become battered and soiled:

sleep of the just
method in his madness
best-laid plans of mice and men
green-eyed monster
name is legion
better half
thereby hangs a tale
faint heart ne'er won fair lady
what's in a name?
no place like home
hope springs eternal
'twas ever thus
wee small hours
to err is human
ignorance is bliss
love's young dream
fold their tents like the Arab
Dan Cupid
what is so rare as a day in June?
monarch of all I survey
course of true love
watery grave
one touch of nature
merry as a marriage bell
this mortal coil
to be or not to be
absence makes the heart grow fonder
speed the parting guest
better late than never
gone but not forgotten
lend me your ears
a friend in need

eat, drink, and be merry
poor but honest
sounds of revelry by night
music hath charms
to see ourselves as others see us
in the spring a young man's fancy
men were deceivers ever
sweat of his brow
far from the madding crowd
drapery of his couch
aching void
fools rush in
milk of human kindness
from the sublime to the ridiculous
tide in the affairs of men
agree to disagree
almighty dollar
fly in the ointment
apple of his eye
beard the lion in his den
sadder but wiser
tell me not in mournful numbers

EXERCISE

No one can safely use expressions that are liable to seem trite to anyone else; therefore add to these your own special aversions, that you may the more surely give them the rest they need.

II. SENTENCES

RHETORICAL FORM

Sentences are spoken or written words arranged in line to give fit expression to varying ideas. Since this order along a line is the only flexibility the sentence has, we need to make the most of it; and we do. The two chief variations are the "loose" and the "periodic"; the loose sentence could be stopped before the end and still be sensible, the periodic could not.

LOOSE SENTENCES

1. This is genius, this is heroism; it is the exhibition of a natural gift, which no culture can teach, at which no Institution can aim; here, on the contrary, we are concerned, not with mere nature, but with training and teaching.

2. Thought and speech are inseparable from each other; matter and expression are parts of one: style is a thinking out into language.

3. This is what I have been laying down, and this is literature: not things, not the verbal symbols of things; not, on the other hand, mere words; but thoughts expressed in language.

At how many places before the end could each of these sentences be stopped and still make sense?

PERIODIC SENTENCES

1. Happy, my Lord, if, instructed by my experience, and even by my errors, you come early to make such an estimate of things, as may give freedom and ease to your life.

2. More effective probably than either of these great agitations, both in securing an alleviation of poverty and in preparing the way for vast political and social change, has been the organization of skilled labor in trade unions.

3. Nevertheless, no American, French, or German visitor to England in the years just before the War could fail to be impressed, not only in the great cities but in the provincial towns as well, by the presence of a vast amount of abject poverty.

4. The brilliant, ugly Madame de Staël, who considered herself queen of all living women by reason of her powers of mind and celebrity as a writer, was drawn by an irresistible attraction to his stern marble face.

Which, then, are we to use — loose, or periodic? The answer is: that form which best suits the idea, and accomplishes its purpose. Neither is *in itself* better than the other: some ideas need to be held up and carried through to the end; others go best in short steps, like the short spans of a bridge. Neither form should be used to the exclusion of the other, because *our thoughts themselves do not persistently take one form only*. Of course we want to avoid monotony; but that is only a negative virtue. We must *win expressiveness*. Any true, flexible style, that yields to the turns and pressures of its thoughts, must vary constantly in its use of loose and periodic sentence structure.

Here, for example, are three random paragraphs; the first of seven sentences, the second of eight, the third of seven — none very long. In the first the sentences vary thus: LPPPLPP; in the second, PLPLLPPP; in the third, LLPLLLP.

The nineteenth century had its fling at the artificiality of the eighteenth century, and treated it with contempt as the age of doctrinaires. And now that the twentieth century is coming to the age of discretion, we hear a new term of reproach, Mid-Victorian. It expresses the sum of all villainies in taste. For some fifty years in the nineteenth century the English-speaking race, as it now appears, was under the sway of Mrs. Grundy. It was living in a state of most

reprehensible respectability, and Art was tied to the apron-strings of Morality. Everybody admired what ought not to be admired. We are only now beginning to pass judgment on the manifold mediocrity of this era.

According to the canons of literary art, a fact should be stated clearly once and for all. It would be quite proper to mention the fact that Silas Wegg had a wooden leg; but this fact having been made plain, why should it be referred to again? There is a sufficient reason based on sound psychology. If the statement were not repeated, we should forget that Mr. Wegg had a wooden leg, and by and by we should forget Silas Wegg himself. He would fade away among the host of literary gentlemen who are able to read *The Decline and Fall*, but who are not able to keep themselves out of the pit of oblivion. But when we repeatedly see Mr. Wegg as Mr. Boffin saw him, "the literary gentleman *with* a wooden leg," we feel that we really have the pleasure of his acquaintance. There is not only perception of him, but what the pedagogical people call apperception. Our idea of Mr. Wegg is inseparably connected with our antecedent ideas of general woodenness.

This is unusual in literature, for most literary men are saddest when they write. The fact is that happiness is much more easy to experience than to describe, as any one may learn in trying to describe a good time he has had. One good time is very much like another good time. Moreover, we are shy, and dislike to express our enthusiasm. We would n't for the world have any one know what simple creatures we are and how little it takes to make us happy. So we talk critically about a great many things we do not care very much about, and complain of the absence of many things which we do not really miss. We feel badly about not being invited to a party which we don't want to go to.

EXERCISES

1. Analyze the sentence forms in the first two paragraphs of "The Question of Style" in the Models; the first five paragraphs of "College Honor"; and the first three of "In the Chair."

2. Analyze the sentences throughout your latest long theme, to discover your own practice; and test the expressiveness of those sentences, and their accuracy in conveying your ideas.

3. Study the sentence variety in "A Gossip on Romance." Is the variety intentional? What is its effect?

PRINCIPLES OF STRUCTURE

UNITY

Sentences must first of all be sensible and clear. They may have all the other graces and virtues, but if they lack clearness, they are failures. The nearest road to this clearness is by way of singleness of thought, oneness, unity. By various means, by all means, we work to get a single, upstanding statement; if it must have a large family of modifiers, we admit them, but insist that they shall keep their place as dependents, — subordinate clauses or phrases. Independent clauses may of course appear side by side: when an idea is an equilateral triangle or polygon, we turn it to look at each of the sides, but feel its singleness quite as clearly as when it is a tree with branches.

Unity may therefore be won by two different methods: (1) singleness of matter, and (2) singleness of form.

1. *Matter.* If the matters in a sentence be incompatible, divorce is the only remedy.

The horse ran away down Washington Street, which was named for the father of his country.

The runaway and the first president obviously cannot be composed into a unit idea by any method: subordination by means of a relative clause is already in use. The ideas must be separated.

2. *Form.* The common trouble is with ideas closely related but loosely or blindly phrased. Here the remedy is usually some form of *subordination* — a sovereign cure, for it requires the clean "thinking through" which all sentences need and which all good sentences get.

The title of the book is *An Etymological Dictionary*, the author is W. W. Skeat, and the book is invaluable in word study.

Obviously the trouble here is not with the matter, which is unified, but with the form: which makes three coördinate statements out of what is probably intended to be one. If the writer wishes to emphasize the idea of value, he says:

An Etymological Dictionary, by W. W. Skeat, is invaluable in word study.

Or the writer may have wished to emphasize the title:

The title of a volume invaluable in word study, written by W. W. Skeat, is *An Etymological Dictionary.*

Or the author's name:

An Etymological Dictionary, invaluable in word study, was written by W. W. Skeat.

It is to be noticed that one version is in itself no better than the others; the only true preference is for the form that carries the emphasis intended by the writer.

The name of that knob is the starter-button and it is used in starting the motor. (Not a unit.)

That knob, called the starter-button, is used to start the motor. (Unified so as to emphasize *use.*)

Or, That knob, used to start the motor, is called the starter-button. (Unified so as to emphasize *name.*)

Numerous other combinations are possible, and might be quite as expressive; of all the possibilities, that one is to be chosen which most accurately points the writer's idea.

EXERCISE AND EXAMPLES

With each of the sentences following, determine, first, whether the matters in the statement can be kept in one sensible sentence; second, if they can, what are the chief possibilities in subordinating all parts but one; third, if they cannot, how the sentence should be rebuilt.

1. Our cottage at the beach is at the top of Hull Hill and we are often very much amused at the difficulty with which it is climbed.

2. Some stories are told in order to show the character of a certain person. Everything that happens bears upon this one character, and then again some stories are told for their historical interest.

3. I also like the *Post* because it is such a clean paper, and anything that you may see in the *Post*, you may be sure is true.

4. I think one will willingly concede that that body of men makes a wonderful nucleus for any magazine, which I acknowledge is read by myself simply for amusement, as I try to get education from other sources.

5. William and Scott grew very fond of each other during the last part of their work in the south of India, and when they returned to the north it was near Christmas time.

6. "I can't," Jim answered, jumping up from the cot and throwing his notebook to the farthest corner of the room, describing an arc as he did so in such a way that it cleverly dodged the student lamp on his table.

7. When the little boat came alongside of the ship the mariner heard a mighty crash and then his ship began to sink and he was so helpless that he could do nothing but his body floated and the men in the little boat saved him while the ship sunk out of sight, and the ancient mariner thus was the only one left to tell of the dreadful agony the little ship and her crew went through with.

8. He wore a black silk skull-cap and a white silk handkerchief was knotted around his neck. His name was Robert Lancaster, and no man ever started life with loftier ideals.

9. Not far from this Rock of Terror is the Cave of the Winds, and one must be lowered by means of ropes if he desires to explore it.

10. He always explains where he is going, whenever he goes out, and especially if it is at night, and generally gets in at the time he said he would, or else lets her know, so that she won't worry.

11. Darkness approached, and Kathleen started to button her coat, when she saw a horseman.

12. They are all very sorry for her, because they realize that she has had enough troubles which account for her misery and melancholy.

13. Bassanio was the son of a gentleman, and he was also on the Rialto a great deal of the time.

14. In the daytime the land is baked with an almost tropical sun, while at night the heavens with all the stars keep a silent watch.

15. This jovial nature draws him many acquaintances though he makes but few choice friends, and these are usually of his own household; for nowhere is this "King Arthur" so lovable as at his own "Round Table."

16. Cities of any size were very few, London being seventeen times as large as Bristol.

17. Such evils as these were found in many of the southern and western penitentiaries, but yet a few penitentiaries have very excellent systems, and perhaps the most noteworthy is the system of the Texas Penitentiary.

18. I rushed to the window and the soldiers were seen marching up the street.

19. It was a surprisingly beautiful picture, and she received much praise because she did not have many lessons before attempting to paint it.

20. The second hand is the smallest hand and is located on the lower part of the dial.

21. Paul at right tackle is a good player but prone to injuries which have materially lessened his effectiveness this fall and will probably mean the early substitution of Gallauer who played on the freshman team last fall and who began the season this fall as an end and was moved over to tackle when the veterans were both laid up with injuries.

22. They went away to the Adirondacks on their wedding trip, and when they returned he found several letters awaiting for him.

23. By this time it is noon and after a good home dinner I go out for a long automobile ride through the country.

24. My idea of punctuation is about as vague as a man's idea of the center of the earth. My grammar and punctuation need plenty of study, and my spelling and choice of words will slowly improve as time goes on.

25. But soon we became used to the heat and enjoyed watching the bathers who looked as dark spots bobbing up and down in the cold green ocean with its white-capped waves breaking on the sandy shore.

26. In comparison with other countries, the cost is very moderate, and represents an expense of about 15 cents per capita.

27. A dusky red two-story frame cottage, close by the side of an oblong reservoir of clear water, near the western extremity of a long mountain crest, shelters a forest watcher with whose son I formed a close friendship in the days of spelling matches at the Cox School.

28. So I went to work and for a time was content with myself and all that I thought I knew and I had enough personality to make a good impression and I thought that was all that I needed and did not realize that book knowledge was what I needed most and that it would only be a short time until I would outgrow my self-satisfaction and my dreamy ambitions and realize that a person who would get along must pour the whole stream of their activity into their work and without a thorough foundation I would always have a conscious inferiority of my knowledge of learning when I came in contact with people in a social and business way who had had the advantages of a college education and had applied their education to a useful purpose.

29. The scenery was beautiful and before we knew it lunch time was upon us, and we ate very heartily indeed.

30. Yet a snake will fight desperately for its life, nor is it entirely devoid of sense, for on one occasion one of the creatures, having been put in a case with a covered top and left for some hours, escaped, though to do so it had been obliged to disgorge its last meal, a large frog it had recently devoured, which rendered it slender enough to force its way out of its prison.

31. A case will recur to many of the serpent at the Zoo which some years ago began swallowing its companion, and having once begun could not stop, though the meal cost him his life. In this case, the tragedy began by both serpents seizing the same bird, and the victim was only a few inches shorter than the creature in whose body he found so strange a sepulchre.

32. I love books, especially do I like to study people in a public place.

33. Legrand also had the insane desire for the sight of gold and was not satisfied until he had found the treasure under the tree with a skull on the seventh limb east of the bough or trunk and fifty feet east of the dead line of the exact spot from where the beetle fell when let fall from the left eye of the skull in the tree.

34. I hope to obtain the desired results knowing full well the necessity of great effort which I am willing to make.

35. I decided, therefore, to turn my efforts in other directions: to do this would require some hours each week away from home, family, relatives, and friends, and my first attempt was met with the strong opposition of everyone.

36. During the short period that followed it was my one desire to enter college but for financial reasons I knew this to be impossible so I accepted a position with a local manufacturer without fully giving up the idea of attending some higher school.

37. I was there only six hours before I was ready to return home. The girls were not especially refined. The dormitory was inconvenient. The food was terrible and the teachers are worth describing.

38. My mother's characteristics resemble somewhat those of my father as she was also interested in politics which has been proven by her campaign work.

39. These Yankees first lived in Connecticut and they were a much more lively and noisy group than the Dutch were.

COHERENCE

Coherence means sticking together. But the parts of a constructed whole will not stick together unless they are shaped and cut to fit each other, put together in logical arrangement, and then fastened with glue or nails or other binding device. So the parts of sentences must be cut and shaped to fit smoothly at the joints, then laid in place to do their appointed work — things together that belong together — then fastened snugly or bound with connectives so as to stay together while carrying safely the idea to its reader.

Coherence through Connectives

1. **To add:** and, also, again, besides, furthermore, in like manner, likewise, moreover, once more, similarly, yet again.
2. **To show cause or effect:** accordingly, as a result, because, consequently, for, hence, since, so, then, therefore, thus.
3. **To show time:** after, already, always, as, at last, before, by that time, earlier, formerly, hereafter, in the meantime, later, meanwhile, then, thereafter, thereupon, thenceforth, when, while.
4. **To enumerate:** as follows, either . . . or, first, secondly, for example, here . . . there, in particular, namely, neither . . . nor, not only . . . but also, though . . . yet, whereas . . . yet.
5. **To show condition:** although, but for, despite, else, even though, if, in spite of, only, otherwise, provided, though, unless, under these circumstances.
6. **To show opinion:** certainly, doubtless, no doubt, perhaps, probably, possibly, surely, undoubtedly.
7. **To show concession:** granted, indeed, in fact, it is true, of course, to be sure.

8. **To show objection:** after all, at all events, at least, at the same time, but, conversely, even so, for all that, however, nevertheless, none the less, notwithstanding, on the contrary, still, yet.
9. **To show transition:** above all, all the more, as a matter of fact, as for, as I have said, by the way, chiefly, concerning, especially, even more, farther on, finally, for my part, frankly, hitherto, how much more, I repeat, in a word, in all seriousness, in brief, in conclusion. in general, in other words, in passing, in short, incidentally, lastly, on the whole, so far, that is, to come to the point, to conclude, to continue, to recapitulate, to resume, to return, to sum up, up to this point.

EXERCISES

1. List all other connective devices, shorter than complete sentences, which you notice in the Models.

2. List any other short connectives found in your reading outside this book.

3. Reclassify any or all of these connectives so as to make them more immediately useful in your own writing.

4. Make a separate list of all of these connectives which you have never used.

Coherence through Order

Language is a one-dimensional world: length is its only physical measure. Therefore our only opportunity of arrangement or rearrangement is along one straight line: the only contact our phrases can have is end to end. Naturally, then, this arrangement is often a delicate matter; especially when several ideas try to cluster about one noun or verb. Incoherence so bad as to result in hopeless obscurity or utter falsehood may follow wrong arrangement. One law of simple good sense reigns: *Words together that belong together.*

EXERCISE AND EXAMPLES

Study these dislocations, and then "obey the law" — put "words together that belong together":

1. This plan they used by conveying their letters to her by means of a brewer, who supplied the family with ale through a chink in the wall of her apartment.

2. A hero is a man who performs a brave deed for the benefit of his fellow-creatures while incurring personal risk.

3. A poor writer must guard against the mistakes that he would naturally make by observing the rules of composition.

4. They rushed out like a swarm of bees with axes in their hands.

5. "Do you know a man with one eye named Walker?"

6. All men are not criminals.

7. I only stayed in Chicago two years.

8. She wore a diamond pin bought in Paris in her hair.

9. I had heard vague remarks about conferences in class.

10. I am beginning to remember when my compositions are due a little better.

11. The best writers try to briefly express themselves.

12. A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going away, in a strong iron frame.

13. Lost — a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar and a muzzle around his neck.

14. Later, when a quick stop is needed, if the reins are pulled hard suddenly, instead of stopping, the horse will start going faster.

15. Tomato plants should be set out about May 10, in this latitude.

16. When the boundary line had been reached and a level bit of ground chosen, after a short discussion, the two closed.

17. Furnished apartment suitable for gentleman with folding doors.

18. The smooth monotony of the leading religious topics, as managed by the French orators, under the treatment of Jeremy Taylor, receives at each turn of the sentence a new flexure.

19. The Mexican government, although it has promised to receive our special envoy, refused to recognize him on a slight pretext.

20. Not only is observation made from these balloons and airplanes, but from the tops of trees also.

21. After alighting from the car, to avoid confusion, cross to the west side of the street.

22. Mr. Lloyd gave us information about his fighting experience with stereopticon slides.

23. He was shot by his secretary, after being notified to quit, with whom he was finding fault, but fortunately without effect.

24. If they were kept in a cool place, after using them the next time, one would find a great change in the pastry.

25. If the boys and girls are taught to realize what value birds are in the beginning of life there would not be so many killed.

26. While he was single, like many of the Southern Yankees, he had been independent, and had carefully saved his earnings.

27. If we think of the United States, when the time comes, we shall know how this country can serve the world.

28. Hermia and Helena, who have been the best of friends, owing to their love for Lysander, became estranged.

29. It is just as easy to rise at 6.30 as an hour later, when the habit is formed, and this extra hour allows time for the children to help with the morning work.

30. Her father, who is still living, because of trouble and disgrace, has not seen his daughter for a long time.

31. This morning an investigation was made, and the body of the watchman was found lying on the floor, face upward, and with a bullet hole in the right breast about half way between the front door and the safe.

32. The better way would be to never cheat.

33. I was undecided what to do all through my high-school career.

34. Everyone is not born to be a leader.

35. When these customers wish to buy anything in the store, in order to have it charged, they must first present their coin.

36. Lawson recently recovered from burns and injuries received when a gun backfired, after being in a naval hospital several weeks.

37. All the teachers are not experienced.

38. I gave my brother a pleasant little surprise when I finished working by giving him a check for the amount I had earned.

39. I enjoy reading very much.

Coherence through Structure

In any building, structural trouble is the most serious kind. If a sentence is incoherent through lack of connecting word or phrase between clauses, or through wrong arrangement, the trouble is plain and rather easily righted. But incoherent structure is harder to discover, and then harder to correct. For it is unfinished thought, and leaves part of the writer's job to be done by the reader.

Such incoherent structure takes various shapes. The commonest are these:

1. Lack of needed paralleling;
2. Shifted point of view;
3. Misleading subordination;
4. Misleading use of relative pronouns;
5. General looseness.

Paralleling. Thoughts which are parallel in meaning should be parallel in form; otherwise the task of conveying the complete thought is ill done or not done. Parallel form is a most useful instrument; sometimes the only one that will do the work. If I should write

Scott's poems appeal to me because they are very probable, good rhythm, and sound plot,

I must rebuild my statement to make three parallel adjective expressions, such as

Scott's poems appeal to me because they are *plausible*, *rhythmical*, and *well-plotted;*

or to make three parallel noun expressions, such as

Scott's poems appeal to me because they have *plausibility*, *rhythm*, and *well-made plots*.

Compare also these two versions:

I like the *Post* because it is such a clean paper, and anything that you may see in the *Post*, you may be sure is true.

I like the *Post* because it is *clean* and *reliable*.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Rebuild the following statements, to get in parallel form those ideas which were evidently parallel in the writer's mind. (Notice that this reworking usually compacts, simplifies, and strengthens the statement.)

1. When she goes shopping, she always buys a great many unnecessary things, and the things that she really wants she overlooks.

2. A child with no shoes on his feet, and clad in thin, ragged garments.

3. The speed at which I can send is 70 words per minute, and 80 words per minute for receiving a message.

4. It was always my desire to study medicine or for the ministry.

5. College is a higher institute of learning, whereas in a normal school you learn how to make children understand you when you teach them.

6. Your time is your own but how can it be used to the best advantage?

7. A meeting will be held at the schoolhouse next Friday evening for the purpose of organizing a literary society, which shall have for its purpose the dissemination of useful knowledge, and to promote the social welfare of Center Township.

8. The foundation walls upon which the buildings rest is plain brick in the case of Hollis, while the foundation walls of Stoughton are smoothed over with mortar.

9. While many of the new immigrants were in their native climes tillers of the soil, they flock in cities and work in factories when they come to America.

10. I like motoring because it is so healthy, and then again you have a fine chance to see the country.

11. My object in taking a trip to the far west would be, not only from an educational standpoint, but to come in contact with western civilization.

12. They came back from their trip with tales of the sights they had seen and how tired they were with going constantly.

13. Because humanity begged this sacrifice of us; to insure the future freedom of the seas; and for the permanent triumph of democracy are our reasons for entering this war.

14. I derive great pleasure, and benefit in an educational way.

15. I have driven a truck with produce to market, filled orders, and at times even hiring workers.

16. It has been hard to give up other things that boys have, and especially giving up school.

2. What is the effective value of the form of President Hyde's "The Offer of the College" at the beginning of this book?

3. Collect from the Models fifteen skilful sentences in which the thought uses parallel form.

Point of view. The commonest and worst offence against coherent structure is probably the "dangling participle" or "dangling modifier." This usually involves a shift of subject, or a shift from the personal to the impersonal, or from the active to the passive (or *vice versa*); and it is as unreasonable as the use of a deceptive football shift, not on an opponent, but on a friend whom you are trying to take into your confidence. In the sentence

Arriving there late, the train was gone,

we are led to think of the "arriving" *person*, who must be named before the thought or its statement can be complete. But at the point where we have every right to expect mention of the *person*, we are shifted upon a new subject, "the train." This, then, is a shift from personal to impersonal.

Arriving there late, the train was found to have gone.

This is not only a shift from personal to impersonal, but also from active voice to passive. Both forms of this misleading shift in structure are grossly common; and only persistent vigilance in thinking and writing will keep them out of our work.[1]

[1] The best writers seldom use any form of this "absolute" or "participial" construction; for even when it is correctly used it remains awkward and alien. It is at best a semi-naturalized immigrant — the Latin "ablative absolute" translated. In the highly-inflected Latin it is an excellent idiom, and unmistakable; but in English, from which most inflections have been worn away, which must build up most of its meanings through adjustments of order and position in shorter sentences, and in which the natural method is simplicity of sentence structure in the subject-verb-object order, — in such a language as English this relic of Latin structure is at its best never quite good enough. And at its worst it is one of our most pernicious and persistent trouble-makers.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Rework these statements of nonsense or half-sense into clean, straightforward, *unmistakable* sense.

1. The bread is always sliced before starting out on the picnic.
2. Though written for boys, men sit up nights long past midnight reading with interest the boyish adventures.
3. Slowly we are coming to realize this: and laws are made but not strictly enforced.
4. By going to college it would broaden my outlook.
5. In receiving a higher education it would be easier to compete for a good position.
6. In reading or in listening to the speech of others, the word must call up a picture of the thing signified.
7. Always being a very undecided person, it was very hard to find exactly what I wished to do.
8. At the age of sixteen my employers started me on the road.
9. At the age of one my parents removed to Kalamazoo.
10. I have been struggling for some time to get away from the use of slang and feel that by taking this course, it will help me considerably in that direction.
11. When a boy, his future hope was to enter the business world.
12. The opening situation takes place by comparing France and England at this particular time.
13. In order to arrange a living room properly, it is important to consider its size.
14. As one of several who were given scholarships, a year at college was made possible for me.
15. Arithmetic is not taught after leaving the eighth grade.
16. Not being specially studious, the only really happy year of school life was my first year.
17. Once learned, we feel that these principles are of inestimable value.
18. A doctor, a consumptive, and a passionate lover of children, there is whimsical humanity about all that Tchekoff writes.
19. If regarded seriously as an approximate human ideal, one cannot help feeling that the hero has in him something tiresome.
20. On entering the room, a huge chandelier strikes the person in the eye.
21. Ventilation is necessary to be healthy.
22. No negotiations are entered upon without bringing them before the king.
23. At a very tender age my mother began teaching me.
24. After serving as kitchen knave for a few months, Gareth's mother relented and set him free of his promise.
25. After a two years' stay in prison, it happened that Pharaoh had a dream.

26. In order to turn a corner it is necessary to tilt the wheelbarrow to one side or the other.

27. I was informed by entirely trustworthy people that in swimming cattle across a river savage hippos had been known to assail and kill them.

28. The waves may be passed by going over them.

29. After tramping many days across the plains, the mountains came into view.

30. To complete it, the bottom of the board is planed on the front, back, and sides.

31. When paying your fare, the conductor will be glad to give you a transfer.

32. Being swept from stem to stern by tremendous waves, the captain abandoned the ship.

33. After eating a hearty meal, the coaches were brought to the door.

34. Like all good stories, you are held in suspense to the very end.

35. Rushing across our lawn, my first thought was to get to the telephone to send in the alarm.

36. Whenever a pretty woman went down the aisle, all eyes turned toward her and watched her until seated.

37. On either wall hang ancient tapestries and family portraits, but they do not brighten up the hall enough to call it a pleasant place.

38. Rushing forward, there under a little bush sat her two darlings.

39. After reaching the creek, a cool and shady spot is selected.

40. Born in 1852 at Philadelphia, it was the desire of Edwin A. Abbey's father that his son should adopt the church as a profession.

41. By dinner time it was stiff enough to remove from the mold.

42. Curious, quaint, and even pathetic, we lingered long over the precious reminders of those early days.

43. To make paper out of straw it is necessary to cut the straw into small pieces.

44. By nature magnetic, possessing considerable tact and a remarkable will power, his future is nothing less than bright.

45. When listening to music, the eye often wants something to look at.

46. After placing the foot correctly in the stirrup, the right hand should be swung over the saddle as if trying to embrace the horse.

47. Standing on a jagged edge of one of the many inclines of a huge iceberg, a small schooner was observed at a distance of about three hundred yards from me.

48. After juggling with the quarterback position for several weeks, Howe was put there, and his generalship helped Yale wonderfully.

49. Weighing 190 pounds and very fast, the two men that were assigned on every punt to take care of Kilpatrick found that it was a task beyond their capability.

50. While spinning one day after her father left, the door opened, and to her great surprise, there stood her brother.

51. The noise of the approaching train while tied to the tracks had its effect on the victim.

52. To kick a goal after scoring a touchdown, the ball is now brought directly in front of the goal-posts.

53. Striving hard as only an America could to remain a peaceful nation, the repeated disregard by Germany of America's legal rights on the seas made war inevitable.

54. Maintaining strict neutrality at the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, our interests were not at first affected.

55. After making an introductory speech, the room was darkened.

56. Upon questioning Germany's action, Germany assured us that we need have no fear for the future.

57. Owing to the time of year and due to receiving $300 and a month's vacation, I bought a library of musical books.

58. When in service but four weeks, his section was attacked by the enemy.

59. After adding insult to insult, why should not a nation, as strong as the United States, enter into a war to keep another nation from conquering the world?

60. After dancing with a heavenly creature, a moonlight walk or canoe ride caps the climax of a perfect day.

61. When the time comes for one to stop strengthening his character by taking the burdensome and the unpleasant tasks along with the pleasant and easy things in life, no longer will the colleges be builders of greater men and women.

62. The most amazing sight I ever saw was the skyscrapers of New York crossing the Hudson River on a ferryboat.

2. Collect in the Notebook from your manuscript all the examples of the "absolute construction" to be found there, whether rightly or wrongly used.

3. Correct in the Notebook all the "dangling" constructions you find in your manuscript. (Use the "deadly parallel" method.)

4. Test all your correct "absolutes" to see whether a plain clause structure would not make a clearer, cleaner statement.

5. Search the Models for examples of "absolute" construction.

6. Keep in the Notebook an "open" department for storing the "howlers" of this sort from your general reading.

Subordination. Faulty subordination makes obscurity and trouble wherever it appears, in the struggle for coherence as well as in the struggle for unity. We need particularly to remember that the *participles*, present and perfect, imply *cause and effect:* for example,

Fearing the draught on her back, he closed the window.

This implication of cause is present in such a construction whether we want it or not; hence the skilful writer avoids that structure when he does n't want that implication. Such a statement as this is nonsense:

Feeling that I was mistaken, I would not admit my fault.

The stubbornness is really not *because* of the consciousness of mistake, but *in spite of it;* the meaning is,

Feeling that I was mistaken, I admitted I was wrong; *or*
Although I feared I was wrong, I would not give in.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Make the subordinate thought properly subordinate in *form;* and also give it a subordinate *position* in the sentence.

1. As now the choice of calling could not much longer be put off, I eventually became a stenographer.
2. It was at this time that the courses of domestic science and manual training were inaugurated, being thoroughly enjoyed by all concerned.
3. My health was not very good and it hindered me in my work.
4. I applied for admission, and was accepted by certificate since my marks were sufficiently high.
5. We stayed there for about three months returning home in the fall.
6. I was only ten when I entered but even then I had decided I was going to college so I took the preparatory course each year.
7. Having read your advertisement, I lost yesterday a purse containing $30.
8. Please try and remember this.
9. My father landed in Cincinnati penniless, his trade being that of a cabinet-maker.
10. Statistics are often given, and are interesting for their simplicity of comprehension.
11. This fact necessitated my rowing to it in a small boat, the time spent in doing so being about ten minutes.
12. One of my favorite sports is canoeing, and one evening last summer I went to the canoe club to see the canoe parade.
13. Having been in the employ of the City of Boston for four years as an elementary school teacher, I now desire to apply for a similar position in the City of Chicago.

2. Collect in the Notebook ten subordinate expressions from your writing which are not as unmistakable as they might be; and make them unmistakable.

3. Find in the Models ten good examples of subordination.

Use of *which* and *this*. *Which* and *this* are peculiarly tempting to the lazy or hurried thinker, who is inclined to leave such pointers headed toward a general or implied idea, instead of pointing them unmistakably at an antecedent. Such an antecedent they must have: and it must be a noun or pronoun.

Do not speak while you are in the room; this is not permitted.

"This" has no antecedent, except one hidden away in the writer's mind. He means,

Speaking is not permitted there.

Or he may thoughtlessly write,

Speaking is not permitted there, — which we sometimes forget.

"Which" has no antecedent: it is merely sprayed in the direction of the full statement of the rule, for the reader to follow and find if he is willing to take the trouble. The writer meant,

We sometimes forget that speaking is prohibited there; *or*,
We sometimes forget the rule against speaking there.

When a *which* clause is introduced by *and* or *but*, there must be a previous "which clause" to which this one is being added or compared:

We were specially cautious about ivy poisoning; which we had not had, and which we did not want.

(This rule applies equally to clauses introduced by such other relatives as *who* and *that*.)

Which should not be used *with* its antecedent: "which rule we sometimes forget." It is a true pronoun; make it stand alone: "a rule which we sometimes forget."

English idiom and clearness require that every clause introduced by a relative pronoun shall belong, not to a previous dependent clause — wheels within wheels — but to a main clause. One may append many parallel dependent clauses from one main clause, as one parent may support a number of dependent children; but no good community allows children to support other children, and no good English sentence allows dependent clauses to hang from clauses themselves dependent.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Make the following references not only unmistakable but agreeable:

1. I met him in "Phil. 1," which course I happened to be taking with him.

2. The stopper is crowned with an octagonal cap upon which is stamped with raised figures the seal of the company that makes the ink which is contained in the bottle.

3. Beavers are timid animals, and this makes them hard to catch.

4. He had a car like mine but which he only paid two hundred dollars for.

5. The sakiyeh is composed of a horizontal wheel turned by a pair of cows, and which is connected by a vertical wheel which is on the same axis as another wheel around which are earthen pots in which the water is raised.

6. The filler is simply some form of dropper, which is loaded with ink from a well, and whose business end is then inserted in the open barrel, and from which the ink is then, and not till then, injected by gentle pressure into the empty barrel until it is nearly, but not quite filled.

7. He was very tired, and this made him peevish.

8. Another good article is one entitled "Copperheads," published in the last issue, and which is good material for a history lesson.

9. Dick is wounded on the forehead by the spear of an Arab, which later develops into eye-trouble.

10. Delilah betrayed the sacred ties of marriage which cannot be commended as justifiable.

11. On one part of the campus is situated a lake, which is inhabited by thousands of goldfish, on which the students enjoy skating in winter and rowing in summer.

12. The doors and windows were very loose, and this took a lot of fuel to keep the house warm.

13. The great Chicago fire, which catastrophe was a blessing in disguise, started from an over-turned lantern.

14. Accidents on the road are common; in which case be sure first to secure all available witnesses.

15. We followed the trail which we had found, and that you told us to.

16. Besides, you are entering a new building, which causes much confusion.

17. We went over the Mohawk Trail, which is a ride that I always enjoy.

18. We all liked our English teacher very much, which made a difference.

19. Since my uncle is a lawyer, this is the calling I want to enter.

20. Apparently fully recovered from their injuries, Pease and Kirchmeyer demonstrated how serious their losses have been to Coach Crowley, who had only one regular out of the fray — Raphael — whose place was capably filled by Wiberg, who returned to the guard position he played last year.

21. The hot sun beat upon my head which had been up for several hours.

22. If any one desired amusement he must create it himself, which is really not as hard a task as it seems.

23. She was generally liked by the townspeople, which keeps a teacher interested in her work.

24. I was elected secretary of my class, which office I was to keep throughout the four years.

2. From your manuscript collect in the Notebook ten examples of the doubtful use of the relative pronouns, *this*, *that*, and *which;* and make them unquestionable.

3. Gather from the Models five examples of the good use of each relative pronoun, — *this, that, which.*

Firmness. The longer sentence (and sometimes the shorter) easily falls into invertebrate looseness, — like a rickety table, — unless it is stiffened and tightened. The best revision uses simplification (reduces clauses to phrases, phrases to words), uses paralleling, sharp and unescapable connectives, and every other device that will bring firmness and precision. All writers have to work their writing through this process. Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher calls one part of the task "cutting out the whiches."

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Set these wabbly sentences firmly on their feet, and make all their statements upright and fool-proof:

1. To me it is very sad in a case where some one has a great many good thoughts and yet those are smothered because of the lack of expression.

2. English was one of my best subjects all through high school, it was the most interesting and I think when you like a subject, naturally you will be good in it.

3. This transition means to me a sudden descent of responsibility on shoulders that before were always protected, hence rather awe-inspiring.

4. This poison, while the snake is alive, is forced along the glands containing it whenever the snake strikes its victim, when the extra fangs contained in its head, which, when not in use, are closed and recumbent, are erected and driven into the flesh of its enemy.

5. It is said that snakes will, when danger threatens, actually swallow their young, but it is doubtful if the latter could live in such a condition, for it has been found by experiment that a frog taken from the throat of a snake even the moment after being swallowed was dead, nor can it be rescued alive if more than a leg has been swallowed.

6. If my work was not done properly, why should I carry it around in my thoughts all the time?

7. Due to a misunderstanding, Romeo arrived too late.

8. Caused by malicious gossip, they got into a frightful quarrel.

9. In this way there is an explosion every other revolution, for one revolution expels the burned gas and sucks in fresh, and the next stroke compresses the fresh gas and the explosion then drives the piston out, and gives the fly wheel sufficient impetus to carry it through the idle revolution.

10. The surprise was not so much because snow was considered a rare thing but because there was such an abundance and so typical of the big snowstorm which this locality has not seen for a long time.

11. No one can fail to see that no one but a real, true friend could do anything; for friends, like everything else, may be split up into various classes.

12. Two sturdy oaks, one on each side of the entrance, their branches reaching across and overlapping so as to form an arch, which leads the way through a path lined with autumn flowers, making a perfect riot of color around the broad veranda, which surrounds an old colonial house.

13. Like a dash of cold water, one suddenly finds herself shifted from the warm shelter of high school to the broad, open field of college.

14. Due to ill health, I was only able to continue at short intervals.

15. Only a little girl in grammar school, it was my privilege to have wonderful experience.

2. Rescue from your manuscript any such broken-backed sentences as those above; and copy and firmly correct them in the Notebook.

3. Select from at least five of the Models ten long sentences which seem to you specially firm in structure.

EMPHASIS

That principle of composition called "emphasis" or "mass" is, like unity and coherence, not a contrivance invented, but a law discovered. It operates unceasingly, and whether we use it or ignore it. Emphasis is a kind of intellectual gravitation, which pulls hardest on the beginning and end of every clause and sentence; likewise on the beginning and end of every paragraph and of every larger unit of speech and writing. We therefore take advantage of this law to advance our own purposes: we put at the beginning and the end those words, sentences, and paragraphs we specially wish to emphasize, — knowing that this law will do the rest, and will give them, even for the most thoughtless reader, that emphasis we think they deserve.

Of the two positions, the end is the stronger. Professor Barrett Wendell confessed the difficulty he had in phrasing the rule. First he wrote: "Be sure that your sentences end with

words that deserve the distinction you give them." He then saw that his statement was itself a violation; and rewrote it: "End your sentences with words that deserve distinction."

The law is universal, and wholly reasonable. First words catch our fresh attention; last words stay longest in our memory. First and last lines of poems and other printed pieces are oftenest recalled; good speeches, stories, and plays make a carefully planned attack, and then use their best for the peroration or climax.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Rebuild these sentences so as to get the most important idea at the close; and the second most important, as nearly as may be, at the beginning:

1. However, his action was not as forcible as it might have been, I thought.
2. I think he will long be remembered as a God-fearing citizen, a faithful friend, and a reliable workman.
3. I may say that I want but a few friends, although I like to have many acquaintances.
4. Afterward he would come back, whistling merrily all the while.
5. It seems to me that the man was merciless at times, unforgiving, and discourteous.
6. She made no reply, but kept looking out the window for some reason or other.
7. A man will be against reason, when reason is against him.
8. Boswell had none of the talents that ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers.
9. This combination of magnanimity with force and combativeness is related to a strong sense of justice in the character under discussion.
10. The last day of school before a ten-day vacation arrived.
11. He wants short, crisp, pointed advertisements.
12. She was so terrified that her alarm could not be soothed by any explanations or apologies that might be made to her.
13. He had come to see her, and he would see her.
14. According to the papers, Senator Borah announces he will no longer oppose the World Court, much to the satisfaction of many people.
15. What pen can describe the tears, the lamentations, the agonies, the animated remonstrances of the unfortunate prisoners!
16. The mayor listened with attention and sympathy to the old man.
17. She might have been happier, though not more comfortable.
18. The next thing is to find the murderer; it is also the most important thing.
19. This gentleman could never be guilty of rudeness for a moment.

20. It seems strange that such a man should have written one of the best books in the world, if not the best.

21. They sacrificed their honor, their comfort, and their property.

22. When men shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, and persecute you for my sake, and shall revile you, ye are blessed.

23. His foul and most unnatural murder revenge, if ever thou didst love thy dear father.

2. Find in the Models ten sentences that strongly and skilfully demonstrate the law of emphasis. (Try "College Honor," "A Gossip on Romance," "Queen Elizabeth.")

GENERAL EXERCISE IN DICTION AND STRUCTURE

Work these sentences over into the best statements of which they and you are capable: the clearest, the simplest, the most pointed, the strongest. Make every change which will keep the intended idea and improve its statement. In all the more confusing sentences, first get the idea clearly into your own thought; then tear the structure down to the ground and build it afresh. When more than one really good version is possible, and when the sentence or group is long or complicated, write out in full the new version or versions on gummed-edge interleaving paper pasted between these pages.

1. It is a village of an inhabitance of about 1800 people.

2. We cannot send a package weighing over four pounds, and we are charged for it at the rate of 16 cents a pound.

3. Sterne is a writer who less than any one else in the present list reveals the secrets of his manner and mind to the casual and hasty reader.

4. No novelist who has ever lived has taken art so seriously as Mr. Hardy.

5. One incident after another flashed itself upon him.

6. I shall use all my possible organs to perform my duties in a remarkable manner.

7. The bride wore a silver cloth hat and a corsage bouquet.

8. Nature is not described for her own sake, but inwoven with the emotions of those who are looking upon it.

9. "Why did you make me wait on you so long?"

10. In studying engineering without the necessary English, we would be illiterate.

11. Sunday is not a good day for studying regardless of religious scruples, and Monday is worse.

12. He had his dog to die on him.

13. I feel like I could ride for hours.

14. The dog wants out.

15. A Good American Citizen

When a young man only 27 years old, there came a call for Mr. Hunter to stand by the colors of the American flag, the flag he held in honor for his country, and this he manfully did. He was mustered into service, Nov. 17, 1863, and a brave, honest, fearless soldier he was during the nine months in which he assisted in helping maintain his nation's honor, garbed in the uniform the great Ex-General Grant admired. Within a month of it being two years after his return from war he was married to the then Miss Mary A. Barrett of Warren, Conn., and that union was the result of 56 years of unmarred happiness. Mr. Hunter was a tiller of the soil, the most honest occupation that God created for man to do. He resided during his last 25 years of life on the farm previously owned by the late James H. Clark. This being a sightly, beautiful home on the summit of the Vermont hills where the sun beams down in early morn for man's work to begin, and the moon shines down in glory at night time for rest and slumber. His life was a model life estimated by all as an example to live by.

Mr. Hunter was a member of the church in this place for 57 years. Yes, he not only was a member of the church for that long period but lived a pure sacred life always. He served as a deacon of the church 30 years and was looked upon as a leader unexcelled by all. being active in all church work, superintendent of the Sunday school, sang in the choir, contributed continually funds for church maintenance and was seen as regularly in church services as they were held always taking part in the same prior to a few years of late when his age and infirmities would not permit. In the year 1898 he represented this town in the state Legislature. He was an honor to his town with that great body of men. Not solely as a politician or for any special interests but impressed all whom he became acquainted with the true, honest type of manhood that he was. During all the years of loyalty to his town and his family his life's example was of such influence that words cannot foretell.

16. *The House of Seven Gables* is an odd tale centered about Massachusetts.

17. Macbeth would not do harm to increase his posterity, but that it is the quickest way.

18. After we had appeased our hunger, we took out our mouth organs and played duets.

19. Brutus thrust the fatal stab into Julius Cæsar.

20. About seven o'clock we heaved a sigh because we reached our goal.

21. We gave the chickens' necks a good ring by circling them around our necks.

22. One day while out walking with his little sister, the pangs of thirst beckoned him to have a drink.

23. Silas did light work only, and trusted righteously in God.

24. He stooped down and found it was a child whose mother had died while on her way to the village.

25. Brutus was so honorable that he was almost pigheaded.

26. The gentle breeze lovingly stirred the branches of the trees, thereby making them shed many raindrops which had taken refuge in their foliage.

27. As a Sunday school teacher, our thoughts become pure.

28. Ventilation is when air is taken into a room.

29. Men breathe more correctly than women because of women's clothes.

30. Editor *News:* I am sorry that so brave a deed as that transacted by Charles Long of Southboro should go unpublished in last week's news. A runaway team frightened by an auto with this young man about twenty years of age and little girl of seven. The horses were beyond control, running as frightened horses run. The wagon box partly tipped off and this young hero holding the reins with one hand, takes the little one with the other to the back of the wagon and drops her safely to the ground. I am told the team ran four miles before he got them under control. A Carnegie medal is for this brave young man.

31. The Free Library and building which it was located was badly damaged by fire recently, causing a loss of nearly $2,000.00. The fire started from a bonfire set to dispose of rubbish, and was set some thirty feet from the building burned. The fire stealthily creeping through the dry grass into boxes and from them to the library building.

32. The missionary is ready enough to see that the Buddhist is not such because his doctrines would bear careful inspection, but because he happened to be born in a Buddhist family in Tokio.

33. She would have been sorry to have had to answer questions about the Paris days.

34. There is such a weight of grief on his heart. I so long for some happiness to come to him.

35. Punctuation makes the reader inflect in his voice.

36. If necessary, Pat minds the baby as well as mother.

37. The book was written about the time of the French Revolution.

38. A good vocabulary is necessary to be a good critic.

39. Not much poetry is read by me.

40. We all went in tennis clothes and rackets, though I kept mine out of sight generally.

41. Exams are awful dumb, they take so much work.

42. From the way the story began one would get the impression that it was a criticism, but the farther the author goes the more one realizes that this is a mistake, and like the story better and better.

43. Gradually the candidates are rounded into form, and those having more aptitude show more and more improvement. The most elementary drill is now over, and it now becomes necessary to devote more attention to each man personally. The class is still very large, and this can only be done by pruning out the ones which are the most backward. No preference is shown toward any, and any man showing up well will be retained. The method is quite competitive, and everyone has equally as good a chance as their fellows.

44. Brickley dropped back and kicked a drop-kick from the thirty-yard line which sailed squarely through the goal-posts.

45. Upon first glance, a predominating nose occupied the observer's eye, but upon a second glance, twinkling blue eyes were seen, set in a smooth-shaven face, a smile hovering around the mouth, and a square chin.

46. After leaving the electric cars, a carriage drive of several miles brought us to this woodland domain.

47. When I saw what I had done, I was greatly mortified, but was unable to apologize to the youth, although I did so to my friend, who probably was the most concerned.

48. His college training did not afford him opportunity to acquire sufficient Latinity.

49. Byron stood on the Bridge of Sighs with a palace on one hand and a prison on the other.

50. The lecture was one of those hopeless ones in which the "survival of the fittest" theory was expounded to the extent that it became apparent that there was no hope for the weak.

51. In looking from my college window, the first thing that delights the eye is a mass of green.

52. He has succeeded fairly well to establish his idea in the mind of the reader.

53. Just to think of the terrible feelings and shame that is placed on a person that does those kind of tricks.

54. Of course, the workers resented the inactivity of the others, because their work brought them no more return than their neighbors who did nothing received.

55. If all secretaries would be ideal ones which they could if they wanted, people would consider them more important than what they do.

56. The various objects which at a moment or two before appeared motionless, but now appear vice versa.

57. In the back of the driver of this Hudson speedster there is a tool chest in form of a triangle. It has a double purpose. It is not only a tool chest but also a sort of a foot rest. This tool box is covered with a heavy matting.

58. If we would have had anything to do with the ending no doubt we would made some changes, but due to the effect Shakespeare wished to give, he has undoubtedly did the best possible.

59. Brains are needed as much before the war as during the war. One thing for which they are needed is not to allow the assistance of potential enemies in any way which would be useful in war.

60. The United States would not recognize Germany's right to dictate her course at sea; and consequently several ships were sunk and many lives lost, which caused Congress and the President to declare war on Germany.

61. I am especially interested in plays and anything to do with the theater except the acting because nature has not favored.

62. From here the feet are taken to the man who trims the veneer because in placing the veneer on the foot, some of it extends over the sides. So this must be trimmed off.

63. The plates which give off the heat are secreted so that the person using the cooker does not come in contact with them after being placed in the bottom of the cooker.

64. The benefits which are to be obtained from the study of English are without a doubt far more valuable than any subject that can be studied, for without a little knowledge of the English language it is impossible to express our thoughts as they appear before the mind.

65. For Mabel to sacrifice the time and patience of Amelia at such a season to the mere love of talking of herself would have been as unpardonable in her as the bearing it was in Amelia a proof of the most perfect good breeding.

66. I knew the girl herself too well to know that she was speaking the truth.

67. As I had taken a college course in high school, I was not fitted for office work.

68. My reader may say, with a month's vacation and $300, why do this?

69. Let every one not be bothered when they are enjoying themselves in their own way.

70. In passing through the windshield a portion of glass struck her and cut it in such a way that she will lose the sight of her eye.

71. It is very seldom now that I cannot set my mind to study the subject I am not interested in.

72. The pans are half-filled with dough and are allowed to rise in a temperature the same as for the first rising, to double its bulk.

73. I do hope I can overcome this aloof manner that seems such a part of me and which I would like to be rid of especially when I meet the people I would really like to have as my friends.

74. It is only since I have been out of high school several years and have had the chance to take stock of people and things that has really made me appreciate the bigness and the necessity of doing something really worth while in this life.

75. In speaking of Round Pond he begins by telling where it is; second, we are told how to reach it; thirdly, he names the families that make up the summer colony; fourth, the good times at Round Pond; fifthly, certain unpleasant features are mentioned.

76. It is an extremely convincing fact that while the announcement of Mr. Pulitzer's purpose to provide the largest single foundation which has ever been left by any one man for professional training in his own calling — so that the Pulitzer foundation stands alone in this respect, without any other example or instance in the whole round of beneficent gifts during the last century, while this announcement was received with doubt, with some derision and much skepticism a decade ago when it was first proposed, now that the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University is to be opened, the widespread announcement of the first steps of its organization and the selection of its head has had this year from the press of the country an approval, an acceptance, and a readiness to support with sympathy and encouragement the new step such as never attended any previous proposal for the training of the journalist in the history of the calling, short though these annals be.

III. PARAGRAPHS

As a sentence is a group of words conveying one clear thought, so a paragraph is a group of sentences conveying one clear thought, — but on an ampler scale. As a good sentence is single-minded, coherent, and emphatic, so a good paragraph has unity, coherence, and emphasis. As a good sentence may be "loose" or "periodic" in its structure, so may a good paragraph; in fact, the paragraph, on its larger scale, may even combine the "loose" and the "periodic" structure. All these principles and effects work out in the paragraph more plainly than in the sentence, because the paragraph is larger and more roomy.

Of one truth we need to be very sure. A paragraph is not a physical measure: not mere bulk, or a long breath, or a matter of the appearance of the page. Sensible paragraphing is never done on any such *material* basis. Paragraphs are measures of *thought;* and useful or intelligible only as such. Hence a true paragraph may be one line, or three pages: its right measure is not the size of its outward bulk, but the singleness of its inward thought. The same matter, to be sure, may be differently paragraphed, and yet correctly; but only as thought-groups, larger or smaller; with a smoother or choppier movement.

Paragraphs, marked in old manuscripts by the mark ¶ "written alongside" the text (hence the name), are now marked by white space: the last line of the preceding matter is allowed to stop where it comes, and the first word of the new matter is "indented," or set in toward the right far enough to be noticeable — about an inch on theme paper.

Sentence paragraphs. Prose of the more hysterical sort, such as yellow-journal editorials and oil-stock circulars, tries to make its statements emphatic by paragraphing each sentence; but temperate and mature writing intended for thoughtful people builds its statements in true paragraphs, and each paragraph uses organized and developed sequence and climax, as the true symbols of logical thinking. The only other use of "sentence

paragraphs" is that by writers who are so immature as not to have discovered the paragraph as the unit of sustained thought.

Dialogue. In a written dialogue each change in speaker is marked by a new paragraph. Even when the topic is continued, the change of person is so great as to need the paragraph break.

KINDS: IN FORM AND IN USE

The chief kinds of paragraphs may be called according to their *form* (1) loose, (2) semi-periodic, (3) periodic; according to their *use* (4) prefatory, (5) transitional, (6) developing, (7) summarizing.

FORM

1. Loose [1]

A good paragraph, like a good sentence, may come to the "nub" or center of its thought early, and thus be able to stop sensibly at more than one place. The commonest sort of "loose" paragraph is that whose "topic sentence" makes *at the start* a complete statement of the unit-thought of the paragraph; what follows is mere amplification or illustration or explanation of the initial statement. This one, from Carlyle, opens with such a careful, definite statement (here italicized); illustrates and amplifies it; and then repeats it at the close:

Still, *we do not think that the blame of Burns's failure lies chiefly with the world.* The world, it seems to us, treated him with more rather than less kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favor to its Teachers: hunger and nakedness, perils and revilings, the prison, the cross, the poison-chalice have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for Wisdom, the welcome with which it has greeted those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world's Martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon and Galileo languish in priestly dungeons; Tasso pines in the cell of a mad-house; Camoëns dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so "persecuted they the Prophets," not in Judea only, but in all places

[1] Notice that "loose" is here not a term of blame, but a technical name for a proper kind of construction.

where men have been. We reckon that every poet of Burns's order is, or should be, a prophet and teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect great kindness from it, but rather is bound to do it great kindness; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of the world's goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

EXERCISE

Find three good paragraphs of the "loose" type in the Models.

2. Semi-periodic

But a sentence or a paragraph may run part way with suspended, periodic structure, then disclose the kernel of its meaning, and from there on relax into the looser, freer structure. In this paragraph, the italicized statement is gradually approached, then amplified:

Frequently men do not know why they hold these permanent beliefs; indeed, they may hardly be conscious that they do hold them, having never formulated but merely assumed them. Sometimes they will not, sometimes they cannot reason about them. *It is a mistake to suppose that men necessarily hold most firmly their reasoned beliefs.* In the first place, the reasoner realizes that another opinion is possible; while one who takes his opinions from his environment and early teaching holds them as the only intelligent view. "Everybody knows that," he says. In the second place, a reasoned belief is rarely so imbedded in habit of thought and emotional association as the accepted belief, though it may so grow into one's system of thought that change is well-nigh impossible. And this is true of educated men as well as of others.

EXERCISE

Find in the Models two good specimens of semi-periodic structure.

3. Periodic

The periodic paragraph, like the periodic sentence, reserves until the end its chief statement, which thus becomes a conclusion reached after several premises, illustrations, or arguments. Such gradual approach is often necessary as preparation leading to a statement which we should perhaps reject if it were

made baldly at the beginning of a paragraph, but which we accept after we have been tactfully led to it step by step through a series of sentences which are singly acceptable. If we think of the "loose" paragraph as a pyramid, broadening down from its point at the apex, we may think of the periodic paragraph as a Y.M.C.A. triangle, narrowing down to its point; or as rays focussed through a lens which converges them all on one point. In the three following paragraphs, as in the two above, the point or "topic sentence" is italicized:

I have stated upon former occasions, and I may as well state again, what I understand to be the real issue in this controversy between Judge Douglas and myself. On the point of my wanting to make war between the Free and Slave States, there has been no issue between us. So, too, when he assumes that I am in favor of introducing a perfect social and political equality between the white and black races. These are false issues upon which Judge Douglas has tried to force the controversy. There is no foundation in truth for the charge that I maintain either of these propositions. *The real issue of this controversy* — the one pressing upon every mind — *is the sentiment on the part of one class that does look upon slavery as a wrong, and of another class that does not look upon it as a wrong.*

And now having shown that some alleged differences between the play and the novel are illusory, and that a certain technical difference, though possibly real, is superficial and slight, I come to the fundamental difference between them — a difference which the laity does not suspect, which is seldom insisted upon and never sufficiently, but which nobody who is well versed in the making of both plays and novels can fail to feel profoundly. The emotional strain of writing a play is not merely less prolonged than that of writing a novel — it is less severe even while it lasts, lower in degree, and of a less purely creative character. And herein is the chief of all the reasons why a play is easier to write than a novel. The drama does not belong exclusively to literature, because its effect depends on something more than the composition of words. The dramatist is the sole author of the play, but he is not the sole creator of it. Without him nothing can be done, but, on the other hand, he cannot do everything himself. He begins the work of creation, which is finished either by creative interpreters on the stage or by the creative imagination of the reader in the study. It is as if he carried an immense weight to the landing at the turn of a flight of stairs, and that thence

upward the lifting had to be done by other people. Consider the affair as a pyramidal structure, and the dramatist is the base — but he is not the apex. *A play is a collaboration of creative faculties.* The egotism of the dramatist resents this uncomfortable fact, but the fact exists. And further, the creative faculties are not only those of the author, the stage-director (producer), and the actors — the audience itself is unconsciously part of the collaboration.

The Democratic object in tariff revision is somewhat difficult to define; because in America in all parties local interests more or less modify general principles. General Hancock's statement that the tariff is a local issue is not so funny as it sounded when he made it. Generally Democratic sugar-growers believe in the protection to sugar, Democratic tobacco-growers in protection to tobacco, Democratic wool manufacturers in protection to woolen goods, and so on through all the schedules from A to Z. Nevertheless, if we accept the utterance of the more advanced and disinterested of the Democratic leaders, it may safely be said that *their party looks forward to a tariff for revenue only* as the ultimate result of a radical revision.

EXERCISE

Find in the Models two good periodic paragraphs.

USE

4. Prefatory

Any organized group of ideas, large and detailed enough to develop into several paragraphs, may need some prefatory remark or paragraph of general explanation or limitation. How much preface there should be, depends on the size of the subject; whether there should be any, depends on the need of the reader. Macaulay uses but three paragraphs to precede his history of England. Here are three useful specimens of prefatory paragraphs:

To explain how a farmer makes hay we must begin with the time when the grass is ready to be cut, and end when the cured hay is stored away in the barn. This, then, is the extent of the field we intend to cover.

I intend in this chapter to give a description of the state in which England was at the time when the crown passed from Charles the

Second to his brother. Such a description, composed from scanty and dispersed materials, must necessarily be very imperfect. Yet it may perhaps correct some false notion which would make the subsequent narrative unintelligible or uninstructive.

My subject, "An Average Massachusetts Grammar School," is an extremely difficult one. I have to confess, at the start, that I cannot tell you what the actual work of an average Massachusetts grammar school is. My only resource is to take a particular grammar school in a city — not one of the largest cities, nor yet one of the smallest; not the best school in the city, nor yet the worst; a school with a good principal, a fair set of teachers, and a mixed set of pupils — mixed as regards nationality, religion, and social condition. The actual work of that one school I think I have got a fair idea of; yet I do not pretend to be able to state it with any precision, for the reason — and this is a reason which applies to the larger number of our grammar schools throughout the State and the country — that the work in the different rooms of that school differs considerably in the same grade. This difference is attributable to the difference in the teachers. One teacher is much more alert and stimulating than another, and therefore accomplishes more with her pupils. In spite of these difficulties, I have found the examination of the actual work done in this tolerably representative school to be full of suggestions. Let me deal first with the question of school-time.

EXERCISES

1. Make a special study in the Models of the use of the prefatory paragraph.

2. Suppose yourself about to write a long theme on each of two subjects which specially interest you. Write the prefatory paragraph for each — not to apologize, but to limit and introduce the subject.

5. Transitional

The transitional or connective paragraph is like a stair-landing: it is a pause in the ascent, from which one turns to look back over the steps taken, and then forward to those ahead. It is a link that ties two groups or movements; it both summarizes and introduces. Such help our reader needs and gets in all considerate writing wherever there is a major turn in the thought, a change of direction, or other special step

where he might go wrong. Our guide and rule is *thoughtfulness;* considerate concern to be unmistakable. Notice these three specimens of ways in which this "bridging" problem might work out:

With these matters of subject and title, we have finished with the preliminaries of composition. We are now ready to examine the problems of writer, subject, and reader under various conditions, and to study the application of the rules of good use and the principles of Unity, Coherence, and Emphasis to the writing of themes and their different divisions. We shall begin with a very important unit of composition, the paragraph.

In giving this brief preliminary definition of taxes and taxation, we have already begun to speak of "the government" of the town or city in which you live. We shall presently have to speak of other "governments," — as the government of your state and the government of the United States; and we shall now and then have occasion to allude to the governments of other countries in which the people are free, as, for example, England; and of some countries in which the people are not free, as, for example, Russia. It is desirable, therefore, that we should here at the start make sure what we mean by "government," in order that we may have a clear idea of what we are talking about.

It will be recognized that List's argument differs from that of Cary and the home market theorists in two respects: it does not involve agricultural protection, and it is confessedly temporary in character. With the lapse of every decade and the growth of infant industries into lusty manhood, the argument becomes continually weaker, and protection becomes less defensible as a permanent policy. This has led to the final and most recent argument.

Now observe what paragraph logic requires: matters thus led up to must be put either in one package, or in as many as there are major ideas. For instance, after the transition paragraph below there are five paragraphs of amplified statement:

The reasons that have been usually advanced in favor of protection may be reduced to five heads.

Again, when Lord Bryce had completed a paragraph asserting the general uniformity of American life, he made a transition

paragraph of two very short sentences, to preface his enumeration of the details of that uniformity:

It is felt in many ways. I will name a few.

Then, in two paragraphs, he discussed two different aspects of the uniformity of nature; in three paragraphs, cities (the usual, the unusual, the European contrasts); in one paragraph, civic and social institutions; and in two paragraphs, people (in one, general European contrast, in the other, particular racial contrasts).

As another example, here is a periodic paragraph which points forward to four paragraphs of argument that follow:

According to the present system of logging, an area is selected which is well covered with white pine or spruce timber. Every tree in this area which is worth cutting is cut, until often there is not a single tree left standing. Instead of live trees, the lumbermen leave behind them tops and branches which have been lopped off the trunks. These cover the clearing to a depth of from three to six feet with a dense tangle of rubbish. Such a mode of operating, which is immediately and highly profitable, has four serious results.

EXERCISE

Find in the Models four specimens of the helpful transition paragraph.

6. Developing

The commonest use of the paragraph, and hence the most familiar, is that already illustrated under "Form": that use which develops an idea stated at the outset ("loose"), or an idea led up to, stated, and then amplified ("semi-periodic"), or an idea stated after it has been prepared for through the whole paragraph ("periodic"). For illustrations of the developing paragraph, then, refer to pages 65–68.

EXERCISE

Find in the Models four good developing paragraphs.

7. Summarizing

Our persistent concern for the "wayfaring" reader insists that after a group of paragraphs filled with a body of detail, we shall make for him a clear and simple summary of the major points;

to the end that they may stand forth plain and triumphant over the lesser matters which supported and surrounded them as they were developed.

Such, then, are the excellences of speech. If we would cultivate ourselves in the use of English, we must make our daily talk accurate, daring, and full. I have insisted on these points the more because in my judgment all literary power, especially that of busy men, is rooted in sound speech.

Let me recapitulate the points which I have touched — that we need more school-time in the year; that to get this safely we must have better ventilation, more gymnastics, and more interesting instruction; that the actual amount of work accomplished should be carefully considered on a large scale — not in a single school, as I have done, but in many schools, by many teachers and many superintendents, to see if the present low limits of actual attainment cannot be enlarged; that the selection of subjects requires reconsideration; and, lastly, that the grading of pupils should be by proficiency.

Yes, fishing is good, and hunting is good, and all the sports are good in their turn, — even sitting in a rocking-chair on a boarding-house piazza has, perhaps, its charms and its benefits for some, — but when the sun is hot and the wind is cool, when the hay is in and the yellowing fields lie broad, when the deep woods have gathered their birds and their secrets to their very hearts, when the sky is warmly blue, and the clouds pile soft or float thin and light, then give me a pail and let me wander up, up, to the great open berry lots. I will let the sun shine on me and the wind blow me, and I will love the whole big world, and I will think not a single thought, and at sundown I will come home with a full pail and a contentedly empty mind.

EXERCISES

1. Study the summarizing and concluding paragraphs of "The Question of Style," "College Honor," "The Beauty and Value of Dust," "How a Linotype Works," and "Explaining England to America"; and write out a statement of your conclusions.

2. Examine your own manuscript wherever your themes have more than one paragraph; in how many themes would a summarizing paragraph have been useful to the reader?

3. What is the purpose of the sixth paragraph in "How to Read"? of the second paragraph in "College Honor"?

PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION

The principles that apply in the making of good paragraphs of every sort are the principles that apply in good sentences, chapters, and books: unity, coherence, emphasis. For they are the universal principles which everywhere make for forceful intelligibility.

UNITY

Every good paragraph is *plainly* a thought-unit, with a central idea that can easily be found or made, which contains the gist of the whole. This central thought is usually one of the sentences in the group; introductory if the structure is "loose," deferred if the structure is periodic, midway if the two effects are combined. Such a statement is commonly called the "topic sentence." In the following paragraph, notice that the topic sentence at the beginning is followed by negative examples, which only serve to illumine the positive statements that come later:

> The essays [Macaulay's] are the work of a rhetorician, — the greatest, perhaps, in English literature. One defect in that literature, as compared with Latin literature, has been a lack of rhetoric. The great masters of English prose, Milton and Burke, appeal to the imagination; their language is sensuous and adorned, but they address themselves to the intellect; they charge their speech with thought; they are careless that they lay burdens upon their readers; they are indifferent that they outstride the crowd. The rhetorician — a Cicero, a Bossuet — tries to spare his readers; he wishes to be always thronged by the multitude. So it is with Macaulay. He says nothing that everybody cannot comprehend, and at once. He exerts all his powers to give the readers as little to do as possible; he drains his memory to find decorations to catch their eye and fix their attention. He presents everything in brilliant images. He writes to the eye and the ear. He has in mind the ordinary Briton; he does not write for a sect nor for a band of disciples. He is always the orator talking to men who are going to vote at the end of his speech. He never stops with a suggestion; he never pauses with a hint; he is never tentative, never is rendered august by the clouds of doubt.

All the paragraphs quoted in the past nine pages are further examples of unity.

EXERCISES

1. Test the unity of any ten paragraphs among the Models, by studying each paragraph to determine the central thought, and underscoring or interlining the statement that contains the substance of the paragraph.

2. Write three distinct topic statements based on your own opinion; then develop each one carefully in a fairly long paragraph, so as to demonstrate the principle of unity.

COHERENCE

1. Inside the Paragraph

Coherence or cohesiveness inside the paragraph means, of course, connectedness between sentences: a sort of social consciousness among the paragraph parts, who must be friends and not strangers. To put it another way: the sentences form a series, in which B is built to follow A, and C is tied firmly to the end of B; hence no dislocation of that order is possible without rethinking those members and refitting them to their new places. The tie-words are such as those already listed under "Connectives" in the sentence (see pages 44 f.). By these means the sentences in a good paragraph look toward each other, touch hands, and carry safely and swiftly, even up or down steps and round corners, the thoughts entrusted to them. Notice how this paragraph (from Macaulay's *History of England*) of mere explanation, without the advantage of narrative movement, moves as steadily and smoothly as a river, because all its parts are built in place by means of their connectives (here italicized):

Charles, *however*, had one advantage, which, if he had used it well, would have more than compensated for the want of stores and money, and which, notwithstanding his mismanagement, gave him, during some months, a superiority in the war. *His* troops at first fought much better than those of the Parliament. *Both armies, it is true,* were almost entirely composed of men who had never seen a field of battle. *Nevertheless,* the *difference* was great. The *parliamentary ranks* were filled with hirelings whom want and idleness had induced to enlist. Hampden's regiment was regarded as *one of the best;* and *even*

Hampden's regiment was described by Cromwell as a mere rabble of tapsters and serving-men out of place. The royal army, *on the other hand*, consisted in great part of gentlemen, high-spirited, ardent, accustomed to consider dishonor as more terrible than death, accustomed to fencing, to the use of firearms, to bold riding, and to manly and perilous sport, which has well been called the image of war. *Such gentlemen*, mounted on their favorite horses, and commanding their little bands, composed of their younger brothers, grooms, gamekeepers, and huntsmen, were, from the very first day on which they took the field, qualified to play their part with credit in a skirmish. The steadiness, the prompt obedience, the mechanical precision of movement, which are characteristic of the regular soldiers, *these gallant volunteers* never attained. *But they* were at first opposed to enemies as undisciplined as themselves, and far less active, athletic, and daring. *For a time, therefore, the Cavaliers* were successful in almost every encounter.

EXERCISES

1. In "How a Linotype Works," "What is Literature?" and "Learning to Write," underline in ink all the sentence connections that seem to you to help coherence within the paragraph.

2. Build a long paragraph in which the sentences are so knit by connectives as to demonstrate a closely-woven paragraph structure.

2. Outside the Paragraph

Friendliness among paragraphs is precisely like friendliness among sentences: a social attitude in a social, group relation. It becomes specially necessary, because the paragraph end is the place where your reader feels particularly free to leave you, or is particularly in danger of being lost or left behind. To prevent these misfortunes, you immediately hold out a hand of direction, of explanation, of assurance, in the first words of the new paragraph — or better still, perhaps you have already given this guidance at the end of the old (as in the transitional paragraphs on pages 70 f.). Your reader needs, and deserves, all the help you can possibly give him in keeping up with you and taking with you the turns in your road; particularly at those main turns and intersections where paragraphs stop. Nowhere in written language is careful guidance more necessary.

The ways of doing this guiding are as diverse and almost as many as the paragraphs in which it is to be done. The devices are chiefly of two sorts: (1) words or phrases; and (2) complete sentences.

1. All the connectives useful between sentences are useful between paragraphs. Here follows a series of paragraph beginnings culled from a book on public speaking opened at random:

1. But the same gentleman . . . has had a different thought in mind when on several occasions . . .
2. Two motives for learning to speak well are suggested by the preceding: . . .
3. Besides having something to say, . . .
4. Nevertheless, . . .
5. But perhaps the greatest advantage . . .
6. I wish now to suggest another reason for studying public speaking which may be as evident as those mentioned; . . .
7. Education should also . . .
8. Altogether, this study . . .
9. Indeed, this book . . .
10. As regards delivery, . . .
11. We shall now proceed . . .

NOTE. It has been said that sentences, and especially paragraphs, should not begin with blunt connectives like *but* or *and*. But when thoughts need such connection, the best writers use *but* and *and* freely and apparently without shame. And so they should. For language must be primarily a nimble servant, not a ballroom ornament. Examine the Models, and the best prose everywhere, for your guidance.

2. Whole sentences are often devoted, at paragraph beginnings, to this necessary business of considerate, accurate connection; and these are apt to be careful transition statements, first looking backward, and then facing forward. These specimens appear in the same book opened at random:

1. That these students are right in their hope that ability to speak well will help them in their practical affairs is testified to by many. . . .
2. But should speaking be studied? . . .
3. It must be evident from the preceding that in this book we are to deal with practical public speaking. . . .

4. Nor is the situation essentially different if, instead of our imagined case, our hero of field or farm is invited to speak before a society. . . .

5. A third difference is said to be that the public speaker prepares, while the converser speaks as things occur to him. . . .

EXERCISES

1. Select the ten Models which seem to you to be most compactly and smoothly knit by means of connective and transitional devices, — at ends or beginnings of paragraphs, — and underline in ink the expressions that produce that effect.

2. Go back over your manuscript to see how many of your paragraphs would have been improved by connectives at beginning or end; and add those connectives that would be most helpful.

EMPHASIS

Emphasis in the paragraph is essentially the same as emphasis in the sentence: a massing of the ideas to bring the most important at the end, and the next most important at the beginning. The "loose" structure in good paragraphing might seem to contradict this principle; but actually it does not. Turn back to the "loose" paragraph from Carlyle on pages 65 f., and observe that the paragraph, beginning firmly, grows steadily stronger, and rises to a true climax in the final sentence. The periodic type of paragraph is of course strikingly emphatic. In fact, it is in paragraphs, perhaps, that the principle of emphasis has its best demonstration: the paragraph is usually roomy enough to allow an idea to grow and develop, yet compact enough to focus and center the eye on that growth as a single movement. Here are two famous specimens; one from Roosevelt, the other from Lincoln:

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease but the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for them-

selves the domination of the world. Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified; for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

EXERCISES

1. Find in the Models six paragraphs that seem to you so developed as to illustrate well the principle of emphasis.

2. Write an explanatory paragraph and an argumentative one, each to illustrate emphasis in the paragraph.

IV. LARGER UNITS

As sentences are grouped to make paragraphs, so paragraphs are added one to another to carry thought for greater distances, through essays, editorials, narratives, chapters of books. To these larger units the same methods and principles apply: since they are composed of sentences and paragraphs, every practice found to be good there is good here. Indeed, unity, emphasis, and coherence are as much more important here as the long theme is more important than the short.

The longer writings do, however, begin to show special and diverse purposes as they grow in quantity, effect, and variety. We find, then, that we can practice these varying types rather more easily if we take separately the differing purpose of explanatory, narrative, pictorial, and persuasive writing, and the rest. Therefore the Models are partitioned off to illustrate these differences. (We need to remember, of course, that these distinctions of ours are *for our purposes of practice*, and artificial rather than real: that in literature and writing generally these kinds are not kept apart; for a good exposition will use argument and narrative and description, a good argument must use exposition, a good letter may use every sort of prose known and attempt new varieties yet unknown.)

The greater extent and purpose of these larger units also make necessary special *planning* before they are written and special *revision* afterward. A good paragraph may sometimes be produced by a surge of inspiration — but not a good long theme: no surge of inspiration can be trusted to last that long or to build a clear, clean result. No experienced writer dreams of writing a story or an essay at one dash, any more than a swimmer would dream of swimming a mile on one breath. Your skilled writer works the matter over carefully in his mind, works it out on paper, and then works his first draft over and over until he gets it to suit him. If all this is necessary for the professional, surely it is much more necessary for the amateur!

OUTLINING

PURPOSE

Writing of any extent or complexity, then, has to be planned. This plan, set forth on paper, makes an invaluable visible guide, — not only for you, but also for your instructor, who will commonly want to be assured in some such way that any longer theme is being so planned as to produce a good piece of work.

But young people often profess to dislike making such a written plan. They may feel that it will hamper their writing, — dampen their ardor, dull the spirit of adventure, deaden

their enthusiasm. No other sort of journey, however, loses its zest by being planned; we don't choose to sail under sealed orders if we can get an itinerary or a time-table, nor do we enjoy the going less, but much more, if we know where we are going. On this mental journey, then, we are really much freer to enjoy the creative ardor of the experience, if we have planned our objectives, and need only an occasional glance to assure ourselves we are still on our course. To keep our scale, too, we need to plan much of the detail — how long we shall stop at each objective, and how many places there we shall have time to visit.

The purpose of an outline, then, is to guide us, and thus to leave us free to enjoy the adventure of our travel. Such a plan, of course, must be made *first;* no one but a moron plans his trip after he gets back. Only thus, too, can you get the advantage of your instructor's help and foresight; and he is an experienced mental traveler, or he would n't be your instructor.

METHODS

The mechanics of such a written outline are familiar, and are those of obvious common sense.

1. Notation

A system of notation is used to show the relative importance of the various heads and subheads. A skeleton of the commoner sort follows; but its method may be varied at will, provided the same set of symbols is used for headings of the same rank, and headings of different rank are marked by a different set:

I.
  A.
    1.
      a.
        (1)
        (2)
      b.
    2.
  B.
II.

And so on.

2. Indention

To make still more graphic these relations of heads and subheads, each head of lower rank is started farther to the right; hence distance from the left is an indication of subordinate rank, and headings of the same rank are always the same distance from the left margin.

3. Run-over Lines

To leave that white space unbroken, and to show clearly the rank and importance of the heading, each line following should start directly under the first word of the heading.

4. Single Sentences

Heads should be single sentences only — never paragraphs. The sentences which might be added are either left for the theme, or appended as subheads.

5. Main Heads

The main heads should be few; since the major topics of your theme are undoubtedly few. The other matters you wish to list are surely included in these major topics, and are therefore to be set down as subordinate to them. This discovery of the true relations and rankings of the details of your subject is perhaps the chief evidence that you have done the clear thinking which must precede clear writing.

6. Single Heads

No heading in any rank may stand alone; for every division leaves at least *two* parts. Either your lone heading is mere explanation of its superior; or it has a companion of equal rank not yet brought out.

7. Sentences or Topics?

If your outline be wholly for your own use, the "topic" heading will be full enough, probably — although the more phrasing you do in your outline, within reason, the less remains to be done for your theme. But if your outline is to be read by

anyone else, it must be more fully expressed than in words and phrases. The best plan is often a combination of sentence and topic: the main headings in sentences or clauses, the minor ones in words or phrases; particularly if the heads can occasionally read on through the subheads. The skilful practice of such a technique becomes a fascinating art, -- as well as training valuable for itself in selection, proportion, and diction.

EXAMPLE

"Naval Preparedness" [1]

I. War must be waged offensively.
II. Preparation is a question of kind and of degree.
  A. In kind, preparation is twofold — defensive and offensive.
    1. The defensive factor is coast defence.
      a. Coast defence protects important cities against
        (1) blockade;
        (2) bombardment.
      b. To resist these attacks coast defence should have both
        (1) passive elements, such as
          (*a*) guns;
          (*b*) torpedoes;
        (2) offensive elements, such as torpedo-boats.
    2. The offensive factor is a sea-going navy, which
      a. should be composed of
        (1) battleships;
        (2) cruisers;
        (3) torpedo-boats;
      b. should have the qualities of
        (1) seaworthiness;
        (2) speed;
        (3) the ability to take and give hard knocks.
  B. In degree, preparation must be great enough to enable a nation to meet, with reasonable chances of success, the largest force likely to be brought against it.
III. In so far as the United States is short of the material provisions that have been summarized under the two chief heads of defence and offence, she is at the mercy of an enemy whose naval strength is greater than that of her own available navy.

[1] This plan is a modified form of one sometime used in "English A" at Harvard College.

PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION

UNITY

A single topic, well thought through and definitely planned, will be reasonably certain to become a unified composition. But the longer piece of writing takes on, as it develops, a special character from its special purpose, — as we shall presently see; and the problem of unity becomes a special problem: of personal point of view, of mood, of manner and tone, of effect, and so on. These special aspects of unity, then, had best be looked at under the various kinds of longer writings, where each is taken up in its place in the Models.

COHERENCE

To bring together the parts of a long article is perhaps the writer's hardest task. The fragments there brought together, indeed, must be not merely joined, but really merged, so that no reader will be aware that there ever were separate parts. The mind of the worker must so brood over his matter and so work it into oneness that when it reaches us its first mention, its every successive stage of development, and its final aspect are all essential views of a single mental object.

If that object be a series of steps in a process, the steps are so rightly taken and so closely consecutive that no other course seems possible; and so with any group of details in an explanation. In an argument, the tactful and necessary start with mere fact deftly develops into the building up of opinions, each leading to the next, each more convincing than the last, each refuting in turn the opposed opinion. In a description, even, where all objects may seem stationary in a level group, really there is a fixed and true order of experience which we must follow in order to tell truthfully what we saw. In narration, sequence is almost the whole secret: the faithful following of causes to their effects.

Coherence in the longer theme, then, while it naturally involves the external use of connective and transitional devices,

develops into particular problems of special methods and effects, which we need to consider separately when we come to the various kinds of writing.

EMPHASIS

Emphasis in longer work becomes a fine matter of taking hold firmly and letting go cleanly. Both movements are difficult: it may be quite as embarrassing to release a bear's tail as to seize it. Explanations often need a bit of preface — to limit the extent, specify how much is being assumed, or give any other data the reader is likely to need. And such explanations usually need a summarizing "clean-up" at the close, to lift the essentials above the details. Argument is particularly careful to start firmly — with fact, to pile convincingness steadily higher, and then to end with a "knock-down swing" that leaves all opposition prostrate. Description, however, usually begins as the experience began, or as a picture begins, — apparently without rhyme or reason; and ends so. It is its own explanation, and need have no other purpose or effect than its own beauty and truth. Of course it will likely begin with the most conspicuous detail or effect, and end with the total impression. Narration more and more prefers the dramatic start -- *in mediis rebus;* even when that requires the narrator to stop and go back to pick up previous happenings. The preamble in front of a story is usually the weakest of all prefaces. And when the story is done, there let it end; disposal of characters, and any other possible explanations, are brief at the end of the longest stories, and at the end of short ones should commonly be left to the reader's imagination.

REVISION AND REWRITING

Ordinarily, revision and rewriting may be the same thing; but it may be useful here to think of revision as the changes you make in your work *before* you turn it over to your instructor, and of rewriting as the changes you make, with his help, *afterward.*

How much of this sort of thing — your own revising and

required rewriting — are you supposed to do? Should it be necessary to work a theme over several times before handing it in? And is not a command to rewrite a mere penalty, inflicted on the unlucky? These are reasonable questions; and they deserve reasonable answer.

Nothing in our fine art of writing seems more certain than this: all writers, expert professionals as well as plodding amateurs, regularly have to do a great deal of reworking. Even our facile Irvin Cobb protests that he has to polish his work and swear and perspire over it, "frequently almost expiring over it"; and he recalls Thackeray's working three weeks over a single paragraph — and then throwing it away and beginning afresh! Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher vividly describes the kind of reworking she does, in her account of "How 'Flint and Fire' Started and Grew," in *Americans All.* Joseph Conrad speaks of his "endless rewriting"; and says that he wrote *The Rover* "at least eleven times." In making *A Tramp Abroad,* Mark Twain threw away more than half of what he had written; he began and rewrote his magazine articles again and again; and he declares that his shortest story took him twelve years to write. Tennyson worked over some of his poems for years, before he published them. Stevenson insists that "no one ever had such pains to learn a trade as I had; but I slogged at it, day in, day out," with "dire industry"; and he confesses that "whole chapters of *Otto* were written as often as five or six times, and one chapter, that of the Countess and the Princess, eight times by me and once by my wife." We now know that Lincoln revised the *Gettysburg Address* repeatedly; we know that De Quincey spent six months of unremitting day-labor rewriting *Confessions of an Opium-Eater;* we have the sad-hearted confessions of Rousseau and of Newman about their endless labors in revision; we have Ariosto's sixteen versions of one stanza before he got it to suit him; we have this testimony by Gautier about Balzac:

> Sometimes a single phrase would occupy him for an entire sitting; it was appraised and re-appraised, twisted, kneaded, hammered, lengthened, abbreviated — written in a hundred different fashions;

and, strangest thing of all! the necessary, absolute form presented itself only after the exhaustion of all the approximate forms. . . . There are very few pages in Balzac which have remained identical with the first draft. . . . Six, seven, and sometimes ten proofs were sent back, with erasures and retouches, without satisfying this author's desire for perfection.[1]

Is it then any wonder that we novices, apprentices, beginners, find rewriting necessary? Our difference is that we may carry the process as far as we can alone, and then get expert help to go still further; your professional has to go all the way alone.

But in a special sense this rewriting is for *all* of us a personal matter, and no outsider can do much more than suggest the true reworking our labors need. For these products are our own ideas, our own feelings: no one else can know exactly what we meant, and felt; therefore no one else can see, as accurately as we can, how far we have missed saying what we meant. The opportunity of rewriting, then, is another opportunity to hit the bull's-eye of exact self-expression, and therefore a personal privilege: a special opportunity to make our erstwhile best into something still better.

One of the last steps in the work of revision should be the reading aloud of the whole matter — either with or without other listeners. The ear will often catch roughness which the eye has missed.

Rewriting, then, is not a special punishment devised by unkind fates or professors: but the necessary condition of work in this our delicately fine art. And following through this necessary process of finishing what we have started puts us elbow to elbow with the greatest, the most brilliant, the most successful masters of the craft.

TITLES

A topic is not necessarily a title. You need to be sure of your *topic* before you start: but you need not select your *title* until you are through. In fact, you are wise not to prefix your title; for it may tempt you to lean on it, and the best writing usually does not use or depend on or refer to its title.

[1] "Honoré de Balzac," in *Famous French Authors*, New York, 1879.

Titles are of two kinds, *literal* and *suggestive*, — to agree with the general tone and purpose of the matter. Explanatory writing commonly uses the literal, since it chiefly desires clearness; in such work the title tells the topic. These are *literal* titles:

An Etymological Dictionary
Everyday Pronunciation
Manual and Models for College Composition
A Literary History of America
"How to Drive a Packard"
"The Beauty and Value of Dust"

Such titles are frankly revealing, and rightly seek to set forth the whole matter in a phrase. But when the writing is not primarily explanation, the title is apt to be *suggestive:* to keep back much or most of the information that a title might give; to be a stimulating hint of matter and tone to follow. Entertaining matter carefully avoids such dull or trite or obvious titles as these:

"How George Won the Game"
"Rudolph and Rachel"
"The Haunted House"
"Deadly Dick; or, Tagging the Tenderfoot"
"He Loved Her Still"

The skilfully suggestive title is a fascinating study. These are famous titles of groups of essays or stories:

Many Inventions
The Ruling Passion
The Four Million
Of All Things
Days Off
Actions and Reactions
Unhappy, Far-Off Things
A Diversity of Creatures
Now It Can Be Told
Points of View

These are well-known titles of single essays:

"An Apology for Idlers"
"Unprintable"
"On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners"
"He Tries a Cafeteria"
"Jungle Night"
"A Little Debit in Your Tonneau"
"On Wearing a Hat"
"Speaking of Operations —"
"Talkability"
"A Day of Pleasant Bread"
"On Being Where You Belong"
"Runaway Studies"
"On a Pair of Leather Suspenders"
"A Rummage of Preparation"
"You Never Can Tell About Lions"

These are suggestive narrative and other titles:

The Red Lamp
The Dead Ride Hard
This Believing World
"The Man Who Was"
"The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney"
So Big
Youth
The Light that Failed
"Thrown Away"
"Smith"
When We Were Very Young
"The Cop and the Anthem"
"The Green Door"
Not That It Matters
Barren Ground
The Man Who Laughs
"Skin and Groans"
"Sam in the Suburbs"
"Solid Mahogany"
Out of Gloucester
Thunder on the Left
The Bent Twig
A Tale of Two Cities
Under the Greenwood Tree
This Freedom
Vanity Fair
Somehow Good

EXERCISES

1. Arrange the titles in the Models in two groups: the literal, and the suggestive.

2. Collect in the Notebook such titles as seem to you unnecessarily dull, or trite, or obvious.

3. Collect in the Notebook two lists of titles that appeal to you as skilful and attractive — one of non-fiction prose, and one of fiction.

4. Apropos of Hale's title "My Double and How He Undid Me," collect other titles that show the same qualities: are they good qualities or bad ones?

V. PUNCTUATION

Punctuation is not a whim, nor a fad; not a hobby of near-sighted grown-ups; but a necessary help in making written meaning unmistakable. All young people, and many older ones, ought to feel more strongly than they do this *need* of punctuation; ought to see that it is something we cannot do without. It adds so much complexity to our writing that we should all stop bothering with it if we could. But we are forced to admit that no statement of any complexity can be made unmistakable, or even understandable, without the help of punctuation. Such

passages as these that follow are meaningless jumbles without punctuation; with it, they are vividly expressive.

Some critics are like chimney sweepers they put out the fires below or frighten the swallows from their nests above they scrape a long time in the chimney cover themselves with soot and bring nothing away except a bag of cinders and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it.

Thought and speech are inseparable from each other matter and expression are parts of one style is a thinking out into language.this is what I have been laying down and this is literature not things not the verbal symbols of things not on the other hand mere words but thoughts expressed in language.

That that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is.

It was and I said not but.

These passages would be clear when intelligently spoken; but when the words lie cold on the page without the light and life of inflection and emphasis and pause, the word-symbols must be assisted by punctuation-symbols, which then resuggest as well as they can how those voice changes revealed the meanings of the whole statement.

Punctuation, then, is wholly a servant. It has no values in itself, and no merely grammatical or structural purpose of any ultimate importance. But as a servant to help written ideas show their *meanings*, it is indispensable: we cannot get beyond the simplest kindergarten sentences without its help.

Like a servant, though, it must be kept in its place; it makes a poor master. *Meaning is our concern, not punctuation.* We shall not punctuate merely because "it is done"; if our meaning is clearer without it, we shall have none of it. First we shall be sure of our *meaning;* then — and only for the sake of meaning — we shall find and use the punctuation that will most certainly carry that meaning.

The many *varieties* of sensible meanings that any important statement may have, as made by different people in different moods, require, of course, very different punctuating; and each different way is right if it reveals accurately that intended

meaning. Fixed rules of right and wrong in punctuation, then, cannot reach its more difficult and delicate uses. No one can use tools or colors or fabrics by any hard and fast set of printed rules — beyond the first steps; or, of course, these far more delicate tools that carve and shape ideas and feelings in visible beauty and strength. A few simple rules of right and wrong, like those about a series, a causal clause, a relative clause, will work and be a help; but beyond a few such, our problem is not one of right or wrong, but of the more clear or the less clear. And each new instance is a new problem for special solution to show what, in that special statement, is exactly our meaning.

The way in which punctuation shows meanings is mainly by marking intervals, pauses, or groups; and since it shows the extent and the quality of the intervals and pauses, it therefore shows the nearness and distance, and the kind of nearness and distance, between adjacent groups, and even among series and collections of groups. Marks of punctuation, then, are always marks of separation. And we need to remember that every phrase or clause has two ends, which need to be punctuated alike — unless one end of the clause coincides with the beginning or end of the sentence. No distinction needs to be made, that is, between "one comma to separate" and "two commas to group": to group is to separate.

In a word, punctuation is a fascinating fine art necessary but subservient to the finest of the arts, literature.

NOTE. Two opinions often clash in practice: the preference for much punctuation and the preference for little. Between these two opinions, there can be no decision in any instance which will necessarily be good in any other. The true question in each instance must be, "What effect do I want?" And the correct punctuation will then be that which will most surely secure that effect. For punctuation is constantly a means of conveying a mood, of showing *tempo* and movement. If the matter is thoughtful and deliberate, the accurate and expressive method of punctuating will be the use of many marks, — all that the sense will allow, perhaps. If the need is for swift, running movement, every strong mark must be reduced to a weaker one, and every weak one not actually indispensable must be cut out: that the sense may run on at its highest speed with the fewest hurdles, corners, or other obstacles. To use much punctuation is to retard the movement of thought; to use little is to hasten it. That practice is "correct" which serves the writer's immediate purpose.

COMMA

The comma is the most-used mark of punctuation; and the mark that is used to stand for slight and delicate thought-intervals of many sorts. Its chief uses may conveniently be named as follows:

To separate the members of a series.

To set off a dependent clause that precedes a main clause.

To set off causal clauses.

To separate coördinate clauses.

To set off non-restrictive relative clauses.

To set off intimate parenthetical expressions, such as vocatives, connectives, expletives, and similarly loose members of the sentence.

To mark omissions.

(We do well to remember that matters small in bulk are not necessarily small in importance. A subway contract recently disclosed a $150,000 comma — one whose presence or absence involved that difference in payments to be made under the contract.)

SERIES

Expressions in a series which are equidistant in thought should be equidistant in punctuation.

We had cereal, toast, coffee, and ham and eggs.

Here are four members, requiring equal separation; with the fourth in two parts which therefore need to be left together. If, however, the ham and eggs were as separate as the other foods, that separateness could be shown only by punctuation:

We had cereal, toast, coffee, ham, and eggs.

Special note. Confusion in this matter arises from the wrong idea that the *and* may do the work of the comma and hence take its place. But this is to confuse the functions of commas and conjunctions: commas separate, whereas conjunctions connect. The commas are needed if the thoughts are separate; the presence or absence of the *and* is largely a matter of agreeable

sound (euphony), or of *tempo*. The conjunction might be merely implied in the last interval, as it is in the others; yet the commas would be needed:

We had cereal, toast, coffee, ham, eggs.

Or the conjunctions might be used throughout, and still the commas be needed, — to express a staccato movement:

We had cereal, and toast, and coffee, and ham, and eggs.

In each interval the *and* is understood, and the time-pause is the same whether *and* be implied or expressed. It is true that we could not omit all the commas and also all the conjunctions; and that commas are sometimes used to mark omissions. But the only real difficulty in the punctuation of a series is the doing it so as to represent justly the equality or inequality of the members in the series; and in this process the comma is a wedge and the conjunction a rivet. Supply commas in such places, then, for *sense;* conjunctions for *sound.* A fine instance is in *Paradise Lost,* II, 947–950:

> . . . Eagerly the fiend
> O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
> And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

The use of commas to reduce the *tempo* of a statement may be shown here:

Empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed.
We bumped and scraped and rolled.

Both sentences have the same structure and form; but their difference in deliberateness, impressiveness, and movement must be great to suggest the vast difference in meaning. The second names trivialities that are huddled into a single jumbled minute; the first, national destinies developing through centuries. Here both effects are used within one sentence:

> . . . And feeling all along the garden wall,
> Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
> Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed.
>
> TENNYSON, "Enoch Arden"

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Study these examples of serial expressions, and punctuate them to show their relationships:

1. He had a hard gray and sullen face piercing black eyes under bushy gray eyebrows thin lips and square jaw.

2. The colleges the clergy the lawyers and the merchants were against me.

3. We studied English French German and Greek and Latin.

4. Strengthen refine and enrich your mental powers.

5. Lord Palmerston then entered upon his head a white hat upon his feet large but well-polished boots upon his brow a dark cloud in his hand a faithful walking-stick in his eye a menacing glare saying nothing.

6. The ruthless herd has raced onward careless of the slain careless of food careless of any drink but the sharp salt water ahead of them.

7. He saw suddenly before him a little gray bent old woman.[1]

8. English study has four aims: the mastery of our language as a science as a history as a joy as a tool.

9. A scholar is the favorite of Heaven and earth the excellency of his country the happiest of men.

10. Here is the brevity the good taste the light touch the neat epigram the avoidance of whatever might stir passion controversy or laborious thought which characterize the conversation of a well-bred man.

2. In "Aren't You Getting a Little Personal?" (pp. 590 f.) are two good examples of a series of statements: can you find them?

3. Find in the Models fifteen other examples of serial statements; and decide whether they are properly punctuated to show their intended meaning.

4. Make ten specimens of serial statement.

DEPENDENT CLAUSES PRECEDING

A dependent or subordinate clause or phrase *preceding* the main clause of a sentence is felt to be so much an inversion of the main thought, or a preface to it, that it is practically always better set off by a comma; but by no more than a comma, since its dependence does not allow it to stand by itself.

When you are ready, fire.
If you wish, you may go.

[1] When two words like *old* and *woman* become closely associated in thought and use, they are used together almost like a single noun. Here the meaning is not "a *woman* who was *little, gray, bent,* and *old,*" but "an *old woman* who was *little, gray,* and *bent.*"

But if the normal order be followed, with the main clause first, this separating comma is not felt to be necessary:

Fire when you are ready.
You may go if you wish.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Supply the needed commas:

1. While we were eating a tough-looking old man appeared.
2. Although I usually believe you this time I am skeptical.
3. When you have finished your talk sit down.
4. After the ship is in the upper gate of the lock is closed.
5. In spite of his hatred he was never unjust.
6. If our will be ready our powers are not deficient.
7. Had we known this in time we could have left earlier.
8. When I saw the accident I was frightened.
9. Although she had finished the old man could hardly believe his eyes.
10. If the dependent clause comes first a comma is usually required.
11. To make this clear we need to distinguish between the two classes of workers.
12. Wherever you find a hole put in a shrub.

2. Find the ten clearest cases of dependent preceding clauses in the first ten pages of the Models.

3. Make ten illustrative sentences for the Notebook.

4. Identify six good examples in "Charles William Eliot" (pp. 373 f.).

CAUSAL CLAUSES

A clause introduced by *for*, *because*, *since*, *inasmuch as*, or a similar "causal" connective, following a clause giving the reason for the main statement, needs to be separated from the main clause by at least a comma:[1]

I knew it was there, because I saw it.

If *for* be the connective, separation is all the more needed to keep *for* from being misread as a preposition:

Exercise is a decided benefit, for those who exercise are less susceptible to sickness.

[1] Except in those rare cases where the reason is given in what may be considered a *restrictive* clause — often following a negative: "You will do this because I tell you to"; or "You need not go because I ask you, but because you want to."

Notice the reason for this usage: the distance in thought and in logic between any statement and its explanation is usually so considerable that the mind needs to be helped to take the step deliberately and thoughtfully.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Study and then punctuate the following statements:

1. Written examinations should not be abolished because they are a benefit to all.

2. The working-class of people in England never had their children go to school because the older children had to take care of the younger.

3. The heroic couplet was not really new in Dryden's time because Chaucer had used it.

4. We seldom went there when we were children because fear of the place was bred in us.

5. I am very glad to sign because I see that your purpose in the movement is good.

6. I benefited little from the social life as this feature was not all that it should have been.

7. I did not consider the possibility of college since it seemed an impossibility.

8. Now I wish we had had more writing as I find it difficult this year.

9. I had to find my way by myself for there seemed no one ready to help.

10. As I write I pray that inspiration may come for I have very little material.

11. I 've always tried to do my best in English out of gratitude to my English teacher for she always helped me when I was discouraged.

2. Find in the Models ten causal clauses which illustrate this good use.

3. Make for the Notebook five causal statements which need the comma for clearness.

4. How many causal clauses in "The Author" (p. 304)?

COÖRDINATE CLAUSES

Two or more clauses of equal structural rank are apt to need comma separation:

Our October weather is usually good, but today was very disagreeable.

The thoughtless omission of the comma in such expressions is perhaps our commonest modern fault in punctuation; since

there is much faulty teaching about not using a comma "before and," and since such coördinate expressions are thoughtlessly and hastily allowed to run together when the reader needs to be made to distinguish them. Only persistent and thoughtful practice will avail to build up the right habit. (See the section on the semicolon for examples of the more remote coördinate thoughts.)

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Study and then punctuate the following statements:

1. You may sit here and read and I will stay near where I can listen.
2. A certain amount of responsibility was given me in high school but it did not have such an appealing effect as the responsibility in college.
3. Of course one should decide before one's senior year but I did not seem to be able to make up my mind.
4. There was not a great deal of money and consequently my father did not complete his school course.
5. Another thing I liked to do was to draw and I often copied flowers and trees.
6. The entire school seems divided into groups of two or three and a stranger can go for days without being spoken to.
7. I have always liked foreign languages and in college I shall be able to continue my study of them.
8. A step was heard at the door and in came the bishop.
9. Men may come and men may go but I go on forever.
10. Some people think rules can be made to include all punctuation problems but the needs of that fine art are far too delicate for rules.

2. Find in the Models ten coördinate clauses properly punctuated with commas.

3. Make for the Notebook five coördinate statements which need comma separation.

4. How many coördinate clauses properly separated by commas can you find in "Explaining England to America" (pp. 292 ff.)? in "Free Verse" (pp. 337 ff.)?

RELATIVE CLAUSES AND PHRASES

A relative clause which furnishes a necessary part of the sense is "restrictive," and needs to be kept close to the main clause. But a relative clause which merely adds information to a statement essentially complete is "non-restrictive," and needs sepa-

ration by means of commas. The distinction is merely the very natural one between a "near relative" and a "distant" one.

RESTRICTIVE	NON-RESTRICTIVE
Dependent thought: no punctuation: I am the only man in Boston *who can tell you.*	*Independent thought: punctuation:* The Brooklyn Bridge, *which crosses the East River,* is being repainted.
(The main clause is so dependent on the relative that the first statement is nonsense without the second.)	(The main clause is here complete in sense, and that sense is unchanged by what the relative clause adds.)

Test any case by taking the main clause alone. If its statement is in any material way dependent on the relative clause, their relation is too close to be disturbed by the intrusion of commas. But if the relative clause may be omitted or changed without a change in the meaning of the main clause, that independence in meaning needs to be shown by the comma separation.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Analyze these meanings carefully, to discover the important difference between a limited statement and an unlimited one. First isolate each relative clause. Notice also what statements might be punctuated either way, and what would be their different meanings.

1. His voice which was pleasant in private conversation was too weak for public speaking.
2. He inquired of the man who had charge of the gate.
3. They set out boldly for the town which they knew to be still infested with bandits.
4. Even he who has been guilty of murder may still have a heart.
5. His stories which made everybody laugh were often made to order.
6. Here were several brass cannon which they blew up.
7. This is the best stock company in Chicago which has a weekly change of bill.
8. The students who did not want to attend the game themselves gave their tickets to townspeople.
9. In the morning Grey who had wandered from his friends was seized by two of the Sussex scouts.
10. Sam Barker whom I knew at school is now a successful plumber.
11. The Philippines which once belonged to Spain are now American possessions.
12. He who is his own lawyer is said to have a fool for a client.

13. The man who turned out to be my mother's uncle gave me a daguerreotype of my grandfather.

14. The college campus which once was shaded by ancient elms has now only a few small oaks.

15. The Presbyterian members of the House of Commons who had been expelled by the army returned to their seats and were hailed with acclamation by great multitudes which filled Westminster Hall and Palace Yard.

16. They decided to play *Hamlet* which usually appeals to intelligent audiences.

17. Let us note and examine the tools which are greater in number than the pieces of material.

18. There also was a fireplace over which hung an old picture of the *Constitution*.

19. It empowered slave owners to recover their slaves who had fled from service.

20. Four years later he moved to Cambridge where I was born in 1906.

21. First, we took a trip to Asbury Park where we had a very delightful time.

22. So here I am just a lowly freshman surrounded by other lower-classmen waiting to see what the future holds for me.

2. Find in the Models twenty relative clauses, of both kinds; and test carefully the expressiveness of their punctuation.

3. Make ten sentences in which relative clauses may be punctuated either way; and explain each difference in meaning.

4. Count the relative clauses of each kind in "Beatitudes" (pp. 616 ff.): are they correctly punctuated? Find others in "Sophomore" (p. 437), "The Bookshop" (p. 440), and "Memory" (p. 442).

PARENTHETICAL EXPRESSIONS

Many varieties of interrupting words, phrases, and clauses are slipped into sentences and attached to beginning or end; and this interruption needs to be clearly marked. If the interrupting phrase is to be set aside at the utmost *distance*, use marks of parenthesis (which see, pp. 121 f.):

The Secretary of War (who has just resigned because of ill health) has had a difficult task.

If the interruption, though nearer in thought, is felt to be as *abrupt* as possible, dashes are used (which see, pp. 122 ff.):

One house in ten — not more than that — is properly ventilated.

If the abruptness is less than the dash would suggest, a comma followed by a dash shows a milder degree of abruptness:

When he was in a rage, — and he was rather often in a rage, — he would swear like a trooper.

If, however, the interrupting expression is only mildly intrusive, and is allowed to stand rather near the statement it interrupts, commas are sufficient to separate it. The great majority of parenthetical expressions are of this lighter, more intimate sort. The commoner kinds are:

Vocatives

Yes, sir, I will.
No, ma'am, I did n't.
Please go, Jim.
Sonny, don't gobble!
Where are you, Bill?
Lafayette, we are here.
I believe, Colonel, that you're wrong.
I protest, your Honor, I meant no disrespect.
Oh, Mother, just look!
What did he whisper, Daddy?
You may fire when ready, Gridley.

Connective Phrases [1]

however
nevertheless
therefore
first
secondly
afterward
presently
furthermore
still
moreover
further
after all
also
now
too
again
likewise
hence
indeed
at least
in fact
in short
in a word
namely
on the other hand
at all events
on the contrary
in the meantime
after this
most of all
consequently
it is true
sometimes
not infrequently
then
in the second place
lastly

Explanatory and Appositive Phrases and Clauses

said he
she interrupted
of course
growled Scrooge
Warren, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
above all
of New York
for example
smiling contemptuously
blushing in confusion
according to Dean Briggs
as he turned to go

[1] For a further classified list of connectives, see pp. 44 f.

in the month of May
in spite of his failure
in the year 1832
it must be confessed
it might be objected
from their first appearance
such as they are
that is to say
as I have suggested
in general
as Carlyle puts it
though he strongly objected
after a brief illness
Coolidge, our quiet president
errors and omissions excepted

besides these expenses
each at his own task
so to speak
in Shakspere's phrase
as it were
strange to say
however incredible
as I have said
at any rate
in these conditions
in the course of events
with these out of the way
during some months
on the whole
as a usual thing

NOTE. No sharp or exclusive distinction between "connectives" and explanatory "appositives" is always possible or useful, and none is here attempted. Nor is it here suggested that the above expressions are always marked, at both ends, by commas. Sometimes they are felt to be an intimate part of the expression (like the word *sometimes* introducing this clause), whereas at other times they stand a little apart (like *sometimes* in "Yes, I suppose it may possibly be true, sometimes"). Delicate considerations of tempo and suggestion are involved; and such problems are far too diverse and individual, as well as too delicate, to be soluble by any dogmatic pronouncements. But it is true that such expressions as those in the second and third groups are usually separated from their nearest neighbors by commas, — especially when they are midway in a clause.

EXERCISES

1. Make sentences, singly or in pairs, that will illustrate the use of all the connective phrases listed above.

2. Write sentences that will correctly illustrate the use of the appositives listed above.

3. Find in the Models, and list by page and line, twenty different connectives.

4. Find and list, from the Models, twenty different explanatory or appositive expressions.

5. Using any fifteen of the expressions listed or discovered, show by parallel versions how their punctuation might vary.

6. In "Charles William Eliot" (pp. 373 ff.) are seven instances of parenthetical expressions set off by commas: underscore each one.

OMISSIONS (ELLIPSES)

As the apostrophe is regularly used to mark an elision of one or more letters in a word, so the comma is regularly used to mark an elision of one or more words in a phrase or clause. Both usages are for the sake of clearness: to the end that we may telescope our expressions in rapid daily use, and thus save time and space and effort, yet make ourselves clear.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Supply commas where implied expressions need to be marked:

1. To err is human; to forgive divine.
2. He was born in Oshkosh Sept. 4 1908.
3. First balcony two dollars.
4. With a united government, he saw we had nothing to fear; without it nothing to hope.
5. In essentials unity; in non-essentials liberty; in all things charity.
6. Its political maxims are invaluable; its exhortations to love of country touching.
7. A sentence must be compelled to say a single thing; a paragraph a single thing; an essay a single thing.

2. Make ten sentences of your own that will illustrate this use of the comma to mark omitted expressions.

3. Find in the Models five examples of such punctuation.

"COMMA SENTENCE"

The most serious abuse of the comma, yet the commonest, is the so-called "comma sentence," or "comma fault," or "comma splice." This fault is the leaving of two (or more) independent clauses together without a conjunction to unite them, yet with no more than a comma to separate them. The result is invertebrate uncertainty: a childish way of leaving the thought-parts of the sentence unorganized, and the task of structure unfinished. The work of showing unmistakably the distance and the relationship of these parts is carelessly left undone; — as though a furniture-maker should casually lay together the legs and top of a table without putting those parts exactly and firmly in place.

Sir Roger was a good churchman, he went to church every Sunday.

The stupor of despair fell upon him, he saw the approach of the rider as though it were a dream.

Correction of such trouble may take either of two forms: the addition of (1) more punctuation, *or* of (2) a conjunction. Either of these methods will remove the obvious fault; but the exact method in any sentence must depend on the *meaning* of that sentence.

1 *a*. Sir Roger was a good churchman, — he went to church every Sunday.

1 *b*. Sir Roger was a good churchman; he went to church every Sunday.

1 *c*. Sir Roger was a good churchman: he went to church every Sunday.

1 *d*. Sir Roger was a good churchman. He went to church every Sunday.

2 *a*. Sir Roger was a good churchman, for he went to church every Sunday.

2 *b*. Sir Roger was a good churchman, in that he went to church every Sunday.

2 *c*. Sir Roger was a good churchman, because he went to church every Sunday.

And so on.

It is at once clear that not all of these possibilities, though they all remove the technical fault, are equally expressive or accurate in any given sentence; the choice of the one best correction must each time depend on the precise meaning of the clauses and their relationship.

EXERCISE AND EXAMPLES

Use the form of correction best suited to the meaning:

1. We must not rely on appearances, we must get at the facts.

2. My brother lives in Georgia, he is coming to visit us next summer.

3. The fleet remained unmolested, the English admiral either did not or would not see them.

4. The women are generally pretty, few of them are brunettes, many of them are discreet, a good number of them are lazy.

5. There was a lock on the door, the key was gone.

6. He smote the rock of the national resources, abundant streams of revenue gushed forth.

7. He touched the corpse of the Public Credit, it sprang upon its feet.

8. This was the greatest victory in that war, it at once gave renown to the Admiral.

9. His proclamation soon became known, the whole nation was wild with delight.

10. St. John was making some wild quotations out of *Macbeth*, Swift stopped him, "Drink no more, my Lord, for God's sake!" says he, "I come with the most dreadful news, Duke Hamilton is dead, he was murdered an hour ago by Mohun and Macartney, they had a quarrel this morning, they gave him not so much time as to write a letter, he went for a couple of his friends, he is dead, Mohun, too, the bloody villain, who was set on him."

11. France was wasted by war, England was comfortable in prosperity.

12. He takes things as they are, he submits to them all, as far as they go, he recognizes the lines of demarcation which run between subject and subject.

13. Very few faults of architecture are mistakes of honest choice, they are almost all hypocrisies.

14. The same reticence appears among classical writers, Plato, Aristotle, Lucretius, and Seneca, I believe, are silent on this subject.

15. I will not say much about this, it did not interest me greatly.

16. My health was not very good, it hindered me in my work.

17. We had won every game, this success made us over-confident.

GENERAL EXERCISE

Whenever you find a "comma sentence" in your own work or elsewhere, copy it in your Notebook and immediately correct it.

WITH OTHER MARKS

1. The comma is not to be used in addition to the mark of exclamation, or the mark of interrogation.

2. When an expression is enclosed within parentheses, any comma needed at the beginning of the parenthesis is moved on to a point just beyond the closing parenthesis. (Any other mark would be moved in the same way.)

3. Quotation marks, however, are allowed to *enclose*, at the end of the quotation, a comma needed at that point in the whole sentence; even when the comma is not part of the quotation.

See, for illustrations, "Exclamation and Interrogation," "Quotation," "Parentheses," and "Brackets."

SEMICOLON

The semicolon acts, in general use, like a thicker or stronger comma, — able to push farther apart the expressions it separates; a higher partition, capable of separating larger masses of statement. Two members of a sentence separated by a semicolon are therefore considerably farther apart in meaning than two separated only by a comma; and in structure they are necessarily independent — dependent clauses must not be separated far from the clause on which they depend.[1]

When the parts of a sentence are not only somewhat distant in thought, but also bulky in form, and especially when these main parts are themselves somewhat broken into minor subdivisions of thought, then particularly the semicolon is apt to be useful in marking the major divisions.

At the foot of the precipice beat a wild sea, tossing and flecked with foam; and out of the flying spray rose sharp splinters of granite, standing like spearheads about the base of the solid rock.

He was courteous, not cringing, to superiors; affable, not familiar, to equals; and kind, but not condescending or supercilious, to inferiors.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Distinguish first the major thought-groups, and then the minor subdivisions within them; but be governed in your punctuating *first* by the *meanings*, and not by mechanical rules about connectives or structure.

1. Its political maxims are invaluable its exhortations to love of country and to brotherly affection among citizens touching.

2. I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish wherefore I destroyed this and the insect set about another.

3. With a united government well administered he saw that we had nothing to fear and without it nothing to hope.

4. This was the greatest victory in that war so fertile in great exploits and it at once gave renown to the Admiral.

5. He went to Africa to shoot lions and his friends heard nothing of him for a year.

6. I had breakfast at eight at quarter of nine I went to chapel.

[1] Here are two clear cases of too much separation: "If our will be ready; our powers are not deficient"; "At the foot of the precipice beat a wild sea; which was tossing and flecked with foam."

7. It was as good as money better in fact since money could not buy food at that place.

8. He declared however in his letter that he was serious in his threats and there is no knowing how far such a man might go.

9. They are gathered in no one chamber no chamber would hold them but out of the vast duration of man's race they tower like mountains and are present to every mind in proportion to its likeness to theirs.

10. I had thirty dollars left I would go and complete the exploration of the Amazon.

11. They forget that in England not one shilling of paper money of any description is received but of choice that the whole has had its origin in cash actually deposited and that it is convertible at pleasure in an instant and without the smallest loss into cash again.

12. At the end of every complete sentence a period is put if the sentence affirms or denies a note of interrogation if the sentence asks a direct question a note of exclamation if the sentence is exclamatory.

13. They were all about level with the water's edge they all looked about alike to me they were monotonously unpicturesque.

14. The slack water ends here abreast this bunch of trees now we cross over.

15. The third day at sea the ocean was extremely rough in fact the waves seemed to carry the vessel under the water.

16. In order to develop intellectually a person must have a strong body in order to have a strong body he must take exercise.

17. Four of our best players were out consequently we were defeated.

18. They stood around him still and silent even his wife checked her sobs though her heart was like to break.

2. Find in the Models twenty semicolons that seem to you unquestionably well used.

3. Make in the Notebook ten sentences of your own which need one or more semicolons.

4. Two long sentences in "Charles William Eliot" (pp. 373 ff.) are carried on by means of semicolons: are the sentences clear? and do the semicolons help in any important way?

5. Explain and justify the semicolons in "El Dorado" (pp. 611 ff.); in "Words" (pp. 236 ff.).

COLON

The colon is the arresting mark. It is essentially exciting in its suggestiveness: as though one exclaimed, "Wait a minute! Stop! Listen! I have something to tell you!" It is equivalent to such expressions as *namely, that is, I mean this, let me explain.*

Its constant tone is anticipatory — "something coming: watch for it." No other mark of punctuation has this special quality, combining a peremptory pause with a vivid anticipation; therefore, no other mark can do its work.

Its use, except in the strictly formal places, is sometimes discouraged; but the more vivacious and closely-reasoned thought and writing occasionally needs such marking, and to avoid the colon in prose is to deaden both thought and expression to a lower level of conventional dullness.

FORMAL USES

The formal uses of the colon are familiar: (1) to preface a quoted passage of some length (a very short passage is commonly introduced by a comma or by a comma and dash); (2) to follow the salutation of a formal or semi-formal letter;[1] (3) to separate the author's name from the title of his article or book, or his title from its subtitle; (4) to separate chapter from verse in Bible references.

1. See Models, pp. 236, 239, 245, 249, 266 f., 274 f., 291 f., 330 f.
2. My dear Mr. Mayor:
3. Briggs, L. B. R.: *Men, Women, and Colleges.*
   The Fine Art of Writing: For Those Who Teach It.
4. Judges 5 : 19; Acts 8 : 6.

LESS FORMAL USES

The more characteristic uses of the colon within the sentence are chiefly of two kinds: (1) to mark a special major thought-division, particularly between groups already subdivided by semicolons; and (2) to introduce special explanation or announcement.

1. Early reformations are amicable arrangements with a friend in power; late reformations are terms imposed upon a conquered enemy: early reformations are made in cool blood; late reformations are made under a state of inflammation.

[1] See the letter forms on pages 563–568.

2. The man who thus exquisitely repainted these pictures in words had three great gifts: vivid memories of childhood experiences; the heart of a child to interpret them; and a wonderful power of verbal expression.

3. Women are to have as nearly as possible the same character as men: the emphasis is to pass from family life and local ties to the friendship of comrades and the general brotherhood of men.

EXERCISES AND EXAMPLES

1. Supply the punctuation needed:

1. H C Vincent & Co
   64 Erie Street
   Cleveland Ohio
   Gentlemen
2. Mr Ernest H Abbott Editor-in-Chief
   The Outlook Company
   49 East 63d Street
   New York N Y
   My dear Mr Abbott
3. Friday was a remarkable day in his life he was born on a Friday he entered college on a Friday he married on a Friday and he was elected to the Senate on a Friday.
4. Their prose is soaring to the vicious affectation of poetry their poetry is sinking below the flatness and insipidity of prose.
5. We are seldom tiresome to ourselves and the act of composition fills and delights the mind with change of language and succession of images every couplet when produced is new and novelty is the great source of pleasure.
6. His words were these Don't give up the ship
7. Everywhere the signs of the gentle faith appear its ideographs and symbols are chiseled upon the faces of the rocks its icons smile upon you from every shadowy recess by the way even the very landscape betimes would seem to have been moulded by the soul of it where the hills rise softly as a prayer.
8. "You cannot bathe twice in the same river" said Heraclitus for it is renewed every moment and I add a man never sees the same object twice with his own enlargement the object acquires new aspect.
9. One thing is sure the bill will not pass.
10. We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights that among these are life liberty and the pursuit of happiness.
11. Like the sonnet the short story must be a unit giving expression to one emotion or a series of emotions and thus possessing a unity of tone its characters must be few and its action must be simple it tells something but it suggests more.
12. Very few faults of architecture are mistakes of honest choice they are almost all hypocrisies.

13. Compute your gains see what is got by those extravagant and presumptuous speculations your leaders have been making.

14. The tail of the winter wren stands more than perpendicular it points straight toward his head.

15. This must be kept clear the exposure and expulsion of a few guilty officials is only the first faltering step toward meeting the challenge that has issued from the Teapot Dome investigation.

16. In accordance with the will of Cecil John Rhodes the qualities on the basis of which Scholars are selected are

a. Qualities of manhood force of character and leadership

b. Literary and scholastic ability and attainments

c. Physical vigour as shown by interest in outdoor sports or in other ways.

17. Some thirty-five books of Cicero's letters were unknown to antiquity e g to Cæsar to Pompey to Octavia and to his son Marcus.

18. When grammars and rhetorics blunt our desire to go on they are worse than useless they are positively harmful.

19. When they arrived in the churchyard they halted before a raised and handsome tombstone in reality a wooden mockery of stone respectabilities which adorned the burial ground.

20. There were two steps in the process first he cut thin strips of bark then he placed them in an oven to bake for two days.

2. Each week collect from the Models, and from your reading elsewhere, and copy into the Notebook, ten examples of the colon well used in prose sentences; and continue this collecting for three weeks.

3. Why the colons in "The Finding of the Princess" (pp. 522 ff.)?

4. In "How a Linotype Works" (pp. 288 ff.) colons are used in the first, third, sixth, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth paragraphs. How do these uses differ?

PERIOD

SENTENCE END

Every sentence not ending with a mark of interrogation or exclamation must have at the end a period.

ABBREVIATION

Every abbreviation, unless its omitted letters are marked at the place of elision by an apostrophe, must be marked at the end by a period.

e.g. (*exempli gratia*)	B.C.
exam.	Ph.D.
Mrs.	etc.

HIATUS

Three spaced periods (. . .) are used (1) in quoted matter, to show something omitted, whether a word or several pages; and (2) in original matter, to suggest, at the end of a sentence or a paragraph, something implied but not expressed.

WITH OTHER MARKS

1. Periods, like commas, are never to be used with marks of exclamation and interrogation.

2. With marks of parenthesis, periods stand (like all other marks) *outside* the closing parenthesis, unless they belong to the parenthetical matter.

3. With marks of quotation, periods (and commas) ordinarily stand *inside* the closing quotation marks, even when the period is not a part of the quotation. This is for looks, not logic.

(See also under "Comma," "Exclamation and Interrogation," "Quotation," "Parentheses," and "Brackets.")

UNNECESSARY USE

1. Titles and headings, — such as those throughout this book, — standing alone in a line or a margin, do not need the period to indicate the end.

2. A phrase or clause must not be separated from the rest of its sentence by a period ("sentence fragments").

EXERCISE

Collect from the Models, or elsewhere, examples to illustrate the proper use of the period with abbreviations, hiatus, and other marks of punctuation.

EXCLAMATION AND INTERROGATION

SENTENCE END

Marks of exclamation (!) and interrogation (?) are used to follow and show expressions (respectively) of excitement and of direct question, whether those expressions be short or long. Usually exclamations and questions take the form of a complete sentence; then these marks furnish the sentence-end punctuation.

OTHER USES

It is to be remembered that these two marks do not — as the period does — necessarily show the end of a sentence-thought: they need not, therefore, be followed by the capital that begins a new sentence.

1. After a clause expressed or implied within the sentence:

1. How he could trot! how he could run!
2. "Her heart!" answered Westervelt, contemptuously.
3. For what is a man but a human animal? and what change in him can be made by changing his name?

2. After a single word or phrase within the sentence:

1. "O James! how could you!" she gasped.
2. "Oh! how could you!" he exclaimed.
3. "What? do you mean that?" he cried.

3. Between marks of parenthesis, as a kind of comment on some expression just preceding:

1. Geoffrey Chaucer — b. 1328(?), d. 1400(?).
2. A politician's scrupulous(?) honesty.
3. Iago's friendly regard(!) for Othello.

NOTE. An intelligent reader seldom needs to be informed, as in 2 and 3, that the writer is speaking ironically: the words show that if they show anything. But he should be reminded, as in 1, wherever a date or other fact is uncertain. (Or the date may be preceded by *c.*, *ca.*, or *circa*, meaning "about.")

WITH OTHER MARKS

1. The mark of exclamation or of interrogation at the end of a clause or of a sentence takes the place of comma, semicolon, colon, and period; that is, only closing quotation marks, closing parenthesis, or dash should be there used in addition to question mark or exclamation point.

2. When other marks are used with those of exclamation or interrogation, their position must show unmistakably what part of the statement or meaning is to be understood as within the exclamation or the question:

1. Do you believe that "all flesh is grass"?
2. When were you there (at Salem)?
3. "Who ever dove through the ice (*I* never did!) without getting the thrill of a lifetime? —" said he; then hesitated.

UNNECESSARY USE

An indirect question, since it lies within a declarative statement, is not to be followed by a question mark:

1. He asked me when I expected to leave.
2. They inquired whether we felt cold.
3. She wanted to know where he was going.

EXERCISES

Discover, in the Models and elsewhere, and copy in the Notebook, five examples of interrogation and five of exclamation, properly used within the sentence; and five of each properly used with other marks of punctuation.

HYPHEN

The hyphen is used to show connection: (1) between related figures; (2) between syllables of a word temporarily separated; (3) between words newly or specially related.

BETWEEN FIGURES

As a convenient symbol to suggest "(from) . . . *to* . . .," as in dates, page references, Bible references, and the like:

1. Alfred reigned 871–901 A.D.
2. See pages 38–62, inclusive.
3. Ruth 1:6–10, 2:11–3:16.

BETWEEN SYLLABLES

As a symbol, used only at the *end* of a line, to show that part of a word is necessarily carried over to the beginning of the next line. Such word-division is to be resorted to *only when necessary* [1]; that is, when a disturbingly large space would be left

[1] Notice the infrequency of line-end divisions in this or in any other carefully printed book.

at the end of the line. The principles that govern word-division are these:

1. A word should never be divided so as to leave *one* letter by itself: *a-mong, a-lone, e-nough, steam-y.* Indeed, *two* letters at the end or beginning of a line should be avoided: *al-though, pret-ty.*

2. All word-division should be *between syllables.* Long words are the only ones that should be divided; and they usually break up into syllables according to a few clear customs:

a. A prefix is commonly one or more full syllables, and may therefore be separated:

ambi-dextrous	inter-cede	pre-fix
ante-cedent	intro-duce	pro-nounce
auto-graph	mid-summer	semi-colon
bi-cycle	mono-tone	sub-sequent
col-lege	non-existent	sub-tract
con-nect	per-mit	tele-graph
dis-patch	post-pone	uni-form

b. A suffix is commonly a full syllable, and may therefore be separated:

athe-ist	diction-ary	real-ize
attend-ant	disturb-ance	reason-ing
bond-age	end-ing	serv-ice
black-smith	for-ward	service-able
cap-tion	judg-ment	suburban-ite
coat-less	lamb-kin	tire-some
danger-ous	man-hood	wheel-wright

c. For appearance' sake, word-division seeks to keep intact the main or familiar part of the word:

address-ing	fore-most	post-humous
capital-ize	frater-nity	punish-able
child-ish	leaf-let	refer-ring
com-mission	manu-factory	rub-ber
depend-ent	miser-able	soror-ity
dis-locate	pass-ing	start-ing
ego-tist	pel-lucid	strong-est
excel-lent	plot-ted	wher-ever

(Also for appearance' sake, *avoid* separating such suffixes as twin-kle, bri-dle, enti-tle, possi-ble: they are allowable but dis-agreeable.)

d. Two or more consonants at a syllable joint, especially where one is doubled, often separate so that each syllable gets a consonant:

com-mit-tee	gram-mar	rud-der
cun-ning	profes-sor	stop-ping
cur-rent	prof-fer	trus-tee
expres-sion	punc-tuate	vul-gar

e. But because the syllable is after all a matter not of sight but of *sound*, a distinct shift of sound in any derived word may change the syllable division so as to disregard any of the above habits; as follows:

Regular	Irregular	Regular	Irregular
ambi-dextrous	— ambig-uous	peri-scope	— perim-eter
anti-slavery	— antith-esis	pri-vate	— priv-ilege
bene-fit	— benef-icent	pro-pose	— prob-lem
cele-brate	— celeb-rity	resi-dence	— resid-ual
de-grade	— del-egate	tele-graph	— teleg-raphy
dia-logue	— diam-eter	tri-angle	— trip-lets
expe-rience	— exper-iment	trust-ing	— trus-tee

Or one of these habits may overrule any other, as below:

den-sity	pres-sure
den-tist	prev-alent
expres-sion	pros-ecute
gran-deur	transgres-sor

It needs always to be remembered, then, that at any moment it may become difficult or impossible to write or print this sound change called a "syllable," especially where that change comes on one consonant; exactly as it would be hard to say of the central pier of a bridge that it belongs to one span more than the other. Most divisions are at once reasonable; for the questionable ones, consult a good dictionary.

BETWEEN WORDS

The compounding of words is difficult because it shows (1) some of the most delicate relationships of words, and (2) those aspects of the language which are most fluid and changing. The governing principle is *simplicity:* spare the

hyphen, and generally try to leave old words (long associated) together and new ones (recently associated) apart.

But clearness outranks simplicity. Therefore, (1) when words need to be brought together for special use as a single container, or (2) when they have so long been together as to become publicly affianced (though not yet made one), the hyphen must show that bond.

TEMPORARY GROUPING

Any temporary grouping of any number of words, in which the group acts as *one* word, calls for use of the hyphen:

1. A never-to-be-forgotten day.
2. The incense-breathing morn.
3. She was a hard-working woman.
4. The game was divided into ten-minute quarters.
5. Some measuring-units need to be devised.
6. The wished-for morn appears.
7. A hail-fellow-well-met manner.
8. A dollar-a-year man.
9. Seventy five-dollar bills.
10. A red-breasted robin.
11. My great-aunt Sarah.
12. Those bad-smelling courtyards.
13. Sweet-grass baskets.

When such expressions are in their use and meaning not a word but a phrase, the hyphen is not used:

He worked for a dollar a year.
The day was wished for.
A joy never to be forgotten.
His well-known son had certain habits also well known.

PERMANENT GROUPING

Pairs of words constantly associated take, as their first step toward solidification, the hyphen between them. Since this is a stage in the growth of a living organism, and since these stages develop slowly, because we resist changes in the appearance of the language, therefore no one can say authoritatively

at what moment *living room* becomes *living-room,* and at what moment *living-room* becomes *livingroom.* The latest good dictionary is our best guide. Such combinations as these are pretty clearly still hyphenated:

all-round
anti-imperial
bas-relief
business-like
delegate-at-large
editor-in-chief
ex-president
first-class (*a.*)
iron-gray (*a.*)
jack-o'-lantern
mother-in-law
one-sided (*a.*)
open-handed (*a.*)
president-elect
rake-off
self-evident (*a.*)
send-off
so-called
spelling-bee
three-fourths
twenty-three
ultra-violet

Until very recently such pairs as these below were written as two words — although their frequent use is rapidly tending to hyphenate or even solidify some of them:

apple pie (*n.*)
bank note
bar sinister
base hit
basket ball
bass viol
birth rate
fellow citizen
in so far
monkey wrench
parcel post (*n.*)
poll tax
post office
prize fight
prize ring
shoe polish
tax dodger
vice admiral
vice president

Meantime such compounds as these are now generally solidified:

airtight
axletree
bathroom
baseball
battleship
bedroom
blueprint
bullfight
football
forever
godfather
goodby
handbook
horsepower
inasmuch
ironworker
lifesavers
motorboat
nevertheless
notebook
oneself
outdoors
overrun
plowman
potpourri
prayerbook
proofreader
radioactive
textbook
today
tomorrow
tonight
schoolteacher
semicolon
stepmother
subtitle
underestimate
waterpower

In a word: most of these expressions just cited were a few years ago listed in the books as separate or hyphenated rather than solid; some of them may be written differently now; and

most of them will certainly be different a few years hence. It is already oldfashioned to write "old-fashioned," and "up-to-the-minute" to write "uptodate" — or soon will be.[1]

EXERCISES

1. Collect from the Models, for discussion and for testing in the Notebook, twenty examples to illustrate correct syllabication.

2. Collect from the Models and list in the Notebook, for discussion, twenty representative examples of good compounding which use the hyphen.

3. Make a list in the Notebook of twenty of the most puzzling specimens of syllabication; look them up in *Webster*, the *Century*, and the *Standard;* then record in parallel columns what you find.

4. Make in the Notebook a list of all the words *in your own active vocabulary* which have become solidified.

5. Make in the Notebook a list of all the words *in your own active vocabulary* which seem to have become permanently hyphenated, — as a step toward solidification. Whenever this is true of *one use only*, specify that use.

6. Study the word-divisions on pages 479 ff. of the Models. Were they necessary? Are they well- or ill-made?

APOSTROPHE

The apostrophe is used to mark (1) missing letters; (2) special plurals; and (3) possession.

MISSING LETTERS

'phone = telephone	it's = it is
does n't = does not	can't = cannot
o'clock = of the clock	they 're = they are
'tis = it is	'76 = 1876

[1] Accent is only occasionally a safe guide to the compounding of words; and it seldom distinguishes between the hyphenated compound and the solid. Compare:

rake'-off	outdoors'	goodby'
ed'itor-in-chief'	tonight'	shoe' polish
three'-fourths'	oneself'	base' hit
self-ev'ident	inasmuch'	post' office (*n.*)
ra'dioac'tive	hand'book	fel'low cit'izen

and so forth.

SPECIAL PLURALS

When characters are specially used as nouns, their plurals are made by the addition of an apostrophe and *s*: *t's, 8's, A's, i's, and's,* and the like.

POSSESSION

The two symbols *'s* are added to the otherwise complete form of a noun to show possession, — if the additional *es* sound can be comfortably pronounced: *horse* + *'s;* if not, only the apostrophe is added: *horses* + *'*.

In case of doubt, keep the two steps separate: first make sure of the full form needed, singular or plural: *boy, women, Charles, Burns, Joneses;* and then *add to this form* as much of the possessive symbol *as you can comfortably pronounce: boy* + *'s, women* + *'s, Charles* + *'s, Burns* + *'s, Joneses* + *'*.

Notice that names ending in *s* form their plurals by adding *-es;* also that clear pronunciation prefers the fuller forms *Burns's, Keats's, Dickens's,* and the like.

The possessive pronouns, *his, hers, its, ours, yours, theirs,* are already complete in form; but *one, other, either,* add *'s* to show possession: *one's, other's, either's.*

EXERCISES

1. Collect in the Notebook as many useful contractions as you can remember.

2. List in the Notebook, in sentences, the possessive singular and possessive plural forms of ten surnames ending in *s.*

3. How many different uses of the apostrophe can you find in "I Entertain an Agent Unawares" (pp. 550 ff.)?

QUOTATION

Matter quoted, either from the writer's own previous work or from the work of another, is marked as a borrowing by (1) quotation marks ("inverted commas") before and after, or — in manuscript — by (2) one underscored line to indicate italics. This applies whether the quotation be one word or many pages.

QUOTATION MARKS

Uses

Marks of quotation must be used to enclose (1) all *direct* quotations. They may be used to enclose (2) slang; (3) technical terms; (4) nicknames, pseudonyms, and the like; (5) titles of articles, chapters, stories, poems, or other *parts* of magazines or books. (They may also be used around titles of books and magazines, and names of ships; but these are preferably underscored in manuscript and italicized in print.)

1. "I'd rather hear your opinion," I murmured.
2. As to that, you'll have to "show me." I'm "from Missouri."
3. The wires in the base of the bulb are called "leading-in wires."
4. The soldiers called him "Old Pete."
5. *a.* "Should Marriage be Monotonous?" by Elton Mayo, in the September *Harper's.*

b. "The Dawn of Mind," Chapter IV of Henry Drummond's *The Ascent of Man.*

c. "Tobin's Palm," from O. Henry's *The Four Million.*

d. "Enoch Arden," from Tennyson's *Poetical Works.*

Double or Single

Quotation marks may be double ("...") or single ('...'), if the use is consistent. Double marks are commoner; but *The Atlantic Monthly*, for example, uses single marks.

Quotations within Quotations

A quotation within a quotation must, for clearness, use single marks within double ones, or *vice versa;* and the alternation must continue with each new inner quotation:

Paragraphed Quotations

A quotation that continues beyond one paragraph is shown as continuing, by means of quotation marks repeated at the *beginning* of each paragraph; but no others are used until the end of the final paragraph.

Interrupted Quotations

Whenever the quotation is interrupted, by such expressions as "he answered," quotation marks must show wherever the quoted passage stops and begins. But all other punctuation must be that required by the structure of the sentence:

1. "To carry into execution this judgment," declared the judge, "would be a travesty of justice."
2. "That is Europe!" I exclaimed. "You need n't go on. Leave out the assassinations. Leave out the secret societies. Leave out the decay of the intellectuals. We Americans see it as it is."

Indirect Quotations

Indirect quotations are *not* enclosed in quotation marks:

1. She said she wanted help.
2. He often told us that he felt lonely.

Position with Other Marks

With other marks of punctuation, quotation marks show clearly by their position what punctuation is within the quotation and what is outside — except that *comma* and *period* are usually written and printed, on account of appearance, *inside* the quotation marks:

1. "Do you remember Hamlet's comment on Polonius, 'Words, words, words'?" he asked me.
2. "When I visited there (at Salem)," he said, "I stayed on Brimmer Street."
3. "I know he said 'I won't': I heard him."
4. "I'm sure I answered 'Certainly'; at least I meant to."

EXERCISES

1. Copy from the Models in your Notebook five examples of direct quotation; five expressions of quoted slang; five of technical terms; and ten of quoted titles of articles or stories.

2. Copy from the Models in the Notebook five examples of a quotation within a quotation.

3. Find in the Models three quoted passages that extend through at least two paragraphs.

4. Write in the Notebook ten indirect quotations correctly punctuated.

5. Make sentences, for the Notebook, that will show the correct position of semicolon, colon, question mark, exclamation point, and parentheses, with quotation marks.

6. Why does "A Book-Lover's Book" (pp. 320 ff.) make the use it does of quotation marks?

ITALICS

In Manuscript

Italics are indicated in manuscript, whether hand-written or typed, by *one underscored line.*

Uses

Italics are commonly used for (1) titles of single publications that fill one or more volumes; (2) periodical publications that appear daily, weekly, or at any other greater interval; (3) titles of paintings or statues; (4) names of ships; (5) foreign words and phrases; (6) emphasis.[1]

1. *a. Webster's Collegiate Dictionary.*
   b. The Cambridge History of English Literature.
2. *a. The Springfield Republican.*
   b. The New York Times Book Review.
3. *a.* The *Venus di Milo.*
   b. Raphael's *Madonna.*
4. Sir Richard Grenville's *Revenge.*
5. *a.* The expression "viz." is from *videlicet.*
   b. Honi soit qui mal y pense.
6. Expression must be not only understandable, but *unmistakable.*

NOTE. Italics for emphasis are very sparingly used (outside of sentimental correspondence). The right words skilfully arranged usually carry their full weight.

EXERCISES

1. Collect from the Models and list in the Notebook twenty representative uses of skilful italics.

2. Investigate, in half a dozen of the better magazines, the use of quotation marks and italics for similar expressions; and make a detailed report, with your conclusions.

[1] Newspapers and the more hastily printed publications, in their desire to save time and trouble, usually ignore most of these customs.

MARKS OF PARENTHESIS

USES

Parentheses ( ) are used (1) *formally*, to enclose figures or letters in a system of notation used in an explanatory text (like this one) or in a formal outline, where a symbol already used becomes a new symbol when enclosed in parentheses; and (2) *informally*, to enclose parenthetical or explanatory words or expressions which the writer wishes to include but does not wish to dignify as equal with his main statement: they are interruptions, which would leave the sentence structurally complete if they were omitted.

1. "A comma is put between two words or phrases which are (*a*) in apposition with each other, unless they are (*b*) used as a compound name or a single phrase."

2. Circumstances (which with some persons pass for nothing) give in reality to every political principle its distinguishing color, effect, and meaning.

NOTE. Marks of parenthesis never mean omission: they are marks of punctuation. Matter to be elided must be *erased* or *crossed out*.

POSITION WITH OTHER MARKS

Marks of parenthesis may include only such other marks of punctuation as are actually part of the enclosed matter; and a parenthesis with its enclosing marks is properly inserted between the word it follows and the punctuation *belonging next* to that word: that punctuation, in other words, is placed after the second or closing mark of parenthesis.

1. See the section on paragraphs (pp. 64 ff.), and compare what is there said.

2. He ought to loaf (don't you think?), and do no more work for a year.

3. This is what she said (I'm sure of every word): "If you can stay under these conditions, stay; if you can't, go."

4. I enclose two dollars and a quarter ($2.25).

5. I saw your neighbor (Mr. Burkhart, is it?) this morning.

EXERCISES

1. Make ten sentences which need marks of parenthesis.

2. Collect from the Models ten examples which need their marks of parenthesis.

BRACKETS

Brackets [ ] differ notably from marks of parenthesis in that parentheses enclose matter written by the original author: brackets enclose matter inserted by some one else. When an editor or copyist comments on or adds to the matter he is editing, he is careful to put his own additions within brackets.

The same care as with parentheses is taken to insert the bracketed matter *between* the nearest word and its punctuation; and to include only such punctuation as *belongs* to the interpolation.

1. Gentlemen, I have pearls to cast [uproar, and cries of "You're a snob!"]. But this is no place to cast them [laughter, and calls of "Right-o!"].

2. In 1835 [June 30], Congress again defeated the measure.

See Models, p. 329.

DASH

The dash (always to be written above the bottom of the line) is used alone or with other points to mark an interruption more abrupt and less secluded than one enclosed in parentheses. It represents the bluntest breaking off on the part of a speaker or writer; or the most impolite breaking in of another person. Matter so marked is never to be put aside as non-essential; but it is always sharply broken off from the structure surrounding it.

The dash is used *formally* (1) to follow the colon or comma at the salutation of a letter; (2) a similar use, with colon or comma, to precede quoted poetry or prose; (3) to separate matters of importance that stand together in a paragraph, — such as a heading at the beginning or a note of reference at the close.

1. My dear Mr. Sampson: —

2. *a.* Alonzo composed himself, and began: — "It was a dark and stormy night, . . ."

b. He roared out a line from *Macbeth*, — "The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!"

3. Labor in Style. — When you can with difficulty say anything clearly, simply, and emphatically, then, provided that the difficulty is not apparent to the reader, that is style. When you can do it easily, that is genius. — LORD DUNSANY

The dash is used *informally*, alone or with other marks, (1) to show an abrupt change of thought or sense midway in a statement; (2) to mark the breaking off of an unfinished statement; (3) to suggest the staccato movement of jerky, incoherent speech (like Alfred Jingle's in *Pickwick Papers*).

Notice that as the comma is the mildest mark of parenthesis, and the dash the most abrupt, a middle effect of mildness spiced with sharpness, sharpness tempered with mildness, can be got by the use of comma and dash together.

1. *a.* Consider Shakspere's *Sonnets*,— where have they an equal for simple diction and subtle thought?

b. A dash "represents a second thought — an emendation."— POE

c. I cannot forget that we are men by a more sacred bond than we are citizens, — that we are children of a common Father more than we are Americans.

d. Her beauty would not have waned — or scarcely so, and surely not beyond the reach of art to restore it — in all that time.

e. "It will startle you to see what slaves we are to bygone times,— to Death, if we give the matter the right word!"

f. In the family existence of these people, for instance — forgive me, but I cannot think of you as one of them — in their brief pedigree, there has been time enough to infect them all with lunacy.

g. "But this flight,— it distorts everything!"

h. "Is it all terror? — nothing but terror?"

i. "Either I must go to your country-seat, or you must come to my farm, — that's one of two things certain; and I leave you to choose which!"

j. "I suppose I am like a Roxbury russet,— a great deal the better, the longer I am kept."

k. Wealth, it seems to say! — boundless wealth! — unimaginable wealth!

l. "Why, — er, — no; I suppose not."

m. But is that a smile? — is it not, rather, a frown of deadly import, that darkens over the shadow of his features?

n. Consequently it is to be expected that the east side is gradually sinking, and the west side gradually rising — a slow and very slight rotation of the whole continent.

2. *a.* "But, Uncle Jim, I thought — "

"Well, child, why did you do that?"

b. "And that was n't till a week after, and then — " Here Charlotte, who had been nodding solemnly, fell over into the fender.

3. "Heads, heads, take care of your heads! . . . Terrible place — dangerous work — other day — five children — mother — tall lady, eating sandwiches — forgot the arch — crash — knock — children look round — mother's head off — sandwich in her hand — no mouth to put it in — head of a family off — shocking, shocking."

NOTE. The dash is the only mark of punctuation which may be separated, at the end of a line, from the word it follows, and carried over to begin the next line.

EXERCISES

1. Collect from the Models fifteen examples where the dash is well used.

2. Study the dashes in "A Father to His Freshman Son" (pp. 573 ff.). Try substituting other marks, and determine the gain or loss in expressiveness.

3. Examine, for their use of the dash, the style of any six of the longer Models; and formulate your conclusions about the kind of writing in which the dash is likely to be useful.

TECHNIQUE OF THE CRAFT

MANUSCRIPT RULES[1]

PREPARATION

All rules about manuscript that is to be read by anyone besides the writer have their origin in courtesy and convenience. That is, they seek to make the writer habitually considerate of his reader. All useful rules make it easier for the reader to read one manuscript, or many; and this considerateness is our chief reason for having rules.

Paper

Themes should be written always on the uniform paper provided or required. A few sheets of this paper need always to be carried to class in the Notebook, for possible class themes. All manuscript to be read by others should be on white paper of good quality.

Ink

Manuscript to be read by others must always be written in ink, and ink of the most legible color — as near black as possible. Pale or lurid colors are never used by considerate persons.

Writing

Handwriting needs to be as clear and legible as it can be made. A bad or blind hand in manuscript is always likely to suggest poor quality. Typed manuscript is acceptable; but it must always be double-spaced, and the writer is to hold himself responsible for all typing errors. If ruled paper is used or required, the typing must run evenly on the ruled lines.

[1] Subject, of course, to modification by the instructor.

Margins

Always stay evenly within the ruled margins of the paper you are required to use. If you are free to make your own margins, leave around your writing a frame of white that will balance the page well: on paper 8½ by 11 inches, an inch and a half or more at the top, about an inch and a quarter on each side, and about an inch at the bottom.

White Space

For further legibility, leave always a blank line under any title; above and below any heading in the text; and above and below any quoted passage of prose or verse. Be generous with such space, rather than stingy.

Begin every paragraph with indention; that is, by leaving a conspicuous space between the left margin and the first word. Paragraph indention on paper 8½ inches wide, if the writing is typed or in a small hand, should be about an inch; if the handwriting is coarse, indention should be more than an inch.

The only noticeable spaces inside the *right* margin should be where paragraphs end. Any other short line is to be filled at once with one or more syllables of the next word. (See "Hyphen," under "Punctuation.")

One Side Only

Considerate people never write on both sides of separate sheets which other people are to read. (But notebook leaves, or other papers held or bound together in book form, should of course be written on both sides, since no confusion can result.)

Page Numbering

Also to avoid confusion, every page after the first is to be plainly numbered — usually in the center of the upper space.

Fastening Pages

If the manuscript is not folded, its sheets should be fastened, by clips or other holders, to keep the leaves from scattering;

but these fasteners should always be such as can be easily removed and replaced. If there are but few sheets, and they are folded, they need not be fastened.

Folding

Themes should be folded once, evenly, the long way of the paper. Manuscript for editors and publishers may be folded, once or even twice, the short way of the paper; but it is better unfolded. *No manuscript should ever be rolled.*

Endorsement

All theme manuscript should be endorsed, — for the reader's convenience in handling a quantity, — in the same way. The endorsement should stand near the top of the first outside half-page, with the folded edge at your *left:* on what would be the front cover if the sheets were bound through the fold. The endorsement should contain at least these five items: (1) name of the course; (2) number or letter of the section; (3) your name — as you would sign a check; (4) the date the theme is due; (5) your instructor's name. The instructor may wish other information, such as the title and the serial number of the theme. *All items required, in the required order, and in the required position, need to be habitually uniform.*

FILING

Manuscript that has been read, marked, and filed where the student can look it over, as in a pigeonhole labeled with the student's name, is not to be taken away without the instructor's express permission; and is under no circumstances looked at by any other student. The privacy of ownership is as complete, for all honorable persons, as though the manuscript were padlocked — precisely as the privacy of an unsealed letter or an unlocked desk is, for honorable persons, as inviolable as that of sealed and locked containers.

CORRECTION SYMBOLS

The following marks are those commonly used in marking student manuscript. *A student is held responsible for knowing or finding out the meaning of any correction symbols that appear in his manuscript.*

A. = ambiguous
B. = barbarism
cap. = use a capital
ch. = poor choice of word
Co. = lack of coherence
coll. = colloquial language
Cst. = faulty construction
D. = consult a good dictionary
$\mathcal{D}$ = omit
E. = a word not English
Em. = faulty emphasis
F. W. = "fine writing"
gr. = bad grammar
I = an impropriety
id. = faulty idiom
K = awkward
l. c. = "lower case" — use a small letter
Lo. = loose construction
M. = poor use of metaphor or other figure
N. B. = copy and correct in the Notebook
O = obscure
p. = faulty punctuation
pron. = misuse of pronoun
pt. v. = point of view violated
quo. = faulty use (or absence) of quotation marks
R. = redundant
ref. = faulty reference
rel. cl. = something wrong with the relative clause
S = faulty sentence
SS = faulty sentences
sp. = misspelling
stet. = let it stand
T. = wrong tense
tr. = transpose
U. = lack of unity
V. = vague
W. = weak
wo. = wordy
$\wedge$ = something omitted

[ ] = omit matter enclosed in brackets
¶ = paragraph
¶s = paragraphs
‖ = structure should be parallel
x = obvious error

NOTE-TAKING

Need

Students coming from school to college are in particular need of acquiring the ability to get good notes from lectures and classes generally. In school the recitation method prevails; and the matter studied is almost entirely in textbooks. In college the chief method is that of lectures; the instructor is to a large degree an independent authority in his subject; and his students may have to get his ideas entirely from his lectures. All through college, ability to get notes easily and accurately from a single hearing grows increasingly valuable.

Purpose

The purpose of note-taking is twofold: to provide a full and accurate survey of lecture-matter, for reference and review; and to practice skilful selection and thoughtful listening. Good note-taking puts the important matter not only in the notebook but in the mind; and this is its chief purpose. That is, good note-taking is thoughtful and selective in its method.

Method

It is better not to use shorthand, or any other method which will take everything the speaker says. Such a method is mechanical, and avoids the use of selection, which is a main purpose of note-taking. Besides, it fills the notebook with all the minor details of illustration, comment, repetitions, and the like, which served well the speaker's and hearer's purpose at the moment, but which should not be preserved as any part of the essential matter. And it still more clogs the book with the unnecessary structural words of every sentence, – the *and's* and *the's* and *however's*.

Begin, then, by listening sharply for the key-sentence that will give you the topic, and get down its main words — nouns and perhaps verbs. Then begin a system of numbered headings: as far as you can, think into place in the whole plan, as you go, the major headings and the minor. Write these with indention and white space at the left, as you make your own outlines (see pages 79 ff.), so that appearance as well as substance will make their understanding easy. Be looking alertly all the time for the statements of main importance; get them, and let most of the minor ones and the repetitions go. In each main statement get the main words, by abbreviating them; let the minor words go. You will need to test beforehand a number of possible abbreviations, to see how short you can cut a word and yet recognize it afterward. Many such abbreviations will suggest themselves at once; others you will make arbitrarily for yourself according to your own habits of thought and suggestion. Any *frequent* name will be clear with its initial only.

o. = one or oneself	sug. = suggest, suggestion
w. = write	sb. = subject
af. = after or afterward	ob. = object
th. = thought, thoughtful	abb. = abbreviation
thness. = thoughtfulness	rep. = repetition
ac. = according, accordingly	poss. = possible

And so on. Any very frequent words may be indicated by a symbol, as in shorthand. And of course shorthand may well be used, if it is not used slavishly or mechanically, but in coöperation with consciously *selective* hearing and thinking.

COMPOSITION NOTEBOOK [1]

All notes, general and special, connected with the work of the course should be kept in a single notebook; whose *purpose* will be twofold: (1) the ordinary one of keeping a definite and accurate record, for immediate reference at any time; and (2) the special one of correcting troublesome language habits.

[1] If the student makes any use of a Composition Notebook, these methods are suggested as some that have worked out successfully.

Form

The Notebook uses (1) a loose-leaf binder, large enough to hold full-size paper, — 8½ by 11 inches; (2) paper with ruled writing lines, and some pages ruled in red in two columns with a heading space across the top; and (3) is, if possible, typewritten — as the neatest way; if not, written neatly in ink.

Material

The matter to be put in the Notebook will include everything connected with the composition course.

1. Table of contents. This will involve a page-numbering system throughout the book. Leave a reasonable number of sheets for each of the main departments listed below; then number all the pages as they stand. More sheets can easily be added if you add letters or decimals to the number of any page.

2. Correction symbols and score. Type the list of symbols your instructor uses in marking your manuscript in one column down the center of a page. Type above the left-hand margin the words "First Term," and above the right-hand margin, "Second Term." Below these headings begin scoring your errors: a single vertical mark opposite the symbol each time such an error appears in your manuscript. (Accumulate these marks in blocks of five, thus: 𝍸.)

3. Class notes and assignments. These should be written in the Notebook and kept there — unless you wish to substitute, for neatness' sake, a typed rescript of them.

4. Reading notes. All notes and comments on reading done for the course (or outside the course) belong here. For suggestion as to what notes to take, and how to take them, see pages 157 f.

5. Special material. Any sheets of instruction related to the course, notes on vocabulary-building, clippings or illustrations that bear on any aspect of the language problem, obviously belong here — put into their proper departments or under their own headings. The Notebook can thus develop into a fascinating personal record of interests, hobbies, and literary journeys.

6. Corrected spellings. All words misspelled anywhere in your writing — or oral spelling tests — go into the Notebook, in their own place, *correctly spelled;* and if the correct form doesn't clearly show its meaning — as in confusions between *principle* and *principal, its* and *it's, desert* and *dessert* — add a word or two of definition. (Good spelling is always intelligent.) All misspellings are corrected in the Notebook without being specially marked "N. B." by the instructor.

7. Copied and corrected errors. All errors except spelling, marked "N. B.," are to be *copied* and corrected in the Notebook, on the two-column pages. First, all errors are to be *classified,* — only those of a kind put together; and punctuation errors are to be subclassified according to kind. Second, the error is to be copied verbatim in the left-hand column, and corrected in the right-hand column. Third, the *complete* sentence containing the fault is to be copied; and rewritten in its complete form. Fourth, each error copied is followed by its date. Fifth, a blank line across the page separates each example from the one below it.

8. Headings. Every page has its proper heading, with any useful subheading.

BORROWING IDEAS

The Need

Everybody uses ideas already used by others: "original thinking" is chiefly that which is original with the individual — not original in the world. And this rethinking of old thoughts is natural and proper — even when we are conscious that we are thinking other men's thoughts after them. Yet as we become aware that we are borrowers, we begin to feel the need of a special attitude toward this borrowed material.

The Attitude of Honor

Ideas have come to have a cash value; and governments patent and copyright them, to secure their value to their owners. Therefore all honorable persons are as careful about their use of borrowed ideas as they are about their use of any other borrowed property — clothes, books, jewelry, money: especially

careful not to display borrowed ideas without crediting them to the owner, and careful not to use them so that anyone could confuse the borrower with the owner. This careful honor puts no bar on borrowing: only on borrowing without "credit" or acknowledgment. *Conscious borrowing without acknowledgment* (politely called "plagiarizing") *is stealing.*

The Method

The ways of making clear and honorable acknowledgment are obvious and easy. Easiest and most obvious are *quotation marks.* They do not show the source; but they do show that the borrower is conscious of his debt, has no wish to shirk or conceal his obligation, and is quoting his source exactly. With such quotation usually goes *specific credit by name and phrase:* "according to Huxley," "as Professor Hart puts it," " to quote President Coolidge." The name of the source is always necessary, of course, when the borrowing is not of exact words, but only of the general idea; this mention is often made in the text. A third method is the *note at the page foot,* — or the note of acknowledgment at the beginning, in the text, or at the end of the article.

Whatever the obligation, however general or vague, it can and must be properly acknowledged for every reader to see; and any of these methods clears the worker from the damning imputation of literary theft.

The Bibliography

The proper and interested use of a library, — a use which is part of every student's business, — makes necessary his listing of the books he uses. The easy and convenient way of making book lists is to use thin cards, 3 by 5 inches (or larger). On the card the student enumerates (1) the author's surname, then other names or initials; (2) the title of the book, with any useful subtitle; (3) the place of publication; (4) the date of the edition; (5) the publisher; (6) the number of volumes — if more than one; (7) the matter to be noted or referred to, with exact reference by volume, chapter, page; (8) any com-

ment likely to be useful about the contents, spirit, method, or value of the work. For example:

Brown, Rollo Walter, ed.: The Writer's Art; By Those Who Have Practiced It. Cambridge (Mass.), 1921, Harvard University Press.

See "Simplicity in Art," Frank Norris, pp. 141-6.

Broad and stimulating group of 28 papers about writing, quoted from 22 English, French, German, and American writers.

(Or the comment may be put on the back of the card.) These index cards are then kept in alphabetical order — by the author's surname. As their number grows, other cards listing the same books may be added for cross-reference, alphabetically by title, or by subject matter: all the completer library card indexes combine several indexing systems in one, so that you may find a book if you know anything about it.

EXERCISES

1. Examine "Who Has Found the North Pole?" (pp. 402 ff.) for scholarly methods of exact reference. Why is the author so particular in this kind of writing?

2. Collect and classify, and list in the Notebook, twenty other exact references to be found in the Models.

SPEAKING (ORAL COMPOSITION)

Purpose

The purpose of the speaker, like that of all other users of language, is to share with others something he believes may be worth sharing. But speaking has the special advantage of immediate and intimate personal contact; and for this reason is likely to be (for the listener) the most attractive method of sharing: *provided* the speaker is properly considerate. His considerateness causes him to make every effort to be clear in

thought and language, audible in voice and enunciation: for he realizes that whereas readers may re-read, his hearers cannot re-hear him. He has but one chance with them.

Attitude

His attitude toward his situation, therefore, is devotedly "other-regarding." He is every instant filled with concern for two objects: (1) his ideas; (2) his hearers. And since both of these are more important than himself and his private self-consciousness, and since his ideas and his hearers are and should be completely absorbing, he discovers (incidentally) that his concern for them *quite takes his mind off himself*, and leaves him free to do his best for his thoughts and for his audience.

1. He uses, in his thinking and his language, the same principles of directness and singleness, of cogency and connectedness, of firm emphasis and point, that he finds necessary in all his language habits. He begins immediately on his subject, *without apology, explanation, or excuse:* for he realizes that such preamble is only an impertinence inflicted on hearers who cannot escape it by "skipping." He takes his hearers with him carefully, step by step, realizing that they cannot look back to recall what he has said, that they cannot stop to think about what he means, that they cannot ask him to repeat if a disturbance or an interruption causes them to miss something. And he masses at the close the chief point of what he has said, so that even the inattentive can there, — where they have a right to expect it, — get the "nub" of his idea. Especially is he careful at the close not to spoil all the value of the *idea* he has presented, with the foolish anticlimax of a *personal* remark, — the inane "I thank you."

2. This concern of his for his ideas, then, means that he is anxious that those ideas shall reach, safely and successfully, their desired place in the minds and hearts of his hearers. In this process, he takes every advantage of his opportunity of personal contact. He stands where he can see all or most of his hearers and where they can see him; for he knows they get help from seeing him as they listen to him. He gets and keeps the

eye-to-eye contact with every listener as closely as he can; for he knows the power of the purposeful look — he "holds" them "with his eye." He is at every moment thoughtful to be *easily audible* to the remotest person in the room; for he knows that if he is not heard, he and his hearers might better be home asleep. He has no right to hold these courteous people from their own affairs, to make them uncomfortable through worry lest they may be missing something worth hearing; he surely believes in the truth or usefulness of what he is saying, and should give them a chance to get what they can out of it. Nothing is so inexcusable in a speaker as not making himself heard; for this failure defeats every purpose he and his audience have with each other.[1]

This audibility is mainly a matter of *volume*, *enunciation*, and *speed*. The *volume* or "size" of voice needed varies with the room to be filled, its echoes, the distracting noises about, and so on. *Enunciation* means the clean, firm rounding of the vowel sounds and pressure on the consonant sounds; taking pains to sound firmly the first *n* in *government*, the second in *internment*, the first *r* in *library* and *February*, and so on. And we have to remember that sending these words throughout a sizable room to a number of people takes more *effort*, in both volume and distinctness, than we use in talk with a few. The *speed* at which we may safely speak in public is much less, also, than our conversation-speed; because some echoes always get in our way, because we have to pump a greater volume of voice, and because we must enunciate more sharply.

Instruments

In order to be properly audible, your speaker uses with good sense the instruments which God and his parents gave him. They are chiefly two: a sending instrument housed in a carrying instrument. The *sending instrument* has bellows, pipe, sound-box, and transmitter. The lungs, filled with air, are

[1] A great man was recently speaking in a very low voice to a large hall filled with Harvard undergraduates, one of whom said to his neighbor: "I believe this might be interesting if we could hear it."

emptied by the controlled pressure of diaphragm and body muscles. The air thus forced through wind-pipe and larynx becomes vocalized: it is shaped into sounds and syllables by soft and hard palate, tongue, teeth, and lips; then it may move men's souls. The delicacy and capacity of this instrument are measureless; yet many of us, though born to it, use it less intelligently and efficiently than we use our typewriters or pencil-sharpeners. The *carrying instrument* is the whole body, in the service of the sending instrument. It stands alone easily, and adds such enforcive gesture as is a *natural* part of our expression; the face lights, the eyes shine and glance, the head and body turn, the muscles stiffen or relax; and all in simple and natural harmony with what we are thinking and saying. We do not become tripods and lean on the furniture unless we have sore feet; we do not hide our hands unless they are unpresentable; we do not, in a word, assume any posture or make any movement that might distract attention from our ideas. A third "instrument" used by all good speakers is the *pause*. A good speaker never tries to fill every interval with sound — certainly never uses meaningless sounds, like — *ah*, — *er*. But he leaves deliberate intervals of momentary silence, where his hearers may catch up in their thinking — or even have time to guess where he will take them next.

Values

A reassuring remark belongs here, about the worth of such speaking, *to the student*. Among many values, I will mention four: (1) physical poise, (2) sympathetic capacity, (3) language power, (4) thinking power.

1. The *physical poise* such practice brings is surprisingly large and surprisingly pleasant to own. It is delightfully reassuring to feel that your whole physical machine is well-behaved and at your instant command — no matter what happens; like a smooth, powerful motor you have driven long and familiarly, which you are not afraid to take into any situation.

2. Such speaking cultivates *sympathetic capacity* — ability to take the other fellow's place, and see what he sees; and this

is of course the secret of every success in a social world. We may blunder along alone, heads down, mumbling to ourselves, and people will leave us to ourselves; yet most of us would consider that result not a reward, but a punishment. Alert consideration is a prime need when we are holding people in their seats (it is consideration of them even if we expect to gain selfishly by-and-by); and every use of this considerateness greatens our power to use it.

3. Our most vivid and effective practice for *language power* we shall find in this informal speaking. Here we show our true language habits; here we apply directly to them the correctives they may need; here is our whole use of words and sentences come alive and seen for what it is. And as we grow in the mastery of our power of speech, we have that power most unescapably at our command. Our power in language grows both in breadth and in facility.

4. But *thinking power*, as the root of all, is the great *desideratum;* and happily enough, it is the chief result of informal speaking. Speaking memorized matter is too apt to become a non-intellectual exercise; one who does it may degenerate into a mere phonograph; it is possible for him to leave his thinking machinery outside, and to demonstrate merely his vocalizing machinery. But thinking "on one's feet" does require and use and stimulate all the mind one has or can get; and it would be hard to find any other mental exercise so exhilarating, or so productive of mental speed and accuracy.

And all these values which come directly and distinctively from speaking, come of course only to him who tries honestly, and tries often, to speak well.

NOTE. Normal young people speak with naturalness, usually; but now and then a fluent but misguided person lets himself go in the old-fashioned "elocutionary" spread-eagle "sunburst." Such tearing "a passion to tatters" "offends" not only Hamlet "to the soul," it "cannot but make the judicious grieve." So, too, Sir John Falstaff adjured the ever-mouthing Pistol, "If thou hast tidings to deliver, prithee deliver them like a man of this world." If any user of this book is likely to forget that the quiet *sincerity* and *simplicity* of natural speech is infinitely more moving than any emotional heroics can ever be, this note is for him.

ORAL READING

There is probably a direct connection between the ability to read well aloud and the ability to read well silently. If you do not read aloud intelligently and intelligibly, — and have no physical impediment, — your friends may fairly wonder whether you read to yourself intelligently. Certainly if you read well aloud, translating vividly your author's meaning into your voice and your inflections and your pauses, they have certain evidence that you at least know how to read with sense and appreciation anywhere.

The foremost need in the reading of other people's matter is *naturalness;* and the chief content in naturalness is *variety.* Variety shows *vertically* — in pitch and range; and *horizontally* — in speed.

Naturally we use a considerable vertical range in making our speech expressive: especially is this true of the most natural human animal, a little boy or girl. If you have a three-year-old in your family, let him be your tutor in natural voice-range. But your prosy adult irons out of his reading all significant emphasis and rise and fall that would make it vivacious and expressive; and drones on in a monotone that would put even him to sleep but for the pumping of his diaphragm. Or, if such a person be reading the Bible, he may feel that a reverent chanting is more seemly than the meanings of the words. But is it likely that Jesus *intoned* the Sermon on the Mount? or the prophecies which He read in the synagogue? Which kind of Scripture reading means more to your *mind?* Any matter that is to be mentally understood must be mentally interpreted; the best speech does this interpreting by means of varied pitch and emphasis and inflection of voice; and the best oral reading uses precisely the same means — there are no substitutes.

The other form of variety which speech and reading make use of is horizontal — in rate. Here is the other "worst" offence of bad oral reading: it grinds out the same number of syllables per minute, though the heavens fall. Such reading is an operation that can mean nothing to man or beast. All true speech

constantly varies its speed: tripping quickly over a phrase (like those last three words), then pausing lightly; holding a strong word so all shall hear it; varying the movement with a delicacy far beyond the expressiveness of any punctuation ever devised; yet with such natural ease that toddlers at home master all its real principles before ever they learn to read.

Now of course all this natural variety appears in our reading of others' ideas *only so far as we have thought those ideas into our own minds.* That is really the whole story. We need not have thought them independently; we need not believe them; but if we have thought them clearly after the writer, we can hardly read them unintelligently. And if we read them aloud at all, the most rudimentary courtesy suggests that we translate them into speech that will be justly and fairly expressive.

WRITTEN EXAMINATIONS

The Need

Both instructor and student need, in most college courses, the evidence and the opportunity provided by written examinations.

The instructor needs the evidence thus given that his student has both the knowledge and the power which the course should have built into him: knowledge of a considerable body of facts, and power to use those facts in any desired way.

The student needs this sort of opportunity (1) to see and unify his matter, (2) to get skill and power in using his machinery under pressure, and (3) to prove to himself his ability to do high-speed, high-power mental work. (1) He cannot get a just and complete view of his material, merely by adding more details day after day and week after week: he then sees not the forest but the trees. After he has thus used the details in their place, and mastered them successively, he must get the view of the whole, the broad perspective, which he can get only by the sort of unified, continuous, intensive review that he makes before a term examination. Of course such reviewing may be stupidly mismanaged, and then condemned as "cramming"; but a good thing abused should bring condemnation not on the thing but on its abuse. The thoughtful, concentrated review is

the only way of surrounding a subject as a whole, and ultimately mastering it. And it is the only method, in college or out, of preparing for the effective carrying through of any special project or duty just ahead. (2) The student can of course get the technical skill and the mental muscle that he is going to need through college and after, only by practice: much practice, and more practice. (3) And a very real part of this power is the student's own knowledge of it and belief in it. For sometimes the whole difference between weakness and strength is self-discovery of the strength that lay unsuspected and hence unused.

The Preparing

The preparation for important examinations must be both (1) physical and (2) mental.

1. Management of the physical situation becomes vastly important, because the mental machinery is packed in a physical container, and is only as efficient as its physical surroundings allow it to be. Skilful handling of the bodily equipment induces great mental efficiency, even under high-pressure conditions continued for two or three weeks. For good mental work, the body must have good fuel — a balanced diet, with heavy foods omitted, which give small profits because they are expensive to digest and turn into energy; in their stead use vegetables, fruit, and concentrated foods like milk, and meat, and pure sweets. The other major needs are the invigoration of exercise out of doors, to send freshened and purified blood powerfully into every part of the body; and all the pure air, night and day, that it is possible to get. If the hours of sleep need to be reduced, that reduction can be managed safely for a short time by means of two special aids: energetic exercise every afternoon, in the open air; and the relaxing bath at bedtime and the stimulating bath in the morning. If these are reasonably used — to avoid excitation or depression — they are great aids to your mental worker who wants to work rapidly and well.

2. Mental preparation is also a matter of deliberate care and handling of the mind as a delicate yet powerful machine; giving

it every advantage in treatment, and demanding of it the highest speed and accuracy. Make concentration easy by shutting yourself away from distractions; rest your machine occasionally by relaxing it for a few minutes out of doors; and remember that the end of the afternoon, as the time of lowest ebb of the whole organism, is therefore the poorest time for efficient work and the best time for refreshing exercise.

Preparation is also very largely a matter of intelligent *attitude* toward the subject: subordinating its minor phases and emphasizing its major ones; studying the man as well as the matter, to foresee what he will likely consider important; and guessing what may reasonably be asked, by deciding what any good student in the course might reasonably ask if he were instructor. For the instructor has to do precisely what his students would do in his place: he has to ask for a sample here, and another there, to serve him as specimens of the whole field, and from these samples be able to judge fairly of the whole; that is, be able to judge his students' knowledge of facts, and their power to use those facts in any reasonable and intelligent fashion.

The Taking

Like any other job, an examination must be *planned*. It consists of several definite tasks, to be fitted into a definite time. If these tasks seem equally important, allotting them their time will be simple; but if they are unequal in importance, they have special need of careful timing. Ten or even fifteen minutes of this thoughtful planning will prevent tragic misunderstanding or mismanagement; and some time so spent is essential to the best results. Of course every good intellectual craftsman knows that a mind, like a motor, accelerates gradually: that he will need more than the allotted time to do his first half-hour's work. But this does not disturb him, for he knows that presently he will be operating at a supernormal rate of efficiency, and during the second, the third, and probably the fourth half-hours he will more than make up for his slower speed at first.

Part of this careful planning is careful reading of the questions. Since your examiner may ask only a few things out of

many, he chooses those few with special care, phrases his directions with special thought, and intends his suggestions to be exactly followed. Indeed, he is apt to judge his students' general intelligence by their skill in doing, not anything, or something suggested by his question, but exactly what he asked them to do. The skilful student finds that it is wise even to keep his answers in the same order as the questions; the examiner has arranged those questions in an order that seemed to him the best, and a change raises questions in his mind — as to what the student may be trying to avoid or conceal.

In a word, instructor and student agree in valuing good sense above facts *per se;* intelligent good sense above mere information. Probably the most important evidence of good sense a student can give an instructor is his carrying the whole task through with scrupulous honesty. For a college man or woman who cheats in an examination, as though he were stealing from some one other than himself, is too monumentally stupid to be in college at all. He came to college not for his instructor's gain, but for his own. He wants all he can get — for himself; if he shirks, he is the loser. He may, to be sure, steal his diploma; but his stolen sheepskin is n't likely to get him a good job afterward, nor keep it for him a day after his true incompetence has begun to show. Grades and diplomas are no more than symbols; and if they are lying symbols, the thief is only embarrassed by having them. All the crook's stupidity is, of course, quite in addition to his moral tragedy of being an impostor, a forger, and a thief, with no longer any respect for himself.

The Reward

The intellectual — and perhaps moral — exhilaration that inevitably follows a stiff examination well prepared and well put through is one of the finest and most genuine of the many joys that belong to the experience of college. All the glow of difficulty mastered, of the skilful handling of fine and powerful machinery, of conscious power developed from powerful obstacles overcome — this glow of masterful achievement that promises useful and successful adult life grows and multiplies

as these well-taken examinations pile up behind us. No other part of our college opportunity can be a true substitute. If no part of our pay is more energetically earned than this, certainly this never comes without being earned; and we usually discover that no part was more truly worth all it cost.

A READING LIST

Purpose

The purpose of collateral reading in a composition course is twofold: to furnish provocative thought-material, but especially to furnish a generous body of the best writing, for example, imitation, and the general influences of good companionship. The two methods of good practice in writing are to write and to read, back and forth, without stop; and neither is greatly useful without the other.

Use

The following list is to be used as a list of privileges; purely pleasurable reading. The books are to be chosen to suit individual taste and preference. The list is made roomy, to give every student generous space in which to make himself comfortable; yet it is limited to the best, that he may feel safe in choosing a book he knows nothing about. Titles omitted are not in any instance necessarily discriminated against: the list does not, of course, include *all* the most desirable books. The wise student seizes this opportunity as a chance to do pleasure reading and get work-credit for it; his natural impulse is, not to see how little he can do, but how much — since he chooses the books he enjoys.

Requirements [1]

(1) No reading done before is to count as satisfying any term's requirements. (2) Four "units" of reading are to be done each half-year. (3) The Bible reading is to be one of the four units of the first half-year. (4) No more than two units may be

[1] These are usual; but should be adjusted, of course, to the local situation.

counted in any one group. (5) The instructor may of course add to the list; and any student may have full credit for reading books not on the list, provided he first has his instructor's approval. (6) Extra credit will be given for extra reading.

Units

A "unit" of reading is to be understood as meaning

250 pages of non-fiction prose (Groups I, II); or
1 "long" novel — more than 500 pages (Group III); or
2 "short" novels — less than 500 pages (Group III); or
20 short stories (Group III); or
150 pages of poetry (Group IV); or
3 plays — at least 9 acts in all — (Group V); or
All the Bible selections (Group VI).

Groups

The titles are grouped under six heads, as follows:

Group I. Biography, Letters, Travel
Group II. Essays, Criticism, Other Prose
Group III. Novels and Short Stories
Group IV. Poetry
Group V. Drama
Group VI. Selections from the King James Bible

GROUP I

Biography, Letters, Travel

Biography —

Adams, Henry. *The Education of Henry Adams.*
Adams, J. Q. *A Life of William Shakespeare.*
Addams, Jane. *Twenty Years at Hull-House.*
Antin, Mary. *The Promised Land.*
Balfour, A. J. *Life of Stevenson.*
Barrie, J. M. *Margaret Ogilvy.*
Belloc, Hilaire. *Marie Antoinette.*
Benson, A. C. *Life of Ruskin.*
Beveridge, A. J. *The Life of John Marshall.*
Bok, Edward W. *The Americanization of Edward Bok.*
Borrow, George. *Lavengro.*
Boswell, James. *Life of Johnson.*
Brown, R. W. *Dean Briggs.*
Bryce, James. *Studies in Contemporary Biography.*

CHARNWOOD, LORD. *Abraham Lincoln.*
CHARNWOOD, LORD. *Theodore Roosevelt.*
CHESTERTON, G. K. *Life of Dickens.*
CROSS, J. W. *Life of George Eliot.*
DARWIN, CHARLES. *Life and Letters.*
FORD, PAUL LEICESTER. *The Many-Sided Franklin.*
FORSTER, JOHN. *Life of Dickens.*
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN. *Autobiography.*
GASKELL, E. C. *Life of Charlotte Brontë.*
GIBBON, EDWARD. *Memoirs.*
GIBBS, PHILIP. *Adventures in Journalism.*
GOETHE, J. W. VON. *Truth and Poetry.*
GORDON, GEORGE A. *My Education and Religion.*
GRANT, U. S. *Memoirs.*
GREENSLET, FERRIS. *Life of Lowell.*
GREENSLET, FERRIS. *Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*
GRENFELL, W. T. *A Labrador Doctor.*
HAWTHORNE, JULIAN. *Hawthorne and His Wife.*
HEARN, LAFCADIO. *Japanese Letters.*
HENDRICK, B. J. *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page.* (3 vols.)
HOWELLS, W. D. *My Mark Twain.*
HUDSON, W. H. *Far Away and Long Ago.*
HUNT, LEIGH. *Autobiography.*
HUXLEY, THOMAS. *Life and Letters.*
IRVING, WASHINGTON. *Life of Goldsmith.*
KELLER, HELEN. *Autobiography.*
KINGSLEY, CHARLES. *Letters and Memories.*
LEE, SIDNEY. *Life of Shakespeare.*
LOCKHART, J. G. *Life of Scott.*
LOWELL, AMY. *John Keats.*
LUCAS, E. V. *Life of Charles Lamb.*
MAHAN, A. T. *The Life of Nelson.*
MILL, JOHN STUART. *Autobiography.*
MORLEY, JOHN. *Life of Edmund Burke.*
MORLEY, JOHN. *Life of Gladstone.*
NEWMAN, J. H. *Apologia.*
PAINE, R. B. *Life of Mark Twain.*
PALMER, G. H. *Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.*
PUPIN, MICHAEL. *From Immigrant to Inventor.*
RIIS, J. A. *The Making of an American.*
RIIS, J. A. *Roosevelt the Citizen.*
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE. *Autobiography.*
RUSKIN, JOHN. *Præterita.*
SAINT-GAUDENS, AUGUSTUS. *Reminiscences.*
SHALER, N. S. *Autobiography.*
SOUTHEY, ROBERT. *Life of Nelson.*

SPENCER, HERBERT. *Autobiography.*
STRACHEY, LYTTON. *Queen Victoria.*
STRACHEY, LYTTON. *Eminent Victorians.*
SYMONDS, J. A. *Life and Times of Michelangelo.*
TARBELL, IDA M. *Life of Lincoln.*
TENNYSON, HALLAM. *Life of Tennyson.*
THOREAU, H. D. *Walden.*
TREVELYAN, G. O. *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.*
TWAIN, MARK. *Joan of Arc.*
TWAIN, MARK. *Autobiography.*
VALLERY-RADOT, RENÉ. *Life of Pasteur.*
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY. *A Writer's Recollections.*
WASHINGTON, BOOKER. *Up from Slavery.*
WELLS, H. G. *Sanderson of Oundle.*
WHITE, W. A. *Woodrow Wilson.*

Letters —

ARNOLD, MATTHEW. *Letters.*
BROWNING, ROBERT. *Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett.*
CARLYLE, THOMAS. *Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson.*
COWPER, WILLIAM. *Letters.*
DICKINSON, G. L. *Letters from a Chinese Official.*
EMERSON, R. W. *Letters.*
FITZGERALD, EDWARD. *Letters.*
GRAY, THOMAS. *Letters.*
JAMES, WILLIAM. *Letters.*
JOHNSTON, R. M. *The Corsican* (Napoleon's diary).
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM. *Letters and Speeches.*
LOWELL, J. R. *Letters.*
LUCAS, E. V. *The Gentlest Art.*
MEREDITH, GEORGE. *Letters of George Meredith.*
MONTAGU, LADY. *Letters.*
NORTON, C. E. *Letters of Charles Eliot Norton.*
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE. *Letters to His Children.*
STEVENSON, R. L. *Letters.*

Travel and Description —

ALDRICH, MILDRED. *A Hilltop on the Marne.*
BOLLES, FRANK. *The Land of the Lingering Snow.*
BORROW, GEORGE. *The Bible in Spain.*
BORROW, GEORGE. *Wild Wales.*
CONRAD, JOSEPH. *The Mirror of the Sea.*
DICKENS, CHARLES. *American Notes.*
DUNSANY, LORD. *Unhappy, Far-Off Things.*
HAY, IAN. *The First Hundred Thousand.*

HEARN, LAFCADIO. *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan.*
HEARN, LAFCADIO. *Kokoro.*
HEDIN, SVEN. *Trans-Himalaya.*
HOWELLS, W. D. *Roman Holidays.*
IRVING, WASHINGTON. *The Alhambra.*
JAMES, HENRY. *A Little Tour in France.*
JAMES, HENRY. *Portraits of Places.*
JUSSERAND, J. J. *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages.*
KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Letters of Travel.*
KIPLING, RUDYARD. *From Sea to Sea.*
LAWRENCE, T. E. *Revolt in the Desert.*
MASEFIELD, JOHN. *Gallipoli.*
MUIR, JOHN. *The Mountains of California.*
MUIR, JOHN. *The Steep Trails.*
PARKMAN, FRANCIS. *The Oregon Trail.*
STEVENSON, R. L. *Travels with a Donkey.*
STEVENSON, R. L. *Across the Plains.*
SYMONS, ARTHUR. *Cities.*
THOMAS, LOWELL. *With Lawrence in Arabia.*
TREVES, FREDERICK. *The Country of "The Ring and the Book."*
TWAIN, MARK. *Life on the Mississippi.*
TWAIN, MARK. *Innocents Abroad.*

GROUP II

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, OTHER PROSE

Essays —

Atlantic Essays.
BELLOC, HILAIRE. *On Everything.*
BELLOC, HILAIRE. *On Nothing.*
BENSON, A. C. *From a College Window.*
BRIGGS, L. B. R. *School, College, and Character.*
BRIGGS, L. B. R. *Routine and Ideals.*
BRIGGS, L. B. R. *Girls and Education.*
BRIGGS, L. B. R. *Men, Women, and Colleges.*
BROOKS, C. S. *There's Pippins and Cheese to Come.*
BROOKS, C. S. *Journeys to Bagdad.*
BROOKS, C. S. *Chimney-Pot Papers.*
CARLYLE, THOMAS. *Heroes and Hero-Worship.*
CHESTERTON, G. K. *What's Wrong with the World?*
CHESTERTON, G. K. *Tremendous Trifles.*
CROTHERS, S. M. *The Gentle Reader.*
CROTHERS, S. M. *Among Friends.*
CROTHERS, S. M. *The Pardoner's Wallet.*
CROTHERS, S. M. *The Cheerful Giver.*
ELIOT, C. W. *The Durable Satisfactions of Life.*

EMERSON, R. W. *The Conduct of Life.*
EMERSON, R. W. *Essays* (Series I and II).
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. *The Inn of Tranquillity.*
HOLLIDAY, R. C. *Walking-Stick Papers.*
HUNT, LEIGH. *Essays.*
JAMES, WILLIAM. *Memories and Studies.*
MORLEY, JOHN. *Politics and History.*
NEWMAN, J. H. *The Idea of a University, and Other Essays.*
NEWMAN, J. H. *Selections from Newman* (Gates).
PALMER, G. H. *The Teacher.*
PENCE, R. W. *Essays by Present Day Writers.*
REPPLIER, AGNES. *Americans and Others.*
REPPLIER, AGNES. *Compromises.*
STEVENSON, R. L. *Virginibus Puerisque.*
STEVENSON, R. L. *Memories and Portraits.*
THACKERAY, W. M. *Roundabout Papers.*

Criticism—

ARNOLD, MATTHEW. *Culture and Anarchy.*
ARNOLD, MATTHEW. *On Translating Homer.*
BIRRELL, AUGUSTINE. *Obiter Dicta.*
CHESTERTON, G. K. *Varied Types.*
COLLIER, PRICE. *England and the English.*
COLLIER, PRICE. *Germany and the Germans.*
DICKINSON, G. L. *A Greek View of Life.*
DOYLE, A. CONAN. *Through the Magic Door.*
EASTMAN, MAX. *The Enjoyment of Poetry.*
EMERSON, R. W. *English Traits.*
GATES, L. E. *Studies and Appreciations.*
HAMERTON, PHILIP G. *Graphic Arts.*
HARRISON, FREDERIC. *The Choice of Books.*
HAZLITT, WILLIAM. *English Comic Writers.*
JEBB, R. C. *The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry.*
LANG, ANDREW. *Letters to Dead Authors.*
LOWELL, J. R. *Among My Books.*
LOWELL, J. R. *My Study Windows.*
LOWES, J. L. *Convention and Revolt in Poetry.*
MORLEY, JOHN. *Critical Miscellanies.*
NEILSON, W. A. *Essentials of Poetry.*
PATER, WALTER. *Appreciations.*
RALEIGH, WALTER. *Wordsworth.*
RUSKIN, JOHN. *Lectures on Art.*
SHAW, G. B. *Dramatic Opinions and Essays.*
SHAW, G. B. *The Perfect Wagnerite.*
STEPHEN, LESLIE. *Hours in a Library.*
STEPHEN, LESLIE. *Studies of a Biographer.*

STEVENSON, R. L. *Familiar Studies of Men and Books.*
THACKERAY, W. M. *English Humourists.*
VAN DYKE, HENRY. *Companionable Books.*
WELLS, H. G. *First and Last Things.*
WOODBERRY, GEORGE E. *The Appreciation of Literature.*

Other Prose —

BENCHLEY, R. C. *Of All Things.*
BUNYAN, JOHN. *The Pilgrim's Progress.*
BURROUGHS, JOHN. *Riverby.*
BURROUGHS, JOHN. *Fresh Fields.*
CABOT, RICHARD C. *What Men Live By.*
CARLYLE, THOMAS. *Sartor Resartus.*
CURTIS, GEORGE W. *Prue and I.*
DRUMMOND, HENRY. *The Ascent of Man.*
ERSKINE, JOHN. *The Private Life of Helen of Troy.*
FISKE, JOHN. *The Beginnings of New England.*
GRAYSON, DAVID. *The Friendly Road.*
GRAYSON, DAVID. *Adventures in Friendship.*
GRAYSON, DAVID. *Adventures in Contentment.*
GRAYSON, DAVID. *Adventures in Understanding.*
HAZLITT, WILLIAM. *Table Talk.*
HOLMES, O. W. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*
HUXLEY, T. H. *Lay Sermons.*
HUXLEY, T. H. *Science and Culture.*
JAMES, WILLIAM. *The Varieties of Religious Experience.*
JENKS, TUDOR. *In the Days of Chaucer.*
JENKS, TUDOR. *In the Days of Shakespere.*
LEACOCK, STEPHEN. *Nonsense Novels.*
MAETERLINCK, M. *The Life of the Bee.*
MAETERLINCK, M. *Our Friend the Dog.*
RIIS, J. A. *How the Other Half Lives.*
RUSKIN, JOHN. *Unto This Last.*
SHARP, D. L. *The Magical Chance.*
TYNDALL, JOHN. *Fragments of Science.*
TYNDALL, JOHN. *Glaciers of the Alps.*
WELLS, H. G. *Outline of History.*
WISTER, OWEN. *A Straight Deal.*

GROUP III

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

Novels —

ALLEN, JAMES LANE. *The Reign of Law.*
Atlantic Narratives (Books I and II).
AUSTEN, JANE. *Pride and Prejudice.*

AUSTEN, JANE. *Sense and Sensibility.*
AUSTEN, JANE. *Emma.*
BARRIE, J. M. *The Little Minister.*
BARRIE, J. M. *Sentimental Tommy.*
BARRIE, J. M. *Tommy and Grizel.*
BELLAMY, EDWARD. *Looking Backward.*
BENNETT, ARNOLD. *Clayhanger.*
BENNETT, ARNOLD. *Denry the Audacious.*
Best Continental Short Stories.
BLACKMORE, R. D. *Lorna Doone.*
BRONTË, CHARLOTTE. *Jane Eyre.*
BURNETT, F. H. *T. Tembarom.*
BUTLER, SAMUEL. *Erewhon.*
CANFIELD, DOROTHY. *The Bent Twig.*
CATHER, WILLA. *My Antonia.*
CERVANTES. *Don Quixote.*
CHURCHILL, WINSTON. *The Crisis.*
CHURCHILL, WINSTON. *Coniston.*
CONRAD, JOSEPH. *Almayer's Folly.*
CONRAD, JOSEPH. *Arrow of Gold.*
CONRAD, JOSEPH. *Chance.*
CONRAD, JOSEPH. *Fortune.*
CONRAD, JOSEPH. *The Rescue.*
CONRAD, JOSEPH. *Nostromo.*
DELAND, MARGARET. *The Iron Woman.*
DE MORGAN, WILLIAM. *Joseph Vance.*
DE MORGAN, WILLIAM. *Somehow Good.*
DICKENS, CHARLES. *David Copperfield.*
DICKENS, CHARLES. *Nicholas Nickleby.*
DICKENS, CHARLES. *Pickwick Papers.*
DICKENS, CHARLES. *A Tale of Two Cities.*
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE. *The Three Musketeers.*
EGGLESTON, EDWARD. *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.*
ELIOT, GEORGE. *Romola.*
ELIOT, GEORGE. *The Mill on the Floss.*
ELIOT, GEORGE. *Adam Bede.*
ERVINE, ST. JOHN. *Changing Winds.*
FERBER, EDNA. *So Big.*
FIELDING, HENRY. *Tom Jones.*
GALE, ZONA. *Miss Lulu Bett.*
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. *The Man of Property.*
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. *The Patrician.*
HARDY, THOMAS. *Under the Greenwood Tree.*
HARDY, THOMAS. *Far from the Madding Crowd.*
HARRISON, H. S. *Queed.*
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. *The Scarlet Letter.*

HOWELLS, W. D. *The Rise of Silas Lapham.*
HOWELLS, W. D. *A Modern Instance.*
HUGHES, THOMAS. *Tom Brown at Rugby.*
HUGO, VICTOR. *Les Misérables.*
HUGO, VICTOR. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.*
HUGO, VICTOR. *The Toilers of the Sea.*
HUTCHINSON, A. S. M. *This Freedom.*
JOHNSTON, MARY. *The Long Roll.*
JOHNSTON, MARY. *The Great Valley.*
KINGSLEY, CHARLES. *Hypatia.*
KINGSLEY, CHARLES. *Westward Ho!*
KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Captains Courageous.*
KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Kim.*
KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Stalky & Co.*
LOCKE, WILLIAM J. *The Beloved Vagabond.*
LOCKE, WILLIAM J. *The Mountebank.*
LOTI, PIERRE. *An Iceland Fisherman.*
MACLAREN, IAN. *Young Barbarians.*
MALORY, THOMAS. *Le Morte Darthur.*
MEREDITH, GEORGE. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.*
MEREDITH, GEORGE. *Diana of the Crossways.*
MORE, THOMAS. *Utopia.*
MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER. *Parnassus on Wheels.*
NORRIS, FRANK. *The Octopus.*
PARKER, GILBERT. *The Weavers.*
PARKER, GILBERT. *The Power and the Glory.*
READE, CHARLES. *The Cloister and the Hearth.*
SCOTT, WALTER. *Quentin Durward.*
SCOTT, WALTER. *The Heart of Midlothian.*
SCOTT, WALTER. *Guy Mannering.*
SINGMASTER, ELSIE. *Basil Everman.*
STEVENSON, R. L. *The Master of Ballantrae.*
STEVENSON, R. L. *Kidnapped.*
STEVENSON, R. L. *Treasure Island.*
TARKINGTON, BOOTH. *Monsieur Beaucaire.*
THACKERAY, W. M. *Henry Esmond.*
THACKERAY, W. M. *The Newcomes.*
THACKERAY, W. M. *Pendennis.*
THACKERAY, W. M. *Vanity Fair.*
TWAIN, MARK. *Tom Sawyer.*
TWAIN, MARK. *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.*
TWAIN, MARK. *The Prince and the Pauper.*
WALPOLE, HUGH. *The Duchess of Wrexe.*
WELLS, H. G. *Men Like Gods.*
WELLS, H. G. *The War of the Worlds.*

Short Stories—

BARRIE, J. M. *Auld Licht Idylls.*
BARRIE, J. M. *A Window in Thrums.*
BROWN, ALICE. *Meadow Grass.*
BUNNER, H. C. *Short Sixes.*
CABLE, GEORGE W. *Old Creole Days.*
CANFIELD, DOROTHY. *Home Fires in France.*
CONRAD, JOSEPH. *Youth.*
CONRAD, JOSEPH. *Tales of Unrest.*
DAVIS, R. H. *Gallagher and Other Stories.*
DAVIS, R. H. *Van Bibber and Others.*
DELAND, MARGARET. *Old Chester Tales.*
DE MAUPASSANT, GUY. *The Odd Number.*
DICKENS, CHARLES. *Christmas Stories.*
DOYLE, A. CONAN. *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*
DUNSANY, LORD. *The Book of Wonder.*
FREEMAN, MARY E. WILKINS. *A New England Nun.*
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. *From the Four Winds.*
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. *A Man of Devon and Other Stories.*
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. *Caravan.*
GARLAND, HAMLIN. *Main-Travelled Roads.*
GRAHAME, KENNETH. *The Golden Age.*
GRAHAME, KENNETH. *Dream Days.*
HALE, EDWARD E. *The Man Without a Country.*
HARDY, THOMAS. *Wessex Tales.*
HARDY, THOMAS. *Life's Little Ironies.*
HARRIS, J. C. *Nights with Uncle Remus.*
HARTE, BRET. "The Luck of Roaring Camp."
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. *Twice-Told Tales.*
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL. *Mosses from an Old Manse.*
HENRY, O. *The Four Million.*
HENRY, O. *Strictly Business.*
HENRY, O. *Roads of Destiny.*
HEWLETT, M. H. *Little Novels of Italy.*
HEWLETT, M. H. *New Canterbury Tales.*
JACOBS, W. W. *Many Cargoes.*
JEWETT, S. O. *The Country of the Pointed Firs.*
KELLY, MYRA. *Little Aliens.*
KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Actions and Reactions.*
KIPLING, RUDYARD. *The Day's Work.*
KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Soldiers Three.*
MACLAREN, IAN. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.*
MERRICK, LEONARD. *Whispers about Women.*
MITFORD, MARY R. *Our Village.*
MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER. *Tales from a Rolltop Desk.*

Poe, E. A. *Short Stories.*
Rideout, H. M. *Beached Keels.*
Stevenson, R. L. *New Arabian Nights.*
Stockton, Frank. *A Chosen Few.*
Tarkington, Booth. *Penrod and Sam.*
Van Dyke, Henry. *The Ruling Passion.*
Van Dyke, Henry. *The Blue Flower.*
Wells, H. G. *The Country of the Blind.*
White, W. A. *The Court of Boyville.*

GROUP IV

Poetry

Arnold, Matthew. *Poems.*
Brooke, Rupert. *Poems.*
Browning, Robert. "Dramatic Lyrics."
Browning, Robert. "Dramatic Monologues."
Browning, Robert. "The Ring and the Book."
Browning, E. B. "Sonnets from the Portuguese."
Burns, Robert. *Poems.*
Byron, Lord. *Poems.*
Chesterton, G. K. *Ballad of the White Horse.*
Clarke, G. W. H. *A Treasury of War Poetry.*
Coleridge, S. T. *Poems.*
Fitzgerald, Edward. *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám.*
Frost, Robert. *North of Boston.*
Frothingham, Robert. *Songs of Men.*
Henley, W. E. *Lyra Heroica.*
Homer. *Odyssey* (G. H. Palmer's translation).
Keats, John. *Poems.*
Kilmer, Joyce. *Poems.*
Kipling, Rudyard. *Collected Verse.*
Lanier, Sidney. *Poems.*
Lowell, Amy. *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed.*
Lowell, J. R. *Poems.*
Masefield, John. *A Mainsail Haul.*
Masefield, John. *The Widow in the Bye Street.*
Millay, Edna St. V. *Second April.*
Monroe, Harriet. *The New Poetry.*
Morris, William. *Jason.*
Morris, William. *The Earthly Paradise.*
Neihardt, John G. *The Song of Hugh Glass.*
Noyes, Alfred. *Drake.*
Noyes, Alfred. *Tales from the Mermaid Tavern.*
Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* (both series).

QUILLER-COUCH, A. T. *Oxford Book of English Verse.*
RITTENHOUSE, JESSIE B. *A Little Book of American Verse.*
SEEGER, ALAN. *Poems.*
SERVICE, R. W. *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.*
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *Sonnets.*
SHELLEY, P. B. *Poems.*
TEASDALE, SARA. *Rivers to the Sea.*
TENNYSON, ALFRED. *Poems.*
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM. *Poems.*

GROUP V

DRAMA

BARRIE, JAMES M. "The Admirable Crichton."
BARRIE, JAMES M. *Representative Plays.*
BARRIE, JAMES M. "What Every Woman Knows."
BROWNING, ROBERT. "In a Balcony."
BROWNING, ROBERT. "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon."
DRINKWATER, JOHN. "Abraham Lincoln."
DUNSANY, LORD. *Five Plays.*
FITCH, CLYDE. "Captain Jinks."
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. "Justice."
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. "Loyalties."
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. "Strife."
GALSWORTHY, JOHN. "The Silver Box."
GLASPELL, SUSAN. "The Inheritors."
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER. "She Stoops to Conquer."
GREGORY, LADY. *Seven Short Plays.*
IBSEN, HENRIK. "A Doll's House."
IBSEN, HENRIK. "Pillars of Society."
JONES, HENRY ARTHUR. "Michael and His Lost Angel."
JONES, HENRY ARTHUR. "The Liars."
KENNEDY, C. R. "The Servant in the House."
MACKAYE, PERCY. "Jeanne d'Arc."
MACKAYE, PERCY. "The Canterbury Pilgrims."
MAETERLINCK, MAURICE. "The Blue Bird."
MASEFIELD, JOHN. "The Locked Chest."
MILNE, A. A. "The Truth about Blayds."
MOODY, W. V. "The Great Divide."
MURRAY, GILBERT. *Translations of Greek Dramas.*
NOYES, ALFRED. "Sherwood."
PARKER, LOUIS. "Disraeli."
PHILLIPS, STEPHEN. "Paolo and Francesca."
PINERO, A. W. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."
ROSTAND, EDMOND. "Cyrano de Bergerac."

ROSTAND, EDMOND. "Chantecler."
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *Antony and Cleopatra.*
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *Twelfth Night.*
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *Romeo and Juliet.*
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *Hamlet.*
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *Cymbeline.*
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *The Tempest.*
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *King Lear.*
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *The Winter's Tale.*
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *Henry IV* (Parts I and II).
SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM. *Henry V.*
SHAW, G. B. "Candida."
SHAW, G. B. "Cæsar and Cleopatra."
SHAW, G. B. "Saint Joan."
SHERIDAN, R. B. "The Rivals."
SHERIDAN, R. B. "The School for Scandal."
SYNGE, J. M. "Riders to the Sea."
WALKER, STUART. *Portmanteau Plays.*
WILDE, OSCAR. "Lady Windermere's Fan."
WILDE, OSCAR. "The Importance of Being Earnest."
YEATS, W. B. "The Unicorn from the Stars."
YEATS, W. B. "Cathleen ni Houlihan."
YEATS, W. B. "Land of Heart's Desire."
ZANGWILL, I. "The Melting Pot."

GROUP VI

SELECTIONS FROM THE KING JAMES BIBLE

(To be read in this order)

Genesis xii, 1–5; xxii, xxiv, xxvii–xxviii, xxix. 1–30; xxxvii, xxxix–xlv, xlvi, 1–6; xlvii, 27–31; xlix, 33; l.
Judges iv–v, vi, 1–6; vii, xi, 29–40; xiii, 1–7; xiv–xvi.
Ruth i–iv.
I Samuel xv, xvi, xvii, xviii, 1–16; xx, xxxi.
II Samuel i, xv, xvi, xvii, xviii.
I Kings xxi, xxii, 1–39; II Kings v, ix.
Amos i, 1–2; ii, 6–16; iii, vii, 7–17.
II Kings xix, 14–37; xx, xxv, 1–21.
Psalm cxxxvii.
Daniel iv–vi.
Esther i–viii.
Ezekiel xxxvii, 1–14.
Isaiah xl, lii.
Ezra i, iii.
Nehemiah i, ii, iv, vi, 15–16.

Psalms xix, xxiii–xxiv, xliii, xc–xci.
Proverbs vi, 6–11; xv, 1–10; xvi, 16–23; xxiii, 22–35; xxx.
Job i, ii–iv, xii, xix, 25–29; xxxi, xxxviii, xlii.
Ecclesiastes xi, xii, 1–7.

NOTES ON READING

Any book or play or poem on the list above will bring you lasting pleasure, and for itself is worth remembering; besides, your instructor has a right to expect you to remember its essentials at least during the college year. In order to fix it well in your mind, and also have a memorandum to refer to, you will do well to make some notes.

When?

Ordinarily do not stop your reading to make notes; read the book or play quite through in the natural way. Then, when the whole matter has shaken down into your mental and emotional system, while it is freshest in your mind and you feel most certain that you shall never need notes, make in the Notebook a digest of your impressions.

What?

For any form of narrative, a good plan is to make an enlarged list of the persons of the tale, in the order of their importance: full name, nickname, etc.; their relation to other persons; the part they play in the story, the chief events they participate in; a summary of their traits and character. Or make four main heads — plot, persons, place, point, with subheads under each. Other reading, such as poems of thought or feeling, essays, and biographies, will need to be digested on the basis of thought-content and effect. In all cases, you do well if you think through and set down your chief opinions of the writer as a fellow-craftsman and of his skill as a playwright, or as a poet, or as a biographer, or as an essayist, and of his judgment in attempting what he did. Or you might use as your three main note-heads the three critical questions: (1) The author's purpose, (2) His success or failure in accomplishing it, (3) The worthiness of

his purpose; and then all the details of your notes would fall in place as subheads under these three.

The result of such thinking of notes into your Notebook will be the result of all good note-making: its matter will in the process get thought into your memory, — where you want it, and where you cannot lose it.

BOOKS USEFUL TO WRITERS

General —

BATES, A. *Talks on Writing English.* Boston, 1897 (Houghton Mifflin Company). First and Second Series.

BREWSTER, WILLIAM T. (editor). *Representative Essays on the Theory of Style.* New York, 1905 (The Macmillan Company).

BROWN, R. W. (editor). *The Writer's Art: by Those Who Have Practiced It.* Cambridge (Mass.), 1921 (Harvard University Press).

COOPER, F. T. *The Craftsmanship of Writing.* New York, 1920 (Dodd, Mead and Company).

FLETCHER, J. B., and CARPENTER, G. R. *Introduction to Theme Writing.* Boston, 1893 (Allyn & Bacon).

GARDINER, J. H. *The Forms of Prose Literature.* New York, 1901 (Charles Scribner's Sons).

GAY, R. M. *Writing through Reading.* Boston, 1920 (Atlantic Monthly Press, Inc.).

HARRINGTON, F. H. *Chats on Feature Writing.* New York, 1925 (Harper & Brothers).

HERSEY, F. W. C., and GREENOUGH, C. N. *Specimens of Prose Composition.* Boston, 1923 (Ginn and Company).

QUILLER-COUCH, A. *On the Art of Writing.* New York, 1916 (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

SHIPHERD, H. R. *The Fine Art of Writing.* New York, 1926 (The Macmillan Company).

STEVENSON, R. L. "On Style in Literature"; "The Morality of the Profession of Letters"; "A College Magazine"; "A Humble Remonstrance."

WENDELL, B. *English Composition.* New York, 1895 (Charles Scribner's Sons).

WESEEN, M. H. *Everyday Uses of English.* New York, 1922 (Thomas Y. Crowell Company).

Rhetoric —

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APPENDIX

PRONUNCIATION

Clear and accurate pronunciation is evidence of firm, decisive action and character; like a firm habit of walking. He who drags and shuffles and stutters with his feet is liable to drag, shuffle, and stutter with his tongue — and with his mind, his will, and his conduct; and *vice versa.* If you wish to stand squarely and move surely among your friends, your duties, and your thoughts, begin with your pronunciation. (Don't, of course, go to the other extreme, and talk like "prunes and prisms" — "lit-e-ra-tew-ah" — unless you want to be taken for "an old maid": who, by the way, may be a member of either sex.)

OBSCURE OR MISUSED VOWELS

Make special study of the possibilities of sharpening and clarifying the vowel sounds you sometimes hear misused in these words:

a*e*rial	gene*a*logy	p*oe*m	s*e*cession
am*a*nuensis	genu*i*ne	pr*e*scribe	s*u*ccession
bec*au*se	griev*ou*s	pr*e*scription	simil*ar*
col*u*mn	hist*o*ry	presumpt*u*ous	ster*eo*type
compl*e*ment	infin*i*te	pr*o*fessor	stud*y*ing
defin*i*te	lin*ea*ment	pr*o*secute	t*e*merity
d*e*scribe	miner*a*logy	rep*e*tition	t*y*rannical
ex*a*ltation	min*i*ature	r*é*sumé	vari*e*gated
ex*u*ltation	p*e*rsecute	sacril*e*gious	z*o*ölogy

all words ending in *-ally*, all words ending in *-or*, and the list headed "Accurate Pronunciation," p. 174.

FRENCH SOUNDS

	Vowels		Voiced g	
amat*eur*	*coupé*	protégé	camouflage	mirage
b*ou*quet	*e*nn*ui*	résumé	garage	prestige
ch*au*ffeur	fat*i*gue	r*ou*te (r*ou*tine)	massage	protégé
connoiss*eur*	f*i*ancé		ménage	regime

F TO *V* BEFORE A VOWEL SUFFIX

calf — calved
grief — grieving
grievous
half — halved
mischief — mischievous
thief — thieving
wife — wives

STRESS — ENTIRELY ON *FIRST* SYLLABLE

*ab'*stinence
*ad'*mirable
*al'*ley
*bay'*onet
*com'*parable
*con'*jugal
*cu'*pola
*de'*cent
*def'*icit
*des'*picable
*ec'*zema
*ev'*idently
*ex'*igency
*ex'*pert (*noun*)
*ex'*plicable (*inex'*plicable)
*ex'*quisite
*for'*midable
*gen'*uine
*gon'*dola
*har'*ass
*hos'*pitable
*im'*pious
*im'*potent
*in'*finite
*in'*fluence
*in'*sight
*in'*teresting
*in'*ventory
*Jul'*iet (*two* syllables; *i* as in *Julia*)
*main'*tenance
*man'*dolin
*mis'*chievous
*or'*chestra
*par'*ticiple
*pe'*ony
*per'*gola
*per'*tinence
*pos'*itively
*pur'*pose
*res'*pite
*sum'*mary
*sus'*tenance
*the'*ater
*there'*fore

STRESS — ENTIRELY ON *FINAL* SYLLABLE

ab *stain'*
ad *dress'* (*all meanings*)
ad *vice'*
ad *vise'*
al *lies'*
al *ly'*
as *sume'*
at *tire'*
bur *lesque'*
chauf *feur'*
connois *seur'*
con *tain'*
cou *pé'*
de *scent'*
de *scribe'*
de *sert'* (*merit*)
de *spair'*
des *sert'*
de *tails'*
de *tain'*
dis *course'* (*verb and noun*)
en *tire'*

ex *claim'*
ex *pect'*
ex *pert'* (*adjective*)
ex *plain'*
fian *cé'*
fi *nance'*
ga *rage'*
gri *mace'*
in *cline'* (*verb and noun*)
in *sane'*
in *tense'*
main *tain'*
mas *sage'*
mi *rage'*
mous *tache'*
pres *tige'*
pre *tense'*
pro *pose'*
proté *gé'*
re *fine'*
re *fuse'*
re *pair'*
re *search'*
re *source'*
re *tain'*
ro *bust'*
ro *mance'*
sug *gest'*
sus *tain'*
there *for'*

DIFFERENT STRESS = DIFFERENT MEANING

NOUN	VERB	NOUN	VERB
*ab'*stract	ab *stract'*	*in'*cense	in *cense'*
*ac'*cent	ac *cent'*	*ob'*ject	ob *ject'*
ăl *tûr'*nāte	*ăl'*tẽr nāte	*pres'*ent	pre *sent'*
*com'*pact	com *pact'*	*prod'*uce	pro *duce'*
*com'*pound	com *pound'*	*prog'*ress	pro *gress'*
*con'*cert	con *cert'*	*proj'*ect	pro *ject'*
*con'*duct	con *duct'*	*pro'*test	pro *test'*
*con'*flict	con *flict'*	*reb'*el	re *bel'*
*con'*trast	con *trast'*	*ref'*use	re *fuse'*
*des'*ert	de *sert'*	*re'*tail	re *tail'*
*di'*gest	di *gest'*	*sub'*ject	sub *ject'*
*ex'*tract	ex *tract'*	*sur'*vey	sur *vey'*
*fer'*ment	fer *ment'*	*tor'*ment	tor *ment'*
*im'*port	im *port'*		
*con'*jure (*verb*) (practice magic)		con *jure'* (*verb*) (implore)	
*ex'*pert (*noun*)		ex *pert'* (*adjective*)	

SILENT LETTERS

a	c*a*outchouc	com*b*	lim*b*
	coco*a*	crum*b*	num*b*
	extr*a*ordinary	de*b*t	plum*b*
		dou*b*t	plum*b*er
b	bom*b*	hecatom*b*	redou*b*t
	catacom*b*	jam*b*	su*b*tle
	clim*b*	lam*b*	succum*b*

b thum*b*
tom*b*

c *c*zar
indi*c*t
*sc*ene
*sc*ent
*sc*epter
*sc*imitar
*sc*intillate
*sc*ion
*sc*issors
*sc*ythe
victuals

ch *sch*ism
ya*ch*t

ck bla*ck*guard

d groun*d*sel
han*d*kerchief
han*d*sel
han*d*some

e dudg*e*on
dung*e*on
escutch*e*on
h*e*ight
lunch*e*on
pig*e*on
punch*e*on
sl*e*ight
surg*e*on
truncheon

g arraign
assign
benign
campaign
consign
deign
diaphragm
ensign
feign
foreign
gnarl
gnash
gnat
gnaw
gnome
gnomon
gnu
impugn
malign
mignonette
phlegm
poignant
reign
resign
sign
sovereign

gh alth*ough*
aug*ht*
besoug*ht*
blig*ht*
bou*gh*
boug*ht*
brig*ht*
brou*gh*am
brou*gh*t
cau*gh*t
dau*gh*ter
deli*gh*t
dou*gh*
ei*gh*t
fi*gh*t
fli*gh*t
fou*gh*t
frei*gh*t
hau*gh*ty
hei*gh*t
hi*gh*
kni*gh*t
li*gh*t
mi*gh*t
nau*gh*ty
nei*gh*
ni*gh*t
nou*gh*t
ou*gh*t
ri*gh*t
si*gh*
si*gh*t
slei*gh*
sli*gh*t
sou*gh*t
strai*gh*t
tau*gh*t
thi*gh*
thou*gh*
thou*gh*t
throu*gh*
ti*gh*t
wei*gh*
wei*gh*t
wrou*gh*t

h ag*h*ast
catarr*h*
da*h*lia
diarr*h*ea
g*h*astly
g*h*ost
*h*eir
hemorr*h*age
*h*onest
*h*onorary
*h*our
myrr*h*
r*h*apsody
r*h*etoric
r*h*eumatism
r*h*inoceros
r*h*omboid
r*h*ubarb
r*h*yme
r*h*ythm
sc*h*edule
sc*h*eme
shep*h*erd
T*h*ames
T*h*omas
t*h*yme

i busi*n*ess
carri*a*ge
fri*e*nd
marri*a*ge
parli*a*ment

k *k*nack
*k*napsack
*k*nave
*k*nead
*k*nee
*k*neel
*k*nell
*k*nife
*k*night
*k*nit
*k*nob
*k*nock
*k*noll
*k*not
*k*now
*k*nowledge
*k*nuckle
un*k*nown

l a*l*mond
a*l*ms
ba*l*k
ba*l*m
behal*f*
cal*f*
ca*l*m
cha*l*k
cou*l*d
fo*l*k
hal*f*
pa*l*m
psa*l*m
qua*l*m
sa*l*mon
sa*l*ve
shou*l*d
sta*l*k
ta*l*k
wa*l*k
wou*l*d
yo*l*k

m *m*nemonics

n autum*n*
colum*n*
condem*n*
dam*n*
hym*n*
kil*n*
solem*n*

p *p*neumatic
*p*neumonia
*p*salm
*p*salter
*p*seudonym
*p*shaw
*p*sychology
ras*p*berry
recei*p*t

ph apo*ph*thegm
*ph*thisis

ps cor*ps*

s ai*s*le
demes*n*e
i*s*land
i*s*le
vi*s*count

t apos*t*le
bouque*t*
bus*t*le
cas*t*le
chas*t*en
ches*t*nut
chris*t*en
Chris*t*mas
croque*t*
epis*t*le
fas*t*en
gli*s*ten
gris*t*le
has*t*en
hus*t*le
jos*t*le
lis*t*en
mis*t*letoe
mois*t*en
mor*t*gage
nes*t*le
of*t*en
pes*t*le
rus*t*le
sof*t*en
this*t*le
thros*t*le
vale*t*
wais*t*coat
whis*t*le
wres*t*le

u a*u*nt
beg*u*ile
bisc*u*it
blackg*u*ard
bouq*u*et
b*u*ild
b*u*y
circ*u*it
cond*u*it
conq*u*er
coq*u*ette
croq*u*et
disg*u*ise
etiq*u*ette
g*u*age
g*u*arantee
g*u*ard
g*u*ardian
g*u*erilla
g*u*ess
g*u*est
g*u*ide
g*u*ile
g*u*ilt

u	g*u*inea	gun*w*ale	*w*rest
	g*u*itar	s*w*ord	*w*restle
	la*u*gh	*w*hole	*w*retch
	liq*u*or	*w*holesome	*w*riggle
	masq*u*erade	*w*hoop	*w*ring
	mosq*u*ito	*w*hooping-cough	*w*rinkle
	piq*u*ant	*w*rack	*w*rist
	Portug*u*ese	*w*rangle	*w*rit
	q*u*ay	*w*rap	*w*rite
	rog*u*ery	*w*rath	*w*rithe
	rog*u*ish	*w*reak	*w*rong
	vict*u*als	*w*reath	*w*roth
		*w*reck	*w*rought
w	ans*w*er	*w*ren	*w*rung
	a*w*ry	*w*rench	*w*ry

VOWEL SHIFT BETWEEN SYLLABLES

Notice that in such words as the following, the two adjacent vowels are in separate syllables and have different sounds. A few are not specially marked; but usually such combinations, — particularly *when the same vowel is repeated for a different sound,* -- mark the second vowel with a dieresis or insert a hyphen between the syllables:

aërial	preëminent	reëmbark	reëstablish
aorta	reaction	reënact	reëxamine
coöperate	reagent	reënforce	zoölogy
coördinate	reëlect	reënter	

"LONG" *U*

It is to be specially noticed that the sound called "long *u*" in English has normally and properly the sound of the pronoun *you:* when it begins the word, as in *use* and its derivatives, and after every consonant except *r* and *w*. The commonness, ease, and familiarity of this sound -- the consonant *y* followed by *oo* — is evident when we collect a few of the more frequent examples:

After *b*	perambulate	After *c*
arbutus	tabulate	accurate
beauty	tribune	acute
bureau	tribute	consecutive
carburetor	turbulent	conspicuous

cupola
cure
curious
curriculum
ejaculate
emasculate
masculine
mercury
molecule
persecute
porcupine
prosecute
recuperate
rescue
spectacular
speculate
tuberculosis
vacuum

After *d*

fraudulent
modulate
procedure
residual
verdure

After *f*

few (*cf.* fool)
fumigate
furious
fury
futile (*cf.* foot)
future
refuse

After *g*

argue
legumes

After *h*

exhume
human
humid
humor

After *l*

dissoluble
insoluble
soluble
valuable
value
voluble
volume

After *m*

ammunition
communicate
commute
dissimulate
emulate
formula
immune
immure (*cf.* moor)
music (*cf.* moose)
mutable
mute (*cf.* moot)
permutation
simulate
stimulate
stimulus
transmute

After *n*

diminutive
inure
manufacture
strenuous
tenure

After *p*

corpulent
dispute
impudent
impute
opulent
pure (*cf.* poor)
spurious

After *s*

assure
composure
insure
peninsula
pleasure
sure

After *t*

culture (*cf.* tour)
expenditure
forfeiture
future
gesture
ligature
literature
manufacture
nature
perpetual
perpetuate
picture
posture
presumptuous
rapture
signature
torture
virtue

After *v*

view

After *x* (*s*)

exuberant
flexure
luxury

After *z*

azure
seizure

Those above can hardly be mispronounced; but such words as those below *can* be given the "toot" sound, and are therefore often mispronounced — though never by the best speakers:

dew	assume	astute
dude	presume	costume
due	pursue	impromptu
dupe	resume	opportunity
duty	sue	student
endure	suit	stupefy
	superb	stupendous
enthusiasm	superior	stupid
	supreme	tube
illuminate		tuber
lucid		Tuesday
		tumor
avenue		tumult
minute (*adjective*)		tune
new		
nude		

PALATALIZED OR CONSONANT *I*

A considerable group of familiar words make of the letter *i* a palatal consonant *y* sound: called "palatal" because the tongue helps to form the sound by contact with the hard palate. This is particularly true of *i* after *l*:

alien	dalliance	Julia	postilion
auxiliary	ebullient	Juliet	quadrillion
battalion	Eliot (formerly	medallion	stallion
bilious	Elyot)	million	trillion
billiards	familiar	mullioned	valiant
billion	foliage	pavilion	vermilion
brilliant	folio	peculiar	William
bullion			

Also after *n* and a few other consonants:

bunion	onion	Christian
convenient	opinion	fustian
genius	pinion	
lenient	spaniel	behavior
minion	union	savior

Notice that a very large group of words in *-tion* and *-sion* have this consonant *y* sound; and that it has quite changed the sound of the

t combining with it. Notice too that in all these examples the sound is purely a consonant one, like the *y* in *canyon*, and never forms an extra syllable: twenty-six of the words above—nearly all the short ones — are dissyllables.

VARIA

arch-: pronounced "ark-" before vowels: *archangel, architect;* pronounced "artch-" before consonants: *archbishop, archdeacon.*
height: ends with a clean "t" sound.
lieutenant: all the accent is on the second syllable.
massacre: still spelled the old way, but always pronounced like *lucre.*
obeisance: the stressed syllable has the sound of *a* in *fate.*
sergeant: keeps the old English sound of *are* in the first syllable (compare *varsity* from *university*).
the: the vowel is a distinct *e* before a word beginning with a vowel ("the offer"), but is indistinct before a consonant ("the trouble").
toward: *one* syllable only (in American pronunciation).

SPELLING

Learning to spell is learning to see. The good speller is one who knows words by sight. You know the face of your friend by sight. If your friend's face were distorted, and one eye missing, or the nose were where the mouth ought to be, you would know it. So does the man with accurate eyes know the face of a word and know when its features are all there and in the right places. I marvel, sometimes, that people who are fairly intelligent — people who are constant readers — should look into the faces of the commonest words of the language a thousand times a day, as they often do, and then, when they take a pen in their hands, always misspell them. If they learned to see, they would not do it. — WASHINGTON GLADDEN

Spelling is indeed, for most of us, very largely a matter of mental picture — we often try the "look" of a word when we are not sure of the spelling. But we do not *know* our words until we can write them instantly, without thinking. To this instinctive certainty, practice is the only road: making the impulse and the right action follow each other like blow and echo.

It has been thoughtlessly supposed that English spelling is whimsical and unreasonable. Really, it is constantly reasonable — in one or both of two ways. There is an actual and known reason for nearly every English spelling (sometimes at first a poor reason, but a reason); and most of the more necessary words, and even most of the more complicated ones, can be "reasoned out" by an observing person, while he is acquiring his instinctive certainty. For example, if you know *privilege*, you know *sacrilege;* and if you know *sacrilege*, you

know *sacrilegious*. (These words are based on the Latin *lex, legis*, law: they have no etymological connection with *religion*, which comes from the idea of careful piety.)

The word-groups suggested below have the family traits of the commoner words in the language; therefore to learn the *family* trait or traits is to learn at a stroke the whole family of words.

But of course any of these groupings may show forms which seem to belie the family trait. Naturally, words are *alive;* and they, like people, cannot all be numbered and classified. To say that a "long" stressed vowel is *always* followed by one consonant would be no safer than to say that a hook-nosed person *always* has a receding chin. Both people and words have often a special and interesting individuality. But if we can group them, we can more easily learn them. The sensible thing, then, is not to get peevish because some words have personality, but to use the group method where we can and as far as we can. It does go surprisingly far.

Some of us, however, don't learn spellings as easily as others: what then can we do?

First, we *must learn;* for no one is quite decently educated until he can spell such words as he needs to write. If he is a truck-driver, he won't need many. But if he is in one of the more literate callings, he will be spelling — or misspelling — all his life long; if misspelling, he will have the ever unhappy lot of being a somewhat illiterate person trying to work and live with literate ones. And his chief disgrace is that his ignorance is needless.

Second, no one is born with a knowledge of spelling: everyone has to learn. And everyone can learn. The most troubled student misspells only a few score — but abuses these over and over. Here, then, is his cure. Let him at once collect, in a secret pocketbook, every word he misspells or might misspell. Let him set apart at the same time every day fifteen minutes sacred to this work. Let him take the word at the top of his list; and with an unabridged dictionary (and Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary* if possible) let him insist on finding the reason for every troublesome letter in the word. He will need no more Latin or Greek or any other language than he finds in his large English dictionary; he can quickly see why the word is spelled as it is. Then let him start the habit of seeing and spelling the word correctly — *in its place* in sentences, of course, not in mechanical lists; thoughtfully, in sentence after sentence, until the true form begins to find a home in his thought, and grow familiar to his eye and his hand. Fifteen minutes is little enough to devote once to the acquaintance of a word which is to serve him daily for a lifetime. And one word a day, so learned, will

bring the most disgraceful misspeller to the end of his misdeeds by midyears, if he will start when college opens.

College, however, is not the place for extensive study of spelling: most of the college student's working vocabulary is already in his possession, and should be already at his instant service. In fact, the poorest college spellers will probably find, when they analyze their troubles, that they are merely repeating a rather small number of misspellings, which are caused by a still smaller number of misused principles or laws — such as pronunciation, or the doubled consonant law, or the habit of careful seeing. If, therefore, you find yourself bringing with you into college this "children's disease" of poor spelling, isolate yourself, diagnose your trouble, select the remedy it needs, and then apply that remedy rigorously and faithfully till you are cured.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

"Simplified" spelling seeks to hasten the natural simplifying processes, which are usually very slow; and to make regular and logical the "irregular" peculiarities of word-forms. Many persons of learning and of prominence have used their utmost influence to this end; President Roosevelt in 1906 even ordered 300 "simplified" spellings to be used in all government documents. Yet our language-forms are now so constantly written, printed, and therefore *visualized*, that all these logical and powerful attempts have had surprisingly little effect. They have hastened a few simplifications already under way, such as the change from *-re* to *-er*, the dropping of *-te* from *quartette* and the like, *-me* from *gramme* and the like, *-ue* from *dialogue* and the like. A few periodicals, as for example *The Literary Digest*, now spell dental preterits with *-t* instead of *-ed* and *-ise* verbs *-ize*. And the National Education Association has adopted five "simplified" forms as shown in twelve words: *catalog, decalog, demagog, pedagog, prolog, program, tho, altho, thoro, thorofare, thru, thruout*. But even these few changes are not yet universally adopted.

This ultra-conservatism among language-forms and language-users is doubtless unnecessary, and perhaps unfortunate; but it is a condition, and evidently a stubborn one. Language is only a convention for the uses of intercommunication, and hence useful only when it is acceptable and unmistakable. Therefore Pope's rule is still good, — especially for younger workers:

> Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Anyone who wishes to use "simplified" spelling should, then, do so, never as a short cut to easy spelling, but as a logical and consistent simplifying of the conventional forms, which he is skilled and competent in using; and he should carry these chosen simplifications consistently throughout his writing.

ACCURATE PRONUNCIATION

An important group is that of words misspelled because mispronounced: words in which the careless sound brings on the wrong spelling.

accident*a*lly	form*e*rly	Niag*a*ra	stud*y*ing
ask*ed*	gene*a*logy	now*a*days	sur*p*rise
a*th*letic	heig*h*t	par*t*ner	temp*e*rament
awk*w*ard	iden*t*ity	p*e*rspiration	trac*t*
bur*gl*ar	irre*l*evant	p*r*escribe	trag*e*dy
di*ph*theria	la*b*oratory	p*r*ofessor	twel*f*th
enviro*n*ment	le*n*gth	qu*i*et	unwiel*d*y
Feb*r*uary	ma*th*ematics	so*ph*omore	valu*a*ble

OBSCURE SOUNDS MADE CLEAR

An unaccented vowel is apt to become merely a vague *uh* sound, which might represent the slurred value of any of the five vowels. But many such obscure sounds are accented, and thus have their clear sound, in other words of the same family: comparison at once shows the doubtful vowel.

For the obscure vowel in the word in the first column refer to the same vowel, with its accented value, in the corresponding word in the second column:

Obscure	Clear
asp*i*ration	asp*i*re
comp*a*rable	comp*a*re, comp*a*rison
contr*i*bution	contr*i*bute, contr*i*butor
depr*e*dation	pr*e*datory
depr*i*vation	depr*i*ve
d*i*minish, d*i*minutive	d*i*minution
dim*i*nution	dim*i*nish, dim*i*nutive
ex*a*ltation	ex*a*lt
ex*u*ltation	ex*u*lt
exhil*a*rate, exhil*a*ration	hil*a*rity, hil*a*rious
fall*a*cy	fall*a*cious
f*a*llacious	f*a*llacy
gramm*a*r	gramm*a*tical, gramm*a*rian

Obscure	Clear
gr*a*mmatical, gr*a*mmarian	gr*a*mmar
inf*i*n*i*te, def*i*n*i*te	def*i*ne, f*i*n*i*te, ref*i*ne f*i*n*i*sh, inf*i*nitive, def*i*nitive, L. f*i*n*i*s, Fr. f*i*n*i*
infin*i*tive, definitive	fin*i*te, fin*i*sh, L. f*i*n*i*s, Fr. f*i*n*i*
inflammation	inflammatory
med*i*cine	med*i*cinal
monot*o*nous	monot*o*ne
mon*o*tone	mon*o*tonous
opp*o*site, opp*o*sition	opp*o*se
*o*ppose	*o*pposite, *o*pposition
or*a*tor	or*a*tion
pers*e*cute	cons*e*cutive
perspiration	perspire
prec*e*dent	prec*e*de
prep*a*ration	prep*a*re
prod*i*gy	prod*i*gious
proposition	propose, proposal
rhet*o*ric	rhet*o*rical
r*i*diculous	r*i*dicule
rid*i*cule	rid*i*culous
sacril*e*ge (compare *privilege*)	sacril*e*gious
strat*e*gy	strat*e*gic
symm*e*try	symm*e*trical
symmetrical	symmetry
synonymous	synonym
tyr*a*nny	tyr*a*nnical
tyrannical	tyranny, tyrant

NOTE. This list must be continued and extended by the student himself in every way that will help his individual problems. No one else can do this for him quite as usefully as he can do it for himself.

DIPHTHONGS *IE* AND *EI*

The troublesome *ie* and *ei* words fall into two distinct groups, according to sound.

When the diphthong rhymes with *key*,
The *i* must come before the *e*, —
Unless the diphthong follows *c*.

(Five exceptions: *either* and *neither*, *leisure*, *seize*, *sheik*, *weird*.)

Conversely, when the diphthong does not rhyme with *key*, the *i* does not come before the *e*: *deign*, *eider*, *counterfeit*, *heifer*, *heir*, etc. (Two exceptions: *friend*, *sieve*.)

-TH AND *-THE*

-th NOT VOICED	*-the* VOICED
bath	bathe
breath	breathe
cloth	clothe
loath, loth	loathe
sooth	soothe
wreath	wreathe

SIMPLIFICATION — SQUEEZED VOWELS

The natural simplification of all growing organisms, which drops members no longer needed, is slowly but persistently at work throughout the language. Words try to "travel light" — with the smallest amount of unnecessary baggage. Therefore *e* and *o* often drop before *r* in derived forms: *anger, angry; hunger, hungry;* and so on. Final silent *e* drops before a suffix whenever it is n't needed, — it sometimes is needed to keep a *c* or a *g* soft. Final double consonants get reduced to one before a suffix. And most of these prunings bring the spelling nearer to the sound.

E DROPS BEFORE *R*

barometer — barometrical	monster — monstrous
center — central	neuter — neutral
disaster — disastrous	proper — propriety
enter — entrance	sober — sobriety
hinder — hindrance	waiter — waitress
leper — leprosy	wonder — wondrous

O DROPS BEFORE *R*

actor — actress	executor — executrix
doctor — doctrine	traitor — traitress

FINAL SILENT *E* DROPS BEFORE A VOWEL, STAYS BEFORE A CONSONANT

abate	abating	abatement	love	lovable	lovely
blame	blamable	blameworthy	move	movable	movement

(But dyeing, singeing, swingeing, tingeing, to avoid confusion with dying, singing, swinging, tinging. Also hoeing, shoeing, toeing, eyeing: if the *e* were dropped these short words would lose an essential feature of their appearance.)

FINAL SILENT *E* DROPS BEFORE A CONSONANT

abridge — abridgment
awe — awful
judge — judgment
nine — ninth
one — only
true — truly
woe — woful

AI LOSING ACCENT AND FORM

abstain — abstinence
abstinent
contain — continent
continental
despair — desperate
exclaim — exclamation
explain — explanation
maintain — maintenance
ordain — ordinance
pertain — pertinent
impertinent
impertinence
prevail — prevalence
prevalent
proclaim — proclamation
repair — reparation
irreparable
sustain — sustenance

OTHER REDUCTIONS

abound — abundant
abundance
announce — annunciation
appear — apparent
apparition
cease — cessation
conceive — conception
deceive — deception
denounce — denunciation
denunciatory
detain — detention
esteem — estimate
estimation
four — forty
grain — granary
lighten — lightning (*noun*)
perceive — perception
pronounce — pronunciation
receive — reception
redeem — redemption
renounce — renunciation
repeat — repetition
repetitious
retain — retention
reveal — revelation
vain — vanity

"HARD" AND "SOFT" *C* AND *G*

Other words are spelled to show their sound, under the law that in most modern languages makes *c* and *g* hard before *a*, *o*, and *u*, and soft before *e* and *i* (or *y*). Therefore final silent *e*, which would commonly drop before a vowel suffix, as in *arguing*, *changing*, *livable*, *movable*, *serving*, has to be kept between a soft *c* or *g* and with suffixes

like *-able* and *-ous*, to prevent the hardening contact of *a* and *o* with the soft *c* and *g*:

noticeable	changeable	advantageous
peaceable	chargeable	courageous
pronounceable	interchangeable	outrageous
serviceable	manageable	umbrageous
traceable	marriageable	

STRESSED VOWELS: "LONG" FOLLOWED BY ONE CONSONANT, "SHORT" FOLLOWED BY TWO

Great numbers of English words show clearly and immediately by their sound how they are written, in this particular: "long" accented vowels are most commonly followed by *one* consonant; "short" accented vowels are most commonly followed by *two* consonants. This law applies only to *accented* syllables; and it is most noticeable when vowel suffixes are added.

"Long" means that there is a distinct sense of time and therefore of weight and emphasis resting on the vowel. "Short" means that the vowel sound seems shorter, sharper, briefer; as though the stress were hurried on to be supported by the double consonants which usually follow.

a	gable — gabble	**i**	hiding — hidden
	ladies — laddies		tiled — tilled
	raging — ragging		shining — shinning
	shamed — shammed		writing — written
	scraping — scrapping	**o**	robed — robbed
	Mary — marry		slogan — toboggan
	bated — batted		holy — holly
	mating — matting		moping — mopping
e	feeling — felling	**u**	tubing — tubbing
	steamed — stemmed		humor — hummer
	beery — berry		curing — current
	interfered — inferred		musing — mussing

ACCENT SHIFTED WITHOUT CORRESPONDING CHANGE OF FORM

Derivatives sometimes shift the accent from the syllable whose spelling seemed regular (as in "nē-cĕs'sity"), to a different syllable whose form therefore seems irregular (as in "nĕc'ĕssary"); for in such a conflict of forces the *inherited form* and the *appearance* are stronger than the more recent sound change.

To Explain the Irregularity of	Refer to the Regularity of
acc*ĕl'*ĕrate	*cĕlĕr'*ity
centr*ĭf'*ugal	cen'ter, fū'gitive
con'fē*r*ence	confe*r'r*ing, confe*rr*ed'
dĕs'*ic*cated	L. *de* + *sic'cus*
*ĕm'*ĭgrate	*mī'*gratory
nĕc'*ĕs*sary	n*ĕ cĕs'*sity
prĕc'ĕdent	prĕ cēd'ing
prĕf'*ē*rable	prĕ *fĕr'r*ing, prĕ *fĕr*red
prŏs'ēcute	prō cēēd', consĕc'utive
t*yr'anny*	t*yran'n*ical
v*ĭl'*ify	v*īle*

FINAL -*Y*

After a Consonant		After a Vowel	
ally	allies	alley	alleys
fairy	fairies	donkey	donkeys
marry	married	employ	employed
penny	penniless	joy	joyous
pretty	prettier	slay	slayer

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES

One of the most helpful ways of becoming well enough acquainted with words to recognize them, in both form and meaning, and to reproduce them *instinctively*, is to know the parts of which they are made. Great numbers of our longer words begin with some important prefix, which furnishes some important part of the meaning; and spelling a word with a prefix then resolves itself into a simple sum in addition, — easy for anyone who can add 1 to 1 and get 2. Suffixes also furnish important meanings; they follow clear and sensible rules of form, and are easily added to words by all who can "do" simple addition. All such parts used in word-making are vividly expressive, and satisfyingly sensible and logical; and attention to them and understanding of them underlies all intelligent use of English.

If you have troubles adding prefixes and suffixes and getting correct totals, collect examples of other words that have the same prefix or suffix as those which bother you, and work on them and think about them until you are at home among them.

REVIEW OF GRAMMAR[1]

ELEMENTS

The *unit* in language is the *sentence*, as the unit in metric measurement is the meter. The sentence-unit must consist of words, as the molecule is made of atoms; and the sentence itself is used with other sentences to make paragraphs, as molecules combine to make larger masses; and paragraphs are built and cut and fitted to make still larger complete bodies of statement and opinion.

These parts of which language consists — words, sentences, paragraphs, wholes — are therefore its *elements*.

PARTS OF SPEECH

Grammar deals with the special uses of words in language, and the names that describe those varying uses.

1. *Nouns* are words used to name people or places (*proper*), things (*common*), groups (*collective*), ideas (*abstract*), or combinations (*compound*).

2. *Pronouns* stand for nouns: some are personal, some ask (*interrogative*), some point (*demonstrative*), some show relationships (*relative*).

3. *Adjectives* describe objects — their number (*numeral*), their relation to a person or place (*proper*), their appearance or quality (*descriptive*).

4. *Verbs* are "*the* words" of the sentence (from Latin *verbum*, word); the words which say something about the thing named.

5. *Adverbs* are added to verbs to amplify or limit the verb-meaning; they also limit or specify the meaning of adjectives and of other adverbs.

6. *Prepositions* "stand in front" of small word-groups to connect them with the main thought, and to show the kind of connection.

7. *Conjunctions* are the tie-words used between words, phrases, and clauses.

8. *Interjections* are "thrown in" wherever they come, as emotional breathings; and these alone have no part in the *structure* of the sentence.

NOTE. Every word in the language thus belongs in one of these eight groups; but the same word belongs in the noun group while it is doing the work of a noun: *a farm;* or in the adjective group if it is used to describe: *farm machinery;* or in the verb group if it is used as a saying word: *he farmed intensively.*

[1] It is to be hoped and expected that little or none of this "Review of Grammar" will be needed by college students; but the matter is treated comprehensively, to meet any individual needs that may appear. The instructor may therefore refer his student to the sections he seems to be ignorant of, and may also select such of the exercises as seem most likely to supply the needed emphasis and drill.

EXERCISE

See how large a list you can make of words that may be used as different parts of speech.

Make it on cards or separate sheets of paper; then arrange these alphabetically and copy them in the Notebook.

After each word specify its possible uses, in some such way as this:

farm noun (a farm)
adjective (farm hand)
verb (to farm)

NOUNS

All the busier, more useful kinds of words can do more than one task for us by slightly changing their form. This change is called "inflection."

Nouns change to show:

1. Number. Regularly by adding *s* or *es* (*car, cars; church, churches*); irregularly by changing a final vowel or consonant before adding *s* or *es* (*county, counties; calf, calves*), or by adding *en* (*ox, oxen; child, children*), or by changing the vowel within the word (*man, men; foot, feet; mouse, mice*). Letters, figures, and special characters are made plural by adding *'s* (dot your *i's*). Abstract and collective nouns are used in the singular form only (*courage, poultry*). Foreign nouns often keep their original plurals (*cherub, cherubim; thesis, theses; alumnus, alumni*). Certain nouns are used only in a plural form (*goods, scissors*). Compound nouns are usually pluralized at the end (*spoonfuls*); sometimes on the first or main part (*editors-in-chief*); rarely in the form of both parts (*men-servants*).[1]

2. Gender or sex. Masculine, feminine, neuter, or common — by a special ending (*actor, actress; hero, heroine; executor, executrix; widow, widower*) or by a different word (*brother, sister; drake, duck; stallion, mare, horse; sire, dam; monk, nun*). Objects without animal life are of neuter gender (*hat, tree*) unless popularly or specially personified (as a ship often is, and the moon, or a human quality like Duty). A noun which can mean a creature either masculine or feminine is of common gender (*operator, cat, bird*).

3. Case. Nominative, possessive (or genitive), and objective — to show grammatical relationship to other nouns, pronouns, verbs, prepositions. The *nominative* case shows the substantive to be the subject of the statement: as subject of the verb, or in apposition with

[1] When a noun is used as an adjective, the singular form is preferable: *woman suffrage, freshman class.*

the subject; sometimes after the verb, especially *to be* or one of similar meaning. The *possessive* case ending added to a noun shows possession; the complete symbol *'s* is added if it can be comfortably pronounced — if not, the ' alone; or if the possessor is an inanimate object, an "of phrase" precedes the noun. The *objective* case shows a noun at the receiving end of a *verb* action or a *preposition* relation, as a direct or indirect object.[1]

EXERCISES

1. Underscore the plural nouns on page 237 of the Models; the masculine nouns on page 357; the feminine nouns on page 369; the neuter or common nouns on page 355.

2. Underscore the nominative nouns on page 333 of the Models; the possessive nouns on page 297; the object nouns after verbs on page 271; the object nouns after prepositions on page 346.

PRONOUNS

A pronoun stands for a noun and *refers* unmistakably to it. It therefore agrees with its antecedent in *number*, *gender*, and *person*.

Pronouns are of four kinds: (1) *personal*, (2) *adjective*, (3) *relative*, (4) *interrogative*.

1. *Personal* pronouns show three *persons* — the one speaking ("first"), the one spoken to ("second"), the one spoken of ("third").

Number is, as with nouns, singular or plural.

Gender, as with nouns, is masculine, feminine, neuter, or common.

Case, as with nouns, is nominative, possessive, or objective; and the uses of case are the same as among nouns. *But the possessive pronoun does not use the apostrophe.* The possessive forms *mine*, *thine*, *hers*, *ours*, *yours*, *theirs*, stand always alone; *his* may stand with the noun or alone.

The forms of the *first* person are:

	SINGULAR	PLURAL
Nom.	I	we
Poss.	my, mine	our, ours
Obj.	me	us

The forms of the *second* person are:

	SINGULAR	PLURAL
Nom.	thou, you	you, ye
Poss.	thy, thine your, yours	your, yours
Obj.	thee, you	you

[1] For phrases and clauses used as nouns, see those headings under "Syntax."

The forms of the *third* person are:

	SINGULAR			PLURAL
	MASC.	FEM.	NEUTER	COMMON
Nom.	he	she	it	they
Poss.	his	her, hers	its	their, theirs
Obj.	him	her	it	them

Notice that gender is distinguished only in the *third* person, and there only in the *singular*.

Reflexive or intensive forms are made by suffixing *-self* or *-selves* to the simple personal forms. They should be used *only* reflexively or intensively, — not in place of the simple forms. (*Not* "My sister and myself both went"; but reflexively, "I sent myself a letter," or intensively, "I will do that myself.")

2. *Adjective* pronouns are adjectives when they stand with a noun, pronouns when they stand alone. They are of two kinds: *demonstrative, indefinite.*

Demonstrative adjectives or pronouns point: *this, that, these, those.*

Indefinite adjectives or pronouns refer less definitely to one person or object, to one of two, or to several.

ONE		ONE OF TWO
one	anyone	
each	someone	either
every	no one	neither
none	another	
nobody	each other	
anybody	one another	
somebody	anything	
everybody	something	
everything		

PLURAL	
any	both (two)
some	all
several	few
many	

3. A *relative* pronoun acts as the connective and the subject (or object) of a clause which relates to and describes a preceding substantive: *who, which, that, as, what* ("This is the man *who* told me," or ". . . *whom* you named").

Who shows case: possessive *whose*, objective *whom*. It is reserved for *persons*.

Compound relative pronouns are the simple relative forms *who,*

which, and *what* followed by *-ever* or *-soever*. *Whoever* shows case in the same way as in the simple forms: *whosever*, *whosesoever*, *whomever*, *whomsoever*.

4. *Interrogative* pronouns introduce questions: *who*, *which*, *what*. They also serve as adjectives, with nouns.

EXERCISES

1. Make twenty different sentences to illustrate the proper use of twenty different pronoun forms — five for each of the four main kinds of pronouns.

2. Make three different sentences to illustrate the good use of *each* of the pronoun forms that you have any trouble with or uncertainty about.

ADJECTIVES

Adjectives are words added to nouns or pronouns to describe or define their meaning.

In *kind*, an adjective is "common" or "proper."

In *use*, an adjective describes or points out. Most adjectives describe; those that point out are pronominal (*this*, *each*, *both*), numeral (*four*, *seventh*), and the articles (*a*, *an*, *the*).

In *position*, an adjective is attributive (close to the substantive), or appositive (in an accompanying phrase), or predicate (following a copulative verb).[1]

In *degree*, an adjective is positive, comparative, or superlative: regularly, by the addition of *-er* to show the comparative (*more*), *-est* to show the superlative (*most*); irregularly, in these special forms:

POSITIVE	COMPARATIVE	SUPERLATIVE
good	better	best
bad, ill, evil	worse	worst
much, many	more	most
little	less, lesser	least
far	farther, further	farthest, furthest
late	later, latter	latest, last
old	older, elder [2]	oldest, eldest [2]

(Notice that when only *two* objects or persons are compared, the comparative form is really superlative in meaning.) A superlative form to show *position* is the suffix *-most: foremost.*

[1] Verbs like *smell*, *feel*, *taste*, *sound*, use predicate *adjectives*, not adverbs; for the statement centers not in the verb, but in the noun: "The bell sounds (= *is*) loud," "Heliotrope smells (= *is*) sweet."

[2] *Elder* and *eldest* are reserved for *persons*.

Observe that adjectives of singularity or completeness cannot show degrees of intensity: *single, unique, entire, matchless, universal, triangular, mortal, infinite.*

For phrases and clauses used as adjectives, see those headings under "Syntax."

EXERCISES

1. Make a list of twenty proper adjectives.

2. Make ten sentences to illustrate ten different predicate adjectives — each with different subject and different verb.

3. Cull from the descriptive pieces in the Models five different adjectives from each of five selections (twenty-five different words); and write the three degrees of each one.

4. Collect in the Notebook all the adjectives you can think of whose meaning makes their comparison impossible.

ADVERBS

Adverbs are words used with verbs, adjectives, or other adverbs to tell how, when, where, or how much.

In *meaning*, adverbs show (1) *manner*, (2) *time*, (3) *place*, (4) *degree*.

1. Adverbs of *manner* are usually adjectives *plus* the suffix *-ly*.

2. Adverbs of *time* specify more or less exactly when the verb-action took place.

3. Adverbs of *place* locate the verb-action in space.

4. Adverbs of *degree* specify the amount of the adjective-quality or the verb-action.

In *form*, some adverbs are identical with the corresponding adjective:

early	high	low	very
far	ill	much	well
fast	late	near	
hard	little	straight	

In *use*, adverbs (like relative pronouns) may also introduce subordinate clauses: *relative* (or *conjunctive*) *adverbs;* or questions: *interrogative adverbs.*

Relative			Interrogative
after	till	where	how
as	until	wherever	where
before	when	while	when
how	whence	whither	whence
since	whenever	why	whither
			why

In *degree*, adverbs (like adjectives) are positive, comparative, or superlative; but (unlike adjectives) they usually show degree not with the suffix *-er* or *-est*, but with a preceding *more* or *most*. A few may use either method. A few adverbs show degree irregularly:

POSITIVE	COMPARATIVE	SUPERLATIVE
badly, ill	worse	worst
well	better	best
much	more	most
little	less	least
late	later	latest, last
nigh	nigher	nighest, next

Notice that numerous adverbs cannot show degree; since their meanings are already complete and absolute:

squarely	here	uniquely	now
infinitely	there	instantaneously	then
everlastingly	where	instantly	twice
singly	once	wholly	quite
immediately	universally	when	

Notice that *very* may not modify a past participle without the help of some other adverb between, like *much* or *little* or *greatly*: "very *much* pleased."

For phrases and clauses used as adverbs, see those headings under "Syntax."

EXERCISES

1. Find in the Models five adverbs used to show manner, five of time, five of place, and five that show degree.

2. Find in the Models five adverbs modifying verbs, five modifying adjectives, and five modifying other adverbs — none to be the examples already found in Exercise 1.

3. Collect in the Notebook all the words you can find which properly have the same form as adjective and adverb.

4. Collect in the Notebook all adverbs which cannot or should not be used in the comparative or superlative degree.

VERBS

Verbs are the saying words; a verb is "the word" of the sentence (Lat. *verbum*, word); and no statement can be made without a verb expressed or implied.

In *meaning*, all verbs fall into one of two classes: *transitive*, in which

the meaning continues into an object of the verb-action, and is not complete without that object; and *intransitive*, in which the verb takes no object, and is complete in its own meaning.

In *form*, all verbs show by their inflection (1) *person*, (2) *number*, (3) *tense*, (4) *mood*, and (5) *voice;* and by the regularity or irregularity of their past tense, all verbs show themselves to be either regular or irregular — weak or strong. Verbs show their form, whether weak or strong, in their principal parts: present tense, past tense, and past participle.

In *kind*, a small group of special verbs are *auxiliary* or helping verbs, combined with others in verb phrases (some of which are incapable of standing alone):

am	have	shall
can	may	should
could	might	will
do	must	would

One of these auxiliary verbs, *am*, and a considerable group of verbs with the same idea of "being" or of "becoming," form a class of verbs which are used to *connect* subject and predicate: these verbs are of course intransitive. They are called, from their use, *copulative* verbs.

Meaning

1. Transitive. All statements of action or operation *on* a person or object use transitive verbs, which show the action to have passed from subject to object. This carrying on of the meaning into a receiving object is specially plain in verbs like *to lay* and *to set*. Both are regular in tense formation:

I *lay* _ _ _	I *laid* _ _ _	I *have laid* _ _ _
I *set* _ _ _	I *set* _ _ _	I *have set* _ _ _

Both require an object in every use, and are incomplete in meaning without that object. They should not even be conjugated without an object expressed or indicated. Both are causative, — that is, *to lay* is "to cause to lie," *to set* is "to cause to sit."

2. Intransitive. Many verbs of position, or even of action, are complete without a receiving object. Beware, therefore, of the feeling that mistakes a following *adverb* (usually needed to describe the verb-situation) as an object. *To lie* and *to sit* are famous and useful examples of the intransitive verb. Each is often accompanied by an adverb, — like *down*, or *up;* but each is complete in meaning without an object. Both are "irregular" or "strong" in their formation of

tense: I *lie* (awake), I *lay* (dreaming) (that night), I *have lain* (for hours at a time); I *sit* (patiently), I *sat* (waiting), I *have sat* (there every day).

Confusion in the use of such verbs is to be overcome by constant, correct, *thoughtful* practice: if correct forms "sound" strange, associate with them till they become familiar.

Form

1. Person. Verbs, like pronouns, show three persons: first person, the one speaking; second, the one spoken to; third, the one (or object or place) spoken of. They add an ending to show person, only in the singular; and there only in the second and third persons; and to agree with the subject: I *live;* you *live* (thou *livest*); he *lives*.

2. Number. A verb must agree with its subject also in number. It shows this by changes in its form or inflection, — usually in the second and third persons singular:

	STRONG		WEAK		COPULA	
	SING.	PLUR.	SING.	PLUR.	SING.	PLUR.
1.	I lie	we lie	I work	we work	I am	we are
2.	you lie (thou liest)	you lie	you work (thou workest)	you work	you are (thou art)	you are
3.	he lies	they lie	he works	they work	he is	they are

3. Tense. By change in form verbs show different times: we call this change in form tense. Tenses are in form *simple* or *compound:* the simple tenses are the present, the past, the future: the compound tenses (verb phrases made by the past participle and some form of *have*) are the perfect, the pluperfect, the future perfect.

The present tense, showing present time, uses the verb in its simplest form: I *want* it.

The past tense, showing time just past, in weak or regular verbs adds *-ed*, *-d*, or *-t* to the present, in strong or irregular verbs changes the vowel of the present without inflectional ending: *want, wanted; hope, hoped; deal, dealt; swim, swam; sting, stung; lie, lay.* (For a list of irregular verbs, see page 198.)

The future tense, showing time to come, uses the auxiliary *shall* or *will* prefixed to the simplest form of the verb (the present infinitive without *to*). (For special discussion of *shall* and *will*, see pages 193 ff.)

The perfect tense, showing time past in which the action *was* complete, uses *have, hast, has,* prefixed to the past participle: I *have been,* he *has gone,* you *have drunk* . . .

The pluperfect or past perfect tense, showing time past in which the action had been completed at a time itself already past, uses *had, hadst*, prefixed to the past participle: I *had been*, he *had gone*, you *had drunk* . . .

The future perfect tense, looking forward to a time when the action will be completed, prefixes the future tense of *have* to the past participle: I *shall have been*, he *will have gone*, you *will have drunk* . . .

Verbs have also *progressive* forms in each tense, — a verb phrase consisting of the appropriate tense of *to be* followed by the present participle of the verb, and representing the action of the verb as going on at the time spoken of: present, I *am working;* past, I *was working;* future, I *shall be working;* perfect, I *have been working;* pluperfect or past perfect, I *had been working;* future perfect, I *shall have been working.*

4. Mood. Mood shows the manner of the action or condition expressed in the verb: indicative, of ordinary statement or question; imperative, of request or command; subjunctive, of condition, concession, wish; potential, of possibility, necessity, obligation.

The *indicative* mood performs a great variety of daily and hourly services, more and more taken over from the subjunctive and even the imperative; duties as diverse as those of expressing assertion, concession, command, desire, doubt, exclamation, interrogation, request, supposition.

The *imperative* mood, reserved for request or command, is distinctive for its simplicity of form and brevity of phrase. It usually omits its subject, — since it has but one person: the second. Its form is the same in singular and plural. It naturally has but one tense: the present.

The *subjunctive* mood performs numerous special services in expressing complex and out-of-the-ordinary conditions. Its forms are usually the same as the indicative; but in the active subjunctive the second and third persons singular are like the other personal forms:

Present	Perfect
1. if I work	if I have worked
2. if you (thou) work	if you (thou) have worked
3. if he work	if he have worked

The passive subjunctive uses as an auxiliary the subjunctive forms of the copula, *to be:* present, if I *be hurt;* past, if I *were hurt;* perfect, if I *have been hurt;* pluperfect, if I *had been hurt.* The subjunctive shows no distinctive forms in the future tenses. Its commonest use is in the copula, *to be:*

PRESENT		PAST	
SING.	PLUR.	SING.	PLUR.
1. if I be	if we be	if I were	if we were
2. if you (thou) be	if you be	if you were (thou wert)	if you were
3. if he be	if they be	if he were	if they were

PERFECT

SING.	PLUR.
1. if I have been	if we have been
2. if you (thou) have been	if you have been
3. if he have been	if they have been

PLUPERFECT

SING.	PLUR.
1. if I had been	if we had been
2. if you had (thou hadst) been	if you had been
3. if he had been	if they had been

The chief uses of the subjunctive are to express wish ("God bless you!"); concession ("Though this be true, I cannot go"); condition — uncertain ("If this be true, I cannot go"), of fact ("If this had not been true, I should not have gone"), contrary to fact ("If this were true, I should not be here").

We need to remember that in conditional clauses the subjunctive tenses, since they deal with uncertainties, cannot mean what indicative tenses mean. Thus the present subjunctive means either present or future time ("If he come, I shall go"); the past subjunctive means present time ("If this were true, I should not be here"); the pluperfect subjunctive means merely past time ("If this had not been true, I should have come"). The true time of the whole statement is of course clear in the main clause or apodosis.

The expressions used to introduce subjunctive clauses are most commonly *if, unless, though, although, as if, as though;* occasionally *before, lest, that, until.*

In the natural process of simplifying the forms of the language, the subjunctive is being steadily displaced by the indicative, except in the use of *be* and *were* and other forms of *to be*. The auxiliaries most commonly used with the indicative as substitutes for the subjunctive expressions of condition and concession are *may, might, could, would, should.*

The *potential* mood uses "potential phrases" made up of one of the "modal auxiliaries," *may, can, must, might, could, would, should,* followed by the infinitive without *to.*

may (past, *might*) = permission, possibility, wish.
can (past, *could*) = physical ability.
must (past, *had to*) = necessity or obligation.
would (present, *will*) = habitual past action.[1]
should (present, *shall*) = obligation.[1]

5. Voice. Voice in verbs is *active* or *passive*. If the voice is *active*, the verb is preceded by the subject of the action, and followed by the object: "Sam shot a 'possum." If the voice is *passive*, the past participle of the verb is used, preceded by the appropriate form of the copula, *to be;* the subject of the verb is the object of the action, and the doer of the act, if mentioned at all, is relegated to a following prepositional phrase: "A 'possum was shot by Sam." It is plain that the *intransitive* verb, being without an object, cannot appear in the passive voice; except as it is assisted with an adverbial preposition — as in "object *to*," "act *upon*," "laugh *at*," "talk *about*," and so on.

It is to be remembered that the idiom of the most natural speech is active, and that the passive form is unnaturally impersonal and overformal for most uses. Of course no sentence should use both the active and the passive forms, — since they point opposite ways.

Infinitives

The infinitive is a verb-form used often like a noun; it consists of the simplest form of the verb commonly preceded by its "sign," the preposition *to;* it has two tenses — present (*to work*), perfect (*to have worked*).

Uses. The infinitive may take an adverbial modifier ("To work *steadily* is often difficult"); it may take an object ("I hope to work my *way* through college"); it may serve as a noun — subject of a verb ("*To work* steadily is often difficult"), predicate nominative ("His practice was *to work* hard"), appositive ("His ambition, *to work* his way through college, was out of the question"); it may serve as an adjective modifier of a noun (" His ambition *to work* was laudable"); it may serve as an adverbial modifier of an adjective ("He is eager *to work*"); in clause form it may serve as object of a verb, with its own subject a substantive in the objective case ("I wished *him to work*" = "I wished that he should work").[2]

CAUTION 1. Be careful, with the perfect infinitive, to use it only when it is needed. "I should have liked to have gone" puts the meaning too far back: the "liking" phrase is already placed in completed past time, and then the

[1] For special discussion of *shall* and *will* and *should* and *would*, see pages 193 ff.
[2] See also "Infinitive clauses," p. 205 *n.*

"not going" phrase repeats that completed past time. Either "I should like [now] to have gone [then]" or "I should have liked [then] to go [then]" is the intended meaning, and either would be plain.

CAUTION 2. Admit no word between the infinitive and its preposition.

Participles

The participle is a verb-form having somewhat (participating in) the nature of an adjective; it has no true direct subject, though always one expressed near by; it describes the action or state of a specified substantive — like an adjective; it has three tenses — present (*working*), past (*worked*), perfect (*having worked*).

Uses. The participle may take an adverbial modifier ("Working *ceaselessly*, he reached the end," "He kept on, working *night and day*," "Working *till he could work no longer*, he barely pulled through"); it may take an object ("Having given him a *dollar*, I thought I owed him nothing more").

CAUTION. Failure to express the thought-subject always implied in the participle, or to express it at the first possible moment, results in the "dangling participle" construction which makes such notorious nonsense of many a well-intended statement.

Verbal or Participial Nouns

Verbal nouns in *-ing* have the same form as present participles; but they have the use, construction, and meaning of nouns. They are formed from verbs; they may take a direct or an indirect object ("Working one's *way* takes will power," "Giving *him money* only pauperizes him"); they may take an adverbial modifier ("Studying *hard* makes mental muscle"). But they themselves are always used and construed as nouns, and name substantive ideas — none of which is true of participles. A verbal noun may be the subject of a verb ("*Working* develops power" = "*Work* develops power"); the object of a verb ("He enjoys *working*" = "He enjoys *work*"); the object of a preposition ("He spends all his time in *working*" = "He spends all his time in *work*"); a predicate nominative ("His one activity is *working*" = "His one activity is *work*"); an appositive ("His dominant enthusiasm, *working*, keeps him young" = "His dominant enthusiasm, *work*, keeps him young"). Still more clearly does the verbal noun show its noun character when preceded by an article or adjective or both: "The constant *working* at his task was his one absorbing enthusiasm." And notice that a noun or pronoun modifier of a verbal noun uses the possessive case: "I felt sure of *its* working this time," "We had heard of *Johnson's* working out his plan."

Shall and *Will*, *Should* and *Would*

Most of us need much thoughtful practice in the correct, intelligent use of the future auxiliaries *shall* and *will*, and their conditional past tense forms *should* and *would*. The principle of their intelligent use is so simple as to make the whole matter simpler than it usually appears: *shall* and *should* regularly and properly mean *futurity* only, but *will* and *would* mean futurity *plus volition*. *Shall* can never be an independent verb; *will* can be.

I shall be at home tomorrow.
We shall probably do as we please.

Such statements have no suggestion of determination or promise; they express only expectation and probability. But if we say,

I will work as long as I can;
We will stay here whatever happens;

we are unmistakably expressing will and determination as well as future time.

This remains clear and simple while we continue speaking in the first person, — of our own future. When, however, we undertake to speak of another person's future (whether to him or to some third person),

You shall work this problem through;
He shall finish what he has begun;
They shall stay where they are;

it is now plain that though we are using the same simple future auxiliary *our change in point of view* has altered circumstances in a very important way. I cannot, of course, speak of another's future as I can of my own, unless I have special power over that future: power like that of a teacher over a pupil, a parent over a child, an officer over a private. My simple future *shall* therefore arbitrarily takes on the quality of this extraordinary power, and becomes for the moment the "absolute shall" of authority. If, then, I wish not to assume such authority, I leave the volition to the other person, and say to him or of him,

You will do as you think best;
He will go when he is ready;
They will stay another week (*they* are making the decision).

This deference of speech among equals is often called the "rule of courtesy."

The principle of the correct use of *shall* and *will* in simple declarative sentences is, then: In the first person, *shall* = simple future, *will* = volition (threat, promise, determination); in the second and third persons, the exact reverse is true: *shall* = volition, *will* = simple future.

In *questions*, ask for what you want: use in your question the auxiliary you want in the answer. To get information or probability, expressed by *shall* in the first person, use *shall* in your question:

"Shall you be going home soon?" "I shall go in about an hour."

If you want a promise, ask for it:

"Will you wait for me?" "Yes, I will wait half an hour."

Similarly, if two persons have authority over others, and ask each other how they shall use that authority:

"Shall he finish this before he goes?" "Yes, he shall do it all."
"Shall they rehearse the first act now?" "Indeed they shall; tell them I insist on it."

Of course the same echo of question and answer appears if this authority is waived or is lacking:

"Will she let you know?" "I can't be sure; I hope she will."
"Will they run the play another week?" "I have heard rumors that they will."

An interesting use of *shall* in questions appears in offers of help: "*Shall* I get you a glass of water?" Grammar leads the answerer to say "You *shall*," but courtesy leads him not to. Therefore the questioner is right in his *shall*, for he thus expressly puts himself *at the command* of the person he would serve. This use, then, is not an exception, but an example, of the correct usage in questions.

In *dependent clauses*, — indirect discourse, — the principle of usage is again simple and sensible. If both clauses have *the same subject*, the whole expression reduces itself to a simple statement in the first person — where *shall* of course means futurity and *will* means volition:

I think I shall work tomorrow.
He says he shall work tomorrow (= "I shall work tomorrow").
You say you shall work (= "I shall work").
They say they shall work (= "We shall work").
He says he will not go (= "I will not go").

These, then, are in effect, in their use of the auxiliaries, direct discourse in the first person — since only one subject is used in both clauses.

If, however, *the two subjects are different*, then the regular principle of single statements applies (to test any clause, reduce it to the first person):

I say that you shall not go.
He says that you shall not go.
You say that he shall not go.
They say that I shall not go.
We say that they shall not go.

(Here the first speaker expresses determination.)

I say that you will not go.
He says that you will not go.
You say that he will not go.
They say that I will not go.
We say that they will not go.

(Here the speaker expresses only simple fact; he leaves all determination to the doer.)

Should and *would*, being the past tense of *shall* and *will*, follow the same controlling principle and the same rules of usage. In the first person, *should* expresses merely conditional probability, *would* includes volition; in the second and third persons, the meanings reverse. The question is phrased to specify the answer. And the dependent clause with the same subject uses the form regular with the first person; with a different subject, it follows the "rule of courtesy" of simple statements.[1]

SPECIAL EXERCISES

1. Specify the difference in meaning:

1. I shall (will) be obeyed.
2. He will (shall) not see me.
3. I shall (will) not endure his rudeness.
4. We will (shall) not be left alone.
5. You shall (will) repent of this.
6. She will (shall) leave the house at once.
7. He shall (will) have a reward if he continues faithful.
8. You will (shall) never see him again.
9. They shall (will) be the last to go.
10. You will (shall) know your grade tomorrow.
11. The train shall (will) be on time.
12. I will (shall) be home for dinner.

[1] *Should* has also of course the common additional uses that express condition and obligation; and *would* those that express habitual action and wish. But these are quite apart from the uses outlined above to express probability and volition.

1. Shall (will) you stay home tonight?
2. Will (shall) you be a candidate?
3. Shall (will) the price be fifty cents or a dollar?
4. Shall (will) you take the car out tomorrow?
5. Will (shall) he be made to do that work over?
6. Shall (will) they come back when they finish?

1. His mother says that he shall (will) not eat onions.
2. He says he will (shall) not come.
3. They insist that we shall (will) not get there.
4. We have agreed that the race shall (will) be rowed again.
5. You say you will (shall) be back.
6. They repeat that they shall (will) go.

1. Do you think, under the circumstances, that I should (would) go?
2. If she disobeyed, would (should) she be punished?
3. Would (should) you be a candidate?
4. In that case, should (would) the race be rowed over?
5. Do you believe I would (should) put up with his insults?
6. Should (would) they come if they could?

2. Put the right word, *shall* or *will*, in each blank:

1. I _____ shoot the first man who moves.
2. _____ you try to improve?
3. Since you wish it, I _____ accompany you.
4. He declares that he _____ die if he is not rescued soon.
5. _____ you lend me some paper?
6. He can learn if he _____ study.
7. The ship _____ sail before I _____ have reached the pier.
8. I fear that I _____ not be able to come, since I _____ not be in town.
9. I give you my word that I _____ not repeat what you say.
10. On the contrary, she _____ know everything that I can tell.
11. He proved that iron _____ always float in mercury.
12. _____ you feel like going?
13. "_____ you sing for me tonight?" "Yes, I _____."
14. "_____ you be busy tonight?" "Yes, I _____ sing at Mrs. Gould's tonight."
15. If I cut another class, I _____ have to take a makeup examination.
16. I _____ fail in this examination.
17. _____ I begin your house today?
18. I _____ be grateful if you 'll do this.
19. They insist that she _____ do better.
20. I _____ drown; nobody _____ help me.

21. ____ he find gold there? ____ we find any?
22. I ____ be sixteen in May.
23. We ____ be safe if Congress ____ adjourn without meddling with the tariff.
24. If I fail, ____ I be allowed to take a makeup?
25. John thinks he ____ be sick tomorrow.

3. Put the right word, *should* or *would*, in each blank:

1. You promised that you _____ help me.
2. You say you _____ like to see him.
3. I promised that the money _____ be ready.
4. If my brother _____ come, he _____ protect me.
5. He believed that you _____ fail.
6. We were confident that we _____ not be drowned.
7. If you _____ only think, you _____ remember.
8. The king ordered that the prisoner _____ be discharged.
9. _____ you care if I did n't come?
10. I _____ not have supposed the price _____ be so high.
11. _____ you go if it rained?
12. I asked her whether she _____ come back.
13. I _____ like to know how he got in.
14. He _____ be sorry to miss his train.
15. I _____ think he _____ know they are fooling him.
16. They _____ have been paid if the cashier had been there.
17. Though I _____ die for it, yet _____ I do it.
18. _____ you prefer to go by boat?
19. He said Miss Anderson _____ not return to the stage.
20. What _____ we do without our friends?
21. If I _____ say that, he _____ be angry.
22. If he _____ come today, _____ it surprise you?
23. I did not think I _____ enjoy going.
24. If I knew her address, I _____ write her.
25. _____ you have supposed the city _____ grow so fast?

EXERCISES

1. In three sentences made for each, demonstrate the proper use of *let* ("permit") and *leave* ("abandon").

2. In three sentences made for each, illustrate the correct use of *rise* (intransitive) and *raise* (transitive).

3. Write out in the Notebook the principal parts of the following verbs; and underscore in red ink any forms that seem new or surprising to you:

am	fall	ring	stink
arise	feel	rise	strike
bear	flee	run	strive
begin	fly	see	swear
bid (command)	forget	seek	swim
bid (offer)	forsake	set	swing
bite	get	shake	take
blow	give	shine	teach
break	go	show	tear
bring	grow	shrink	tell
buy	hang	sing	think
catch	hear	sink	throw
choose	hide	sit	tread
cling	know	sling	wake
come	lay	speak	wear
creep	lead	spin	weave
do	lie (recline)	spring	weep
draw	lose	stand	win
drink	pay	stay	wind
drive	read	steal	wring
eat	ride	sting	write

4. Choose six transitive verbs and six intransitive from the above list, and put each one in a separate sentence.

5. Write a different sentence to illustrate each of the uses of the indicative mood specified above (p. 189).

6. Make six different sentences, using different verbs, to show uses of the subjunctive.

7. Illustrate the potential mood by putting each of the modal auxiliaries into a good sentence.

8. Make sentences of your own, using different verbs, to illustrate five different uses of the infinitive.

9. Make ten *good* illustrations of the use of as many different participles.

10. Illustrate the use of six verbal nouns.

PREPOSITIONS

A preposition is a connective which usually stands in front of a noun or pronoun to attach it to the rest of the sentence. The substantive so connected and introduced is the object of the preposition and is in the objective case. The pair or group of words so combined is called a prepositional phrase.

A number of prepositions are otherwise used as conjunctions — to connect clauses or phrases — or as adverbs. The adverb-prepositions are chiefly words that suggest place or position, like *above, alone, before, between, down, outside, under, up.*

The commonest prepositions are:

at	from	on	up
by	in	over	with
down	into	to	
for	of	under	

EXERCISES

1. Make in the Notebook a list of all the different prepositions you can think of.

2. Underscore all the prepositions you find on page 323 of the Models.

3. List in the Notebook all the prepositions which can be used as adverbs; and illustrate each adverbial use.

4. Put the right preposition in each blank:

1. Please wait _____ me; I will come as soon as I can.
2. She married him _____ her father's consent.
3. _____ whom did they rent the house?
4. _____ whom can I depend?
5. The streams _____ this region abound _____ trout.
6. They got _____ the carriage and rode away.
7. He thought he put the money _____ his pocket, but he found it _____ his shoe.
8. The paper was cut _____ small strips.
9. We stood _____ the landing.
10. The fireman went _____ the roof of the house.
11. He died _____ a fever.
12. When we were _____ Rome we stayed _____ a small hotel.
13. He lives _____ a frame house _____ Cambridge.
14. She lives _____ College Street, _____ No. 44.
15. The soil is adapted _____ the raising of corn.
16. _____ some sentences the subject is omitted.
17. What is your grief in comparison _____ hers?
18. I have little trouble _____ keeping up with my class.
19. There is bad feeling still _____ France and Germany.
20. The estate was divided _____ the six heirs.
21. Byron died _____ Missolonghi, _____ Greece.
22. He is now _____ England.
23. They live _____ New York.

24. Mellie Dunham lives _____ Norway, Maine.
25. Do you know nothing _____ what you have told us?
26. Let me sit _____ you.
27. The door was fastened _____ nails _____ the carpenter.
28. Rome was invaded _____ the Huns.
29. He entertained us _____ a story.
30. The cow is _____ the lake.
31. Put more life _____ your speaking.
32. Cable cars used to run _____ Broadway.
33. Those children are dirty from playing _____ the street.
34. He is very different _____ his brother.
35. This was different _____ what I expected.
36. He is adapted _____ an outdoor life.
37. You must conform _____ the rules.
38. She was overcome _____ her grief.
39. Fondness _____ dogs was his leading trait.
40. How do you reconcile this _____ what you did yesterday?
41. The jury acquitted him _____ all blame.
42. Her words do not harmonize _____ her actions.
43. I do not agree _____ you; therefore I cannot agree _____ your proposal.
44. The king bestowed _____ him the order of knighthood.
45. Yale conferred _____ him the degree of D.D.
46. Speaker Longworth conferred _____ the Democratic leader.
47. _____ whom do you keep company?
48. The Coolidges were accompanied _____ Secret Service men.
49. They halted with the river _____ their backs.
50. You are within six miles _____ Stratford.
51. This is an interesting criticism _____ *Lorna Doone*.
52. His address dealt _____ the subject _____ taxation.

5. Supply the correct pronoun form:

1. They prepared a lunch for my cousin and [I, me] ___ to take with us.
2. No reference was made to [us, we] ___ fellows.
3. It is a dispute only between [he, him] ____ and [I, me] ___.
4. I can't tell [who, whom] ____ to depend on.
5. His name is as dear to you Frenchmen as it is to [we, us] ___ Americans.
6. The whole property was left to [she, her] ___ and her sister.
7. All the work fell on Jim and [I, me] ___.
8. [Who, whom] ____ are you waiting for?
9. You ought not to be burdened with [he, him] ____ and his family.
10. This makes no difference to you and [I, me] ____.

6. Supply the prepositions needed:

1. An accident prevented me attending the meeting.
2. I could not refrain laughing.
3. He fled the country, and went either to Germany or Italy.

4. Ignorance is the mother of admiration as well as fear.
5. Religion is a comfort in youth as well as old age.
6. Riches are more conducive to worldliness than piety.

7. Cross out the redundant prepositions:

1. He was very glad to drop the load off from his back.
2. No one can help from loving her.
3. The old man fell off of the roof.
4. We must examine into the situation.
5. The proposal to go onto the ice was approved of by all of the boys.
6. The horse followed on after his master.
7. He went on to the pier after lunch.
8. Look out of the window.
9. The essay treats on the subject of the European debts.

CONJUNCTIONS

A conjunction is a tying word used to join words, phrases, clauses; or even sentences and paragraphs. *Coördinate* conjunctions join expressions of equal rank (*and, but, or*); *subordinate* conjunctions join expressions of unequal rank (*though, if, because*); *correlative* conjunctions work in pairs (*either . . . or . . ., if . . . then . . .*).

Some conjunctions may also serve in other ways: *yet, still, then, as, while, since,* as adverbs; *for, notwithstanding, since,* as prepositions.

EXERCISES

1. List in the Notebook the coördinating conjunctions; and illustrate six of them in sentences.

2. List in the Notebook the subordinating conjunctions; and illustrate six of them in sentences.

3. List in the Notebook the correlative conjunctions; and illustrate six of the pairs in sentences.

4. Illustrate in sentences the adverbial use of the six conjunctions enumerated above.

5. Illustrate the prepositional use of the three conjunctions named above.

6. Supply *like* or *as:*

1. She fears a cow ___ you fear snakes.
2. I wish I could sing ___ she can.
3. I will be a lawyer ___ my father.
4. I will be a lawyer ___ my father was.
5. He treated me ___ a cat treats a mouse.
6. A dollar a day will not feed those men ___ they ought to be fed.

7. Supply the best conjunction or conjunctions:

1. There is no doubt _____ the earth is spherical.
2. Scarcely had I thrown in my line _____ I felt a nibble.
3. I cannot doubt _____ he will succeed.
4. He looked _____ he could play football.
5. _____ I saw her, she was beautiful _____ intelligent.
6. I could _____ buy _____ borrow it.
7. _____ you have come, I will go with you.
8. The King has no arbitrary power; your Lordships have none; _____ the Commons; _____ the whole Parliament.
9. She had no sooner arrived _____ she prepared to go motoring.
10. Scarcely had he left the house _____ he returned.
11. He was punished, _____ he was guilty.
12. He was punished, _____ he was innocent.
13. They shall not go _____ they finish.
14. He could _____ dance _____ sing, _____ he played the piano well.
15. I do not know _____ I shall walk _____ ride.
16. Hardly had he left the room _____ the old lady started out the other door.
17. The chances are overwhelming _____ he will not get back.

8. Correct the misuse of conjunctions:

1. John is as young or younger than Sara.
2. Oak is harder but not so durable as cedar.
3. No one could have spoken more skilfully or as effectively as he.
4. She is prettier but not so sensible as her sister.
5. They are wealthier but not so tactful as their neighbors.

9. Cross out the needless conjunctions:

1. Franklin had noticed the extreme dirtiness of the streets, and especially of his own street.
2. This plan was considered as perfect.
3. But how to get him there was a problem. But it was finally decided to take him in a truck.
4. Next came Louis, the first prince of the blood, and to whom the courtiers rendered homage as the future king.
5. Her expression led most people to show her more deference than she deserved, and which nevertheless she received with easy composure.
6. I should not term this as a good theme.
7. He spoke in a deep and low tone, but which nevertheless reached to every part of the hall.

10. Put these misplaced conjunctions where they belong:

1. All four-wheel brakes are not hydraulic, but these are.
2. Searchlights are not useful only on land, but on ships also.

3. Misfortune both teaches us to think and to be patient.
4. The prisoner was not only accused of treason, but of robbery.
5. The wise ruler does not aim at the punishment of offenders mainly, but at the prevention of offences.
6. The king was weak both in body and mind.
7. He either is stupid or insolent.
8. We are neither acquainted with the man nor with his family.
9. The wise teacher does not aim to repress, but to encourage his students.
10. Such rules are useless both for teachers and students.

11. Underscore the conjunctions on page 292 of the Models.

INTERJECTIONS

An interjection is, as its name suggests, something thrown in: a breath, or cry, or other sound to express strong or sudden feeling. It is structurally independent of its context; and is written usually with an exclamation point — except *O*, which in that form is unpunctuated and always written as a capital. Other parts of speech may serve as exclamatory expressions. In good prose — except in lively dialogue — exclamatory expressions and exclamation marks are very sparingly used.

SYNTAX

Syntax is that part of the science of grammar which has to do with words in group-combinations. These combinations, in ascending order of their importance and their ability to express thought, are (1) *phrases*, (2) *clauses*, (3) *sentences*.

1. PHRASES

A phrase is a group of words, two or more, which is without subject and predicate, and therefore does not make a statement. Phrases may be classified and named in divers ways; but chiefly (*a*) according to their *form*, and (*b*) according to their *use*.

a. The commonest phrase-form, thought of and treated as a phrase, is the group introduced by a preposition, and hence called the prepositional phrase. Examples:

The influence *of the wind* is universal.

We saw pines six feet *in diameter* bending *like grasses before a mountain gale* (three distinct prepositional phrases).

Delicious sunshine came pouring *over the hills*, lighting the tops *of the pines*, and setting free a steam *of summery fragrance* that contrasted strangely *with the wild tones of the storm* (five prepositional phrases).

b. Yet the more important aspect of the phrase is not its form, but its use. The prepositional form is used in many different ways, but especially as one of the parts of speech. A phrase used as a noun is called a *noun phrase* ("*The Father of his Country* was George Washington"); one used as an adjective, an *adjective phrase* ("He has a thumb *of gold*"); one used as a verb, a *verb phrase* ("I *have been working* since morning"); one used as an adverb, an *adverbial phrase* ("I will see you *in the morning*"). In fact, two others of the four remaining parts of speech may appear in phrase form, — prepositions and conjunctions: there are numerous prepositional phrases which are themselves used as prepositions, like *for the sake of, by means of, in addition to, in place of, on account of, in spite of;* and other phrases which are used as conjunctions, like *in order that, provided that, in case that, as if, even though.*

EXERCISES

1. On page 274 of the Models, underscore all the prepositional phrases.

2. On pages 275 f. of the Models, underscore all the noun phrases you find.

3. On page 291 of the Models, underscore all the verb phrases.

4. On pages 298 f. of the Models, underscore all the adjective phrases.

5. On pages 302 f. of the Models, underscore all the adverbial phrases.

2. CLAUSES

A clause is a *statement* that is at the same time only *part* of a sentence; in a very important way it is more than a phrase (which does not make a statement), since it has both subject and verb; but no matter how large or important, it is only a clause if it is part of a sentence.

In *form*, clauses are of two kinds: equal, independent, or *coördinate;* and unequal, dependent, or *subordinate. Independent* clauses are connected by a coördinating conjunction (*and, or, nor, but*) which is not part of either clause; and such clauses are capable of independent existence if the conjunction is removed and they are written as separate sentences:

A shot rang out, and the bandit fell.
The old lady waved frantically, but the postman trudged straight on.

Dependent clauses, inferior in rank to independent ones, are introduced by a subordinating conjunction (*though, if, that, unless*); and they cannot stand alone as intelligible, independent statements.

I saw *that the waters had risen.*
He said *he would do it at once.*

In *use*, dependent clauses serve, like phrases, as parts of speech: a dependent clause may do the work of a noun, as (*a*) a *noun clause;* or of an adjective, as (*b*) an *adjective clause;* or of an adverb, as (*c*) an *adverbial clause.*

a. A noun clause does the work of a noun by standing in the construction and having the meaning of a noun:

That he had done wrong was plain to all (*subject of a verb*).
You know *who I am* (*object of a verb*).[1]
The idea *that he could go* had never occurred to him (*appositive*).
The result was *that we won the victory* (*predicate nominative*).
They could see me from *where they stood* (*object of a preposition*).

b. An adjective clause does the work of an adjective by acting as the direct modifier of a noun or pronoun:

This is the house *where he lives.*
He *who is his own lawyer* has a fool for a client.
Let pride, *which she calls plainness,* marry her.

c. An adverbial clause does the work of an adverb by direct attachment to a verb, an adjective, or an adverb, to specify time, place, manner, reason, degree:

We left *while he was speaking* (*modifies the verb, and specifies the time*).
Where thou goest I will go (*modifies the verb, and specifies the place*).
She did *as she was told* (*modifies the verb, and specifies the manner*).
The battery surrendered, *because its guns were demolished* (*modifies the verb, and tells the reason*).
The concert was better *than I had expected* (*modifies the adjective, and specifies the degree*).
He works harder *than he did before* (*modifies the adverb, and specifies the degree*).
She is *so* good *that she ought to have more money* (*modifies the adjective, and specifies the degree*).

[1] An *infinitive clause* sometimes replaces the noun clause as object of a verb of believing, commanding, declaring, perceiving, wishing, and the like: "They believe *him to be a good mayor,*" "I wished *them not to know what I was about.*" Such expressions, though really infinitive *phrases*, are called clauses because they are equivalent to clauses: "They believe *him to be a good mayor*" means "They believe *that he is a good mayor.*"

In *meaning*, dependent clauses may express many varieties of ideas — naturally, since in the clause we have almost as rich and varied possibilities as in the full-grown sentence itself. At least eleven major varieties of meaning may be enumerated: place, time, cause, concession, purpose, result, condition, manner, degree, indirect discourse, indirect question:

Yonder is the house *where we lived* (*place*).
I must go *before it rains* (*time*).
Since you are determined, I won't urge you (*cause*).
Though I dislike him, I like his business methods (*concession*).
I intend *that you shall be rewarded* (*purpose*).
He was *so* big *that I could n't see the parade* (*result*).
I shall go *if dad lets me* (*condition*).
You speak *as if you knew something about it* (*manner*).
You will miss the car more *than I shall* (*degree*).
She told me *that I ought to go out and lose myself* (*indirect discourse*).
The bootlegger wondered *who would collect his insurance* (*indirect question*).

All that has been said applies to single or simple clauses; but a clause may itself consist of two or more clauses: if the inner clause or clauses are of equal rank, the clause which they combine to form is a *compound clause:*

The bell rang and the whistle blew, but Jim made no move.

If one of these inner clauses be subordinate, the combined clause is *complex:*

When the bell rang the whistle blew, but Jim made no move.

EXERCISE

Find in the Models, and copy in your Notebook, at least one example of every kind of clause mentioned above. Be careful to copy the whole sentence; underline the clause being illustrated; specify the kind; and add the page reference.

3. SENTENCES

A sentence is a group of words which expresses, by means of subject and predicate, a complete thought. It may be one word; or it may contain as many words as its writer has the skill to organize into a clear and flowing thought. The spirit or genius of the English sentence, now that most of our inflectional endings have worn away, is always favorable to *simple structure:* the simple rhythm of *subject,*

predicate constantly reiterated, — even though each may accumulate a family of modifiers, and even though that rhythm may be constantly varied (as in all good prose it is varied) by the fluid shifting of the modifiers.

In *form*, sentences are (*a*) *simple*, (*b*) *compound*, or (*c*) *complex*.

a. The simplicity of the *simple* sentence lies in its having but *one subject* and *one predicate*. That subject or that predicate (or both) may be a group of subjects or a group of predicates, and each may have numbers of modifiers; but if the subject is a welded unit and the predicate is a welded unit, the sentence, — whatever its total length, — is simple in structure:

She moves.

The *house was built* of tapestry brick with limestone trimming and a gray slate roof.

He was little *disposed* to exchange his lordly repose for the insecure and agitated life of a conspirator, to be in the power of accomplices, to live in constant dread of warrants and king's messengers, nay, perhaps, to end his days on a scaffold, or to live on alms in some back street of The Hague.

b. The *compound* sentence is made up of two or more equal, independent clauses — none of which may, of course, be themselves complex (that is, contain unequal clauses):

The individual dies, but the race endures.

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed.

The clock has just struck two; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets his hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair.

c. The *complex* sentence allows for all the variety of structure that clearness will permit; since it is composed of unequal clauses — either one simple independent clause and one simple dependent clause, or almost any further expansion of this inequality of structure:

Though he is rich, he looks like a beggar.

They were so excited by the spread of the flames, that they ran hither and thither and accomplished nothing useful.

All London crowded to shout and laugh round the gibbet where hung the rotting remains of a prince who had made England the dread of the world, who had been the chief founder of her maritime greatness and of her colonial empire, who had conquered Scotland and Ireland, who had humbled Holland and Spain.

An interesting variety of the *compound* sentence is the *compound complex*, in which all the main members, themselves composed of

unequal clauses, are equal to each other and thus give the whole sentence the compound, balanced structure:

While things went on quietly, while there was no opposition, while everything was given by the favor of a small ruling junto, Fox had a decided advantage over Pitt; but when dangerous times came, when Europe was convulsed with war, when Parliament was broken up into factions, when the public mind was violently excited, the favorite of the people rose to supreme power.

In *use* and *meaning*, sentences are (*a*) *declarative*, (*b*) *interrogative*, (*c*) *imperative*, (*d*) *exclamatory*. The declarative sentence makes a statement ("He laid the book down with a sigh"); the interrogative sentence asks a question ("Where have you been?"); the imperative sentence commands or requests ("Shut the door," "Come when you can"); the exclamatory sentence articulates an emotional cry or ejaculation in a statement ("What a good time we had there!").

EXERCISES

1. Copy in your Notebook from the Models two declarative sentences, two interrogative, two imperative, and two exclamatory (with the page references).

2. Copy in your Notebook from the Models one good compound sentence with two clauses; and one with more than two (with the page references).

3. Copy in your Notebook from the Models one good example of the compound complex sentence (with page reference).

4. Copy in the Notebook from the Models two complex sentences of two clauses each; and two of more than two clauses each.

5. What is the proportion of declarative, interrogative, and imperative sentences in the first four paragraphs of "The Question of Style" (pp. 239 ff.)?

6. What is the proportion of these kinds of sentences in the first paragraph of "Learning to Write" (pp. 234 f.)?

7. Count the exclamatory sentences in "Lord and Lady Bountiful!" (pp. 492 ff.).

8. What conclusions suggest themselves to you as to the varying uses and effects, in prose style, of these four varieties of the sentence?

9. In "The Beauty and Value of Dust" (pp. 277 ff.), what proportion of the sentences seem to be simple, what proportion compound, what proportion complex, and what proportion compound complex? Analyze a fair number of typical paragraphs, until you feel you can safely generalize.

GRAMMATICAL DEFINITIONS

absolute construction: a phrase, often at the beginning of the sentence, consisting of a participle and a substantive; allowable but undesirable — because more Latin than English. Ex. "*The steamer sailing away*, Frank was left on the wharf."

abstract noun: a word used to name a non-physical substance: quality or idea. Ex. *affection, hope, evolution.* Abstract nouns are sometimes personified and regarded as proper nouns. Ex. "Come, divinest *Melancholy*."

active (voice): that form of statement and verb which makes the doer of the action the subject of the sentence. It is the normal order of English statement. Ex. "Hens eat worms."

adjective: the kind of word used to add meaning or specific quality to a substantive; changing its form to show comparative or superlative degree.

adjective clause: a clause used as though it were an adjective. Ex. "I know one student *who gets out his own French translation.*"

adjective phrase: a phrase, usually prepositional in form, used as though it were an adjective; named for its use. Ex. "a man *with a wooden leg.*"

adjective pronoun: a word which may serve as adjective or as pronoun; *this, that, each, some.* Such a pronoun may be "demonstrative" or "indefinite."

adverb: the part of speech used to define and specify the meaning of verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs; changing its form to show comparative or superlative degree; and variously used to show manner ("how?"), time ("when?"), place ("where?"), and degree ("how much?").

adverbial clause: a clause used as though it were an adverb. Ex. "Feather your oar *after you take it out of the water.*"

adverbial objective: a noun, with or without modifiers, used like an adverb. Ex. "She will be *twelve years* old tomorrow."

adverbial phrase: a phrase, usually prepositional in form, used as though it were an adverb; named for its use. Ex. "He stepped *into the room.*"

agreement: close relation in grammar and meaning, — often shown by change of grammatical form: as between substantive and verb, substantive and appositive, substantive and preposition, pronoun and antecedent, and so on; shown in case, gender, number, person.

antecedent: a substantive to which some later substantive in the sentence directly refers. Ex. "Let *everyone* help himself."

apodosis: the main clause or conclusion which in a conditional sentence follows the thought of the conditional clause or protasis. Ex. "If you can come at four, *I will see you.*"

appositive: a word or phrase dropped in to parallel and explain a substantive; in the same case, loosely attached, and serving as an adjective modifier. Ex. "Lodge, *the senator*, died recently."

appositive adjective: a modifier of a noun or pronoun, usually following the substantive, adding explanation or description. Ex. "He was an old man, *bent* and *feeble.*"

article: one of two common adjectives used either to enumerate an object loosely (indefinite article *a* or *an* — in its origin a numeral adjective), or to specify an object exactly (definite article *the* — in its origin a demonstrative adjective or pronoun).

attributive adjective: a substantive modifier which commonly precedes the word it modifies and which bears closely upon it. Ex. "a *shallow* nature."

auxiliary verbs: subordinate verbs used to help the major verb in its statement; *be* (and its forms), *can, do, have, shall, will.*

cardinal numeral adjective: a modifier which specifies the number of persons or objects; the form used in counting. Ex. "She admitted *thirty* summers."

case: the form substantives take to show their relation to verbs, prepositions, and other substantives.

causal clause: a subordinate, adverbial clause, introduced by *because, since, as, inasmuch as,* or *that,* to give the cause of the action or result expressed in the main clause. Ex. "*Since they were not ready,* we did not wait."

clause: a group of words, forming part of a sentence, and having a subject and predicate. Ex. "*A clause always makes a statement,* but *a phrase never does.*"

cognate object: a noun used as a somewhat repetitious "object" of an intransitive verb. Ex. "They ran a good *race.*"

collective noun: a word used to name a group or class; therefore singular in form but plural in meaning. Ex. *group, class, herd, fleet, army.*

common gender: either masculine or feminine, but with the sex not specified; used of nouns or pronouns which name people or animals without indicating sex. Ex. *salesperson, artist, dog.*

common noun: a word which names any member of a group or class of persons, places, or things. Ex. *clerk, avenue, hammer.*

comparative (degree): in the comparison of an adjective or an adverb, the second degree of strength or intensity — more than in the positive degree, but less than in the superlative; regularly shown by a preceding *more* or by the suffix *-er.* Ex. soft, *softer,* softest; smoothly, *more smoothly,* most smoothly.

comparison: inflection of adjectives and adverbs, in three degrees: positive, comparative, superlative. *Regular* comparison of adjectives adds *-er* or *-est,* or precedes the adjective with *more* or *most,* to show the increased intensity of degree; *irregular* comparison uses different words. Ex. *dull, duller, dullest; hopeful, more hopeful, most hopeful; good, better, best.* Regular comparison of adverbs usually is made by means of *more* or *most* preceding the adverb, sometimes by the addition of *-er* or *-est;* irregular comparison by the use of different words. Ex. *gladly, more gladly, most gladly; early, earlier, earliest; little, less, least.*

complementary infinitive: used to complete the meaning of the verb. Ex. "Rain began *to fall.*"

complements: substantives or adjectives added to incomplete verbs — transitive verbs and copulative verbs of being, calling, choosing, making, naming, and thinking — to complete their meaning; as direct object, predicate objective, predicate nominative, predicate adjective. Ex. "Mr. Coolidge has been elected *president,* and I believe him *competent.*"

complex sentence: a sentence made up of grammatically unequal clauses, one of which is independent, and the others dependent. Ex. "*Although we loved her, we could never quite like her.*"

compound complex sentence: a sentence containing two or more coördinate clauses of which at least one is complex. Ex. "*Though you promised to write, you did n't; and we have been greatly disappointed in you.*"

compound personal pronoun: a personal pronoun to which is added *-self;* sometimes reflexive. Ex. *myself, himself.*

compound predicate: two or more verbs or verb phrases acting as parallel predicates of a subject (simple or compound). Ex. "Soap and water *are* good for the body and *do* not *hurt* the soul."

compound pronoun: a singular phrase used to refer to each member of a reciprocally related group; belongs among the indefinite pronouns. Ex. *each other, one another.*

compound sentence: a sentence made up of two or more clauses which are grammatically independent and equal. Ex. "*Some people read books, some read only magazines and newspapers, and some read nothing.*" But these clauses may themselves be complex in structure. Ex. "*I shall go when I please, and I shall return when I please.*"

compound subject: two or more substantives acting as parallel subjects of one or more predicates. Ex. "*Bobbed hair and short skirts* are symbols of intellectual emancipation."

compound tenses: those tenses of the verb which show "perfect" or completed action in time entirely gone by; the perfect (or present perfect), pluperfect (or past perfect), and future perfect. They consist of a verb phrase made up of the past participle of the verb preceded by some form of the auxiliary verb *have.* Ex. I *have hoped,* I *had hoped,* I *shall have hoped.*

concessive clause: a subordinate, adverbial clause, introduced by *though, even if,* to concede a possibility or a fact opposed to the main statement. Ex. "*Though he works hard,* he knows how to play."

conditional clause: in a conditional sentence, the subordinate "if" clause which expresses the condition of possibility; the protasis. Ex. "*If you want anything,* ask for it."

conditional sentence: one containing a subordinate, adverbial "if" clause expressing condition (protasis), and a main clause expressing the conclusion (apodosis). Either may precede. Ex. "*If you want anything, ask for it.*"

conjugation: the inflection or form-changes of verbs, — as declension is the inflection of substantives.

conjunction: connecting device to tie words or word-groups: coördinate or subordinate, as it binds expressions that are equal or unequal; correlative if used in pairs.

conjunctive adverb: the same as a relative adverb; used to connect clauses.

conjunctive pronoun: the same as a relative pronoun; used to connect clauses.

construction: the literal "putting together" of word-combinations: hence, the grammatical explanation of the use or business of any word in the combination.

coördinate clause: one of two or more clauses grammatically equal in rank and structure. Ex. "*Many are called,* but *few are chosen.*"

coördinate conjunction: a word used to connect paragraphs, sentences, clauses, phrases, or words of equal rank; *and, or, but, for, then, yet, still.*

copula: the verb *to be,* used in its various forms to "connect" subjects with what is said about them.

copulative: joining; applied to verbs like *be* and *seem* and *become* when they are used to connect a subject and what is said about it. (*Be* is commonly called "the copulative verb.") Ex. "Life *is* real"; "The night *seems* dark."

correlative conjunctions: connecting words used in pairs to join parallel words, phrases, or clauses; *either . . . or, neither . . . nor, since . . . therefore, both . . . and.* Ex. "*Both* Conrad *and* Stevenson did much rewriting"; "*Though* He slay me, *yet* will I trust in Him."

declarative sentence: a declaration or assertion. Ex. "*Rain falls.*"

declension: the inflection or changes of form by which a noun or pronoun shows number, person, gender, or case.

definite adjective: a describing word which singles out and rather sharply specifies a substantive; such as articles, adjective pronouns, numeral adjectives. Ex. "*the* old reprobate"; "*either* horn of the dilemma"; "*six* noisy flappers."

demonstrative: a word used to point toward another. If the other word is present, the demonstrative is an adjective; if the other word is not present, the demonstrative is a pronoun. Ex. "*This* woman is my stepmother"; "*This* is the woman thou gavest me."

dependent: hanging from or leaning on: especially of clauses which cannot intelligibly stand alone. Ex. "I will come *when I can.*"

descriptive adjective: the usual type of word used to modify a substantive; a describing word. Ex. *plastic, ever-burning.*

direct object: a substantive which names the result or the receiver of the action described by the verb. Ex. "Clouds bring *rain*"; "The car struck *him* on Center Street."

ellipsis: omission of a word or phrase that is necessary for grammatical understanding though not for ordinary expression. Ex. "Why (are you) so downhearted?" "Is he the man (whom) you met yesterday?"

emphatic verb phrases: *do* or *did* used with the infinitive without *to* to show emphatic assertion; the emphatic form of the present or past of the active voice. (Not emphatic in questions or (always) in negative statements.) Ex. "I *do believe* you." (But compare "Did you call?" and "I did not hear you.")

exclamatory sentence: a completely phrased exclamation; which may in form be also declarative, or interrogative, or imperative. Ex. "*What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?*"

expletive: a "filling" word; chiefly the devitalized adverb of place, *there.* Ex. "*There* once stood a house on this spot."

finite verb: that verb-form which says or predicates — as the infinitive, gerund or verbal noun, and participle cannot.

future (tense): the verb phrase used to indicate time to come: the infinitive (without its preposition) preceded by *shall* or *will*. Ex. "We *shall come*"; "It *will* not *happen*."

future perfect (tense): the third of the compound tenses of the verb; formed of the future tense of *have* followed by the past participle of the verb in question. Its use is to point to a future time when the given action shall have been completed. Ex. "By that time I *shall have gone*."

gender: the form a substantive takes to show the sex of the creature named; masculine, feminine, neuter, common.

gerund: the "verbal noun," which see.

grammar: the science of word-forms and word-arrangements; of inflection and syntax.

imperative (mood): the group of verb-forms used to express request or command. It has but one tense, — the present; one person, — the second; and uses the same forms for singular and plural.

imperative sentence: a completely phrased request or command, in which the subject is usually implied. Ex. "*Go west and grow up with the country.*"

incomplete verb: a verb of incomplete predication, needing a complement, or noun or adjective, to complete its meaning: the copula *to be*, verbs of similar meaning (of becoming, calling, choosing, making, naming, thinking), and transitive verbs. Ex. "The room *grows* hot"; "We *made* him captain."

indefinite noun: a noun used to name a person or object only very generally; *everybody, anything, nothing.*

indefinite pronoun: one of a group of adjective pronouns which refer somewhat vaguely to persons or objects: adjectives if used immediately with a substantive, pronouns if without a substantive. Ex. *both, several, either, some, another;* "*Each* goes his own way"; "*Such* talk is nonsense."

independent: applied to such clauses (coördinate) as could structurally stand alone. Phrases are never independent. Ex. "*A woman is only a woman;* but *a good cigar is a smoke.*"

indicative (mood): the group of verb-forms used to assert or to question. Its tenses are six: present, past, future, perfect, pluperfect or past perfect, future perfect.

indirect discourse: a subordinate clause or clauses often introduced by "that," quoting in the third person something that was originally said or thought in the first person; commonly the object of verbs of feeling, thinking, knowing, perceiving, saying. Ex. "He declared *that he should never come again.*"

indirect object: pronoun or noun which names the person or thing toward which the predicate-action is directed; usually a prepositional phrase with the preposition implied. An adverbial modifier. Ex. "I gave *him* a lemon."

indirect question: the substance of a direct question put into a subordinate noun clause following a verb of asking, doubting, thinking, or perceiving; and this clause introduced by one of the interrogative pronouns or adverbs *who, which, what, when, where, how, why,* or the conjunctions *whether, of.* Ex. "Father sends me to ask *when you can come.*"

infinitive: a verb-form having two tenses, present and perfect, yet some characteristics of a noun; usually preceded by the preposition *to*, called the sign of the infinitive. Ex. "*To be*, or not *to be*, — that is the question."

infinitive clause: a substantive in the objective case, followed by the infinitive, used as the object of verbs of believing, commanding, declaring, perceiving, wishing, and the like. Ex. "I ordered *them to stop*."

infinitive of purpose: used to express the purpose of the action named by the verb. Ex. "He stepped aside *to let* her pass."

inflection: change in form to show change in meaning. The inflection of a substantive is declension; of a verb, conjugation; of adjectives and adverbs, comparison.

interjection: a word "thrown in" the sentence to ejaculate emotion; essentially an emphatic breath.

interrogative adjective: an interrogative or relative pronoun used with a noun. Ex. "Under *which* king, Bezonian?" "*What* flavor do you wish?"

interrogative adverb: one of the relative adverbs used in a question; *how, why, where, whither, when, whence*. Ex. "*Where* are you going, my pretty maid?"

interrogative pronoun: a pronoun (*who, which*, or *what*) used to ask a question. Ex. "*Who* goes there?"

interrogative sentence: a completely phrased question. Ex. "*What do you know?*"

intransitive: descriptive of verbs which are complete in their meaning so as not to need an object. Ex. "Some students *lie*."

irregular: with considerable change of form: especially of strong verbs, which make their past tense by changing the vowel or vowel sound of the present; and of adjectives and adverbs, which show degree by means of a different form or word.

modal auxiliaries: *may, can, might, could, would*, and *should*: used with the infinitive of any verb (without *to*) to form a potential verb phrase expressing possibility.

modifier: any word or group of words used to change in any way the meaning of any other word or group of words; as to weaken, strengthen, specify, locate. Ex. "Language is used by *all* peoples"; "Go *quickly*."

mood: change in verb-forms to distinguish the manner of the action or situation specified. The "indicative" expresses direct statement or question; the "subjunctive," condition, concession, or wish; the "imperative," request or command; the "potential," possibility, necessity, obligation. See "Mood" under "Verbs" (pp. 189 ff.).

neuter gender: without sex; used of nouns or pronouns which name inanimate objects. Ex. *bush, radiator, it*.

nominative: the case or relation of a substantive which is the subject of a verb, or describes the subject (predicate nominative), or is in apposition with the subject.

nominative absolute: the substantive in an absolute construction. Ex. "*Years* having passed, he gave up hope."

noun: a word used to name a person, place, or object: common or proper, concrete, abstract, or collective; changed in form to show number, gender, case.

noun clause: a clause used as though it were a substantive. Ex. "*That college students do not know grammar* is disgraceful."

noun phrase: a phrase used as though it were a noun; named for its use. Ex. "*A maker of saddles* became president."

number: change in the form of noun, pronoun, or verb to distinguish between oneness and plurality.

numeral: a word expressing number; it may be, in its use, a noun, or an adjective, or an adverb. Ex. "*Three* and *six* are *nine*"; "He stayed *three* weeks"; "I wrote *twice*." The adjectives appear in two classes, *cardinal* and *ordinal* (*q.v.*).

object: a substantive which describes and completes the action named by a transitive verb; or one which is introduced by a preposition. Ex. "Conscience makes *cowards*"; "in the *road*."

object complement: the same as a direct object.

objective: the case or relation of a substantive which is the object of a verb or of a preposition.

ordinal numeral adjective: a modifying number-word, derived from the commoner cardinal numeral, used to specify the place of a person or object in a numbered series. Ex. "He sat in the *thirteenth* chair."

parse: to give all the grammatical circumstances of a word: that is, to describe its inflectional form, and its structural position. Such describing scientifically and definitively locates and specifies the individual word as the specifications of a house plan locate and particularize each piece of equipment in the house.

participial noun: a "verbal noun" (*q.v.*).

participle: a verb-form having three tenses — present, past, and perfect, yet with adjective characteristics. It expresses action; has no subject but may have an object; is so called because it shares or participates in the nature of an adjective. Ex. "Liberty *enlightening* the world"; "I *have* told you already"; "*Having seen* it, I cannot forget it."

passive (voice): that form of statement and verb which makes the receiver of the action the subject of the sentence; with the doer of the action subordinated in a prepositional phrase. Only transitive verbs can appear in the passive voice. The passive order of statement is formal, and not the most natural form of English expression. Ex. "Worms *are eaten* by hens."

past (tense): the form a verb takes to indicate time that is past. Weak or regular verbs add to the present-tense form *-ed*, or *-d*, or *-t;* strong or irregular verbs change the vowel of the present-tense form without adding inflection. Ex. dress, *dressed;* stripe, *striped;* spill, *spilt;* write, *wrote.*

past participle: that form of the verb which is used after *I have;* the third of the three "principal parts" of every verb. In weak verbs its form is the same as that of the past tense; in strong verbs the vowel is different from the vowel of the present tense, or from that of the past, or from both. Ex. "I have *looked*"; "they have *fought*"; "he has *begun*."

past perfect (tense): the same as the pluperfect tense.

perfect (tense): the first of the compound tenses of the verb; formed from the present indicative tense of *have* plus the past participle, to specify action now spoken of as completed — hence also called *present perfect.* Ex. "We *have done* as you asked."

perfect infinitive: the verb phrase formed of the infinitive *to have* plus the past participle. Ex. "He is said *to have lived* much alone."

perfect participle: the verb phrase which consists of the auxiliary *having* followed by the past participle. Ex. "*Having darned* the stockings, she felt better."

person: change in the form of verb or pronoun to distinguish the person as speaking ("first"), or spoken to ("second"), or spoken of ("third").

personal endings: the inflectional additions to the simplest form of the verb, put on to distinguish the first, second, and third persons and the singular and plural number of those persons. Most verbs show only two forms: *-est* or *-st* in the second person singular, present and past, and *-s* in the third person singular, present.

personal pronoun: a pronoun used to refer to a person; inflected to show the person speaking, spoken to, or spoken of; *I, you, he.*

phrase: any group of words, a part of a sentence or a clause, without a predicate. Ex. "Language is the incarnation *of thought.*"

pluperfect (tense): the second of the compound tenses of the verb: expressed by *had* (*hadst*) plus the past participle; describes action completed at a time itself in the past. Often called "past perfect." Ex. "I *had gone* before he arrived."

predicate: the verb or verb phrase in a sentence or a clause. The "complete predicate" is the verb or verb phrase plus its modifiers and the object, or whatever else is used to complete the statement about the subject. Ex. "Language *is* the incarnation of thought"; "Language *is the incarnation of thought.*"

predicate adjective: an adjective standing apart from the substantive it modifies, in the predicate,—that is, after the verb (which is commonly copulative). Ex. "Fat persons are often *cheerful*"; "Her face turned *pale.*"

predicate nominative: noun or pronoun, or group of words so used, in the predicate, re-naming the subject, and hence in the nominative case. Ex. "He is an old *man.*"

predicate objective: a substantive following the direct object, to parallel and complete its meaning; after *make, choose, call, name, think.* (Often implies the infinitive *to be.*) Ex. "I think the fellow a *boor.*"

preposition: a word "standing before" a substantive to show its relation to some particular part of the sentence; it "governs" its substantive by putting it into the objective case.

prepositional phrase: a phrase introduced by a preposition; named for its form. Ex. "*through the air.*"

present (tense): the form a verb takes to indicate the immediate present; the simplest form of the verb. Ex. "I *bring* the showers."

present participle: the present-tense form of the verb with the inflectional ending *-ing;* commonly used with another verb to suggest a continuing action, yet with a descriptive, adjectival effect on the substantives involved. Ex. "She sat *biting* her nails."

present perfect (tense): the same as the perfect tense.

preterite (tense): the same as the past tense.

principal parts: those three characteristic forms selected from among the inflectional forms of any verb which most surely show the general and particular nature of its inflectional changes; namely, the present indicative (first singular), the past indicative (first singular), and the past participle. Ex. *stop, stopped, stopped; go, went, gone.*

progressive verb phrases: verb phrases made of the present participle preceded by a form of the verb *to be,* used to show action or condition *continuing.* Ex. "While I *was waiting* inside, he *was walking* up and down the street."

pronominal adjective: the same as an adjective pronoun.

pronoun: a word standing in the place of a noun, and referring to it; changing its form to show person, gender, and number; doing different work as a personal, adjective, relative, or interrogative pronoun.

proper adjective: a describing word which is commonly or was originally a proper noun. Ex. *Boston* bag, *Chestertonian* paradox.

proper noun: the name of an individual person, family, place, creature, or object. Ex. *Naaman, Smith, Southampton, Jumbo,* the *Leviathan.*

protasis: the subordinate "If" clause which in a conditional sentence expresses the condition or possibility. Ex. "*If you can get here by three,* I'll wait."

purpose clause: a subordinate clause, used either as a noun or as an adverb, usually introduced by *that,* to express the purpose of the action in the main clause. Ex. "He came *that we might have life.*"

reflexive pronoun: a compound personal pronoun, object of verb or preposition, used to refer to an earlier substantive. Ex. "They deceive *themselves.*"

regular: with little or no change: especially of weak verbs, which make their past tense only by adding a dental ending (*-ed, -d, -t*), without changing the vowel; or of adjectives and adverbs, which show degree by merely adding the regular suffix.

relative adverb: an adverb used, like a relative pronoun, to introduce a subordinate clause, and sometimes to refer to an antecedent; *where, when, whence, while, before, why, how,* etc. Ex. "I know a bank *where* the wild thyme grows."

relative pronoun: a word used in place of a noun and also to refer to it; or as a link that attaches a subordinate relative clause to its main clause. Ex. *who, which, that, as, what;* "That is the brute *who* struck me"; "Get such wisdom *as* you can."

result clause: a subordinate clause, used either as a noun or as an adverb, usually introduced by the conjunctive phrase *so that,* to express the result of the action in the main clause. Ex. "He is better, *so that he can sit up.*"

sentence: a group of words making a complete statement. Ex. "*Language is the incarnation of thought.*"

simple sentence: a sentence with but one subject and one predicate. Ex. "*Men marry women.*"

simple tenses: those tenses of the verb, — present, past (or preterite), and future, — which are formed without the aid of any auxiliary except the future. Ex. I *feel*, I *felt*, I *shall feel.*

strong verbs: those which form the past tense "irregularly," by a change in the vowel of the present tense, and without the aid of an added inflection or ending. Ex. *think, thought, thought; swim, swam, swum.*

subject: a noun or pronoun of which something is declared or asked in a sentence or a clause. The "complete subject" is the subject with all its explanatory details and modifiers. Ex. "*Language* is the incarnation of thought"; "*Language, whether spoken or written,* is the incarnation of thought."

subject complement: the same as a predicate nominative.

subjunctive (mood): the group of verb-forms used to express condition, concession, wish. Its tenses are four: present, past, perfect, pluperfect (or past perfect).

subordinate clause: the less or dependent clause in any combination of unequal clauses; usually functioning like a part of speech — noun, adjective, or verb. Ex. "*When the clock struck one,* the mouse ran down."

subordinate conjunction: a word used to connect a subordinate clause with the clause to which it is subordinate; *though, because, whereas, unless.*

substantive: a substance-word — noun or pronoun. Ex. "*He* is an old *man.*"

superlative (degree): in the comparison of an adjective or an adverb, the third and highest degree of force or intensity; regularly shown by *most* preceding or by the suffix *-est.* Ex. green, greener, *greenest;* cruelly, more cruelly, *most cruelly.*

syntax: that department of grammar which deals with the arrangement and construction of words within the sentence.

tense: time; the form a verb takes to indicate time. There are two kinds of tenses or tense-forms — simple and compound; and three tenses or tense-forms in each kind — simple: present, past (preterite), future; compound: perfect, pluperfect (past perfect), future perfect.

transitive: said of verbs which carry their meaning across into an object. Ex. "Many students *cheat* themselves."

verb: the "saying" word of every clause and sentence — "that without which no sentence can ever satisfy the fastidious"; the key word of every sentence, — the word by means of which it makes sense. A verb changes its form and takes assistants to show person, number, tense, mood, voice; it varies between transitive and intransitive use and meaning; it has varying forms and uses called finite, auxiliary, copulative, and so on.

verb phrase: a phrase used as a verb, and composed of verbs and verbal auxiliaries. Ex. "It *could* not *have happened.*"

verbal noun: a noun formed by adding *-ing* to a verb; hence with the form of a present participle, but the use, construction, and meaning of a noun. It may also take a direct or an indirect object, or an adverbial modifier. Called also "gerund," "participial noun." Ex. "*Walking, skating, fishing,* and *motoring* are my favorite pastimes."

vocative: a word or phrase of "calling," of direct address. Not a structural part of the sentence. Ex. "I tell you, *Mary,* I mean it."

voice: that form of the verb and arrangement of the sentence which distinguishes between the active subject and the passive subject.

weak verbs: those which form the past tense "regularly" by adding *-ed, -d,* or *-t* to the present tense. Ex. *stay, stayed, stayed; curse, cursed, cursed; feel, felt, felt.*

CAPITALS

The capital letter beginning a word is a mark of emphasis and importance; to attract attention and to give dignity to the word or passage so distinguished. The accepted conventions of the use of capitals fall into two groups: (1) those for groups of words, and (2) those for single words.

GROUPS OF WORDS

1. The first word of every sentence.
2. The first word of every direct quotation that begins a sentence.
3. Every line of poetry.
4. The first sentence of a formal resolution, following *Whereas, Resolved.*

SINGLE WORDS

1. Every noun and pronoun referring to God, and the word *Bible.*
2. Every proper name and proper adjective.
3. The principal words in every title of a book, article, poem, picture, or other work of art; and of a particular society, group, or institution.
4. Titles of rank and position when followed by the name.
5. The abbreviations of titles and degrees.
6. The abbreviations of eras, *B. C.*, *A. D.*, and of time, *A. M.*, *P. M.*;[1] the personal titles *Mr.*, *Mrs.*, *Miss*, *Esq.*, *I*; *O* (but not *oh*); the noun in the salutation of a letter.
7. Specific place names.
8. Occasional words in a modern fable, especially for humorous emphasis.

[1] These four abbreviations just mentioned are often *printed* in small capitals.

NOTE. Here, as everywhere in language, the tendency is to save trouble and time. Newspaper practice, for example, prints *street, avenue, river,* in the phrases "Garden street," "Grand avenue," "Hudson river," and as many other varieties of nouns as possible, with small letters, where the best book practice would use capitals. And usage generally is gradually reducing the number of capitals.

UNNECESSARY CAPITALS

Use small letters:

1. For *high* and *school,* except when those words are part of the name of a specific school.
2. For all names of studies except languages (proper adjectives), unless part of the title of a specific course.
3. For the points of the compass.
4. For the names of the seasons (unless personified).
5. When an expression following a colon, question mark, or exclamation mark is virtually a clause rather than a new sentence. (See examples under each of those marks, in "Punctuation.")

EXERCISE

Compare the use of capitals in "Truth in Art" (pp. 273 ff.) and in "The Fable of the Bureau of Public Comfort" (pp. 558 f.). What differences do you see in purpose and in effect?

NUMBERS

Numbers and quantities are, as far as possible, written in literary prose as they are to be pronounced. This means that usually there are no figures used in such prose; since it will usually avoid statistical details. Small quantities can be taken in quickly by the eye, and are therefore spelled out; large quantities are best put in round numbers, approximately, and can in that form be quickly apprehended when spelled out. A sentence should never begin with a figure.

But these numbers are always *in figures* (except when they appear in the most formal notes): days of the month; the year; house numbers; room numbers; exact references to parts, sections, chapters, acts, scenes of a book or play.

Use figures also where exact quantities in large amounts, or a considerable series, need to be reported.

Compound numerals under a hundred are hyphenated.

Fractions and ordinal numerals generally are written out; and fractions are preferably hyphenated. But where only one of the fractional parts is taken, it is usually more comfortable so say *half* or *a third* or *a tenth.*

A written number is repeated in figures within parentheses only in very meticulous business statements.

Use the dollar mark only with amounts of a dollar or more.

ABBREVIATIONS

Abbreviations do not appear in good writing; they are short cuts allowed in business or other special activities, when much time or trouble can be saved by their use. But in no good literary forms are they acceptable — even in business letters or on business envelopes. Their use easily develops into a kind of private and unintelligible slang.

The only important exceptions to this usage are a few personal titles used with names. These are never spelled out: *Mr.*, *Mrs.*, and such abbreviations as *D. D.*, *S. J.*, *Ph. D.*, following the name of the owner. Other personal titles are commonly abbreviated, but may be written in full: *Rev.*, *Dr.*, *Messrs.*, *Esq.*, *Jr.*, *Sr.* Others may be abbreviated, but are better spelled out: *Captain*, *Colonel*, *General*, *Lieutenant*, *Major*, *President*, *Professor.* (Notice that all these titles except degrees are always *pronounced* in full.)

These abbreviations are permissible in literary prose — immediately after a number: *B. C.*, *A. D.*, *A. M.*, *P. M.* Yet even here *A. D.* is usually unnecessary, and *A. M.* and *P. M.* are better translated. *No.* is usually unnecessary. *P. S.* and *N. B.* are permissible as subheadings. *MS.* may be allowed in textbook diction.

The following abbreviations, mostly of Latin words or phrases, are never to be used except in tabulations or notes:

cf. (L. *confer*) = compare
ch., chap. = chapter
e. g. (L. *exempli gratia*) = for example
etc. (L. *et cetera*) = and so on
et seq. (L. *et sequentia*) = and the following
f. = and the following
ib., ibid. (L. *ibidem*) = in the same place
id. (L. *idem*) = the same
i. e. (L. *id est*) = that is
l. = line
p. = page

q.v. (L. *quod vide*) = which see
st. = stanza
v. = verse
viz. (L. *videlicet*) = namely
vol. = volume

NOTE. Observe that a number of abbreviations make their plurals by doubling a significant letter:

edd. = editors or editions
et seqq. = and those following
ff. = and those following
ll. = lines
LL.D. = Doctor of Laws
MSS. = manuscripts
pp. = pages
vv. = verses

EXERCISES

1. What abbreviations do you find in the *text* of the Models?

2. What abbreviations do you find in the footnotes among the Models?

3. Look in at least two well-made volumes of "pure literature" to see if your findings are similar.

4. What conclusions seem to be justified?

THE MODELS

FOR INSTRUCTORS

ANALYSIS OF MATERIALS

Anonymity. A special effort is made in the following group of selections to do what other collections do not attempt, — namely, to present the models to the student strictly on their own merits: without the incubus of a name or a tradition; without the prejudice of awe for a Stevenson essay or of indifference for a student theme. The student is challenged to discover for himself the intrinsic merit and skill and fitness of each selection — he is informed of no more than the purpose. Therefore the author's name is usually reserved for mention in the index.

Novelty. Furthermore, to the same end of presenting "good wine" as needing "no bush," such extracts as may have appeared aforetime in prose collections have here new titles — for the purpose only, as I have said, of freeing them a little from a burdensome and possibly unjust tradition. Let me remind any teacher who thinks a first-rate compilation of this sort should use only strictly fresh material, that novelty is a virtue always temporary and accidental. Therefore newness is always secondary to the permanent virtues involved in a "classic"; and certain "classic" masterpieces of modern prose have demonstrated throughout the American college world their perfection, still unmatched, of living truth in noble form. The fact that they are everywhere known and loved, and have proved pedagogical as well as broad human worth, should surely not be made a cause for punishment for their intrinsic virtues, and for banishment from the coming generations of students — to whom, of course, they are not familiar. Therefore a very few of these unforgettable great pieces are the centers of the groups that follow, around which the newer claimants are gathered.

Breadth. The collection is made as generous as possible: that all types and sorts of teachers and students may be served; that intensive work in any one of the types of prose may be carried through without recourse to a special text; and that any teacher who seeks variety may in ordinary use vary his material for several successive years with little or no repetition.

Terminology. The older terms for the four kinds of prose writing are here modified and amplified; in the belief that they are hardly adequate to name the purposes and effects of the diverse types of prose in which college people of our day are properly interested and which they may properly be helped to write. "Exposition," for example, may too vaguely include critical and biographical writing, which surely begin to have individual rights and importance. "Essays," of course, is a term so vague as often to conceal content instead of revealing it, and usually it needs a limiting adjective: an essay is really any piece of prose not a narrative. My use of terms, then, is intended to suggest,

in what I hope may be a wholesome way, that all these terms of ours are at best merely relative and suggestive — not essential: instruments, not ends.

Groupings. The arrangement, therefore, is intended to be no more than approximate; but the grouping is intended to distinguish chiefly the writer's *purpose.*

In the group called "Explanatory," the six passages put first are not only models of clear explanation in their form, but in matter are particularly useful to students of language, — speakers, writers, readers. (With these, of course, belong 13, and all the eleven specimens under "Critical," 6 under "Personal," and 9 and 10 under "Familiar.") Numbers 7 and 8 deal rather directly with the college student's main job of being a college student — as does 14, and 14 under "Personal." Numbers 9, 10, 11, and 12 are attempts to clarify divers special subjects, general and technical, of some breadth and complexity; 13 and 14 deal with two sorts of professional persons; and 15, 16, 17, and 18 with the broadest and most abstract ideas with which we can be concerned.

The "Critical" group includes, first, six specimens of the more usual sort of book "review"; 7 is a sheaf of briefer comments, sharply focussed; 8 is a famous pronouncement on truth in descriptive writing; 9 is a longer, more detailed literary "essay"; 10 considers poetic technique and values, an extract from a large-scale treatment; and 11 is an essay on romantic prose fiction. Allied with this group, of course, are 1 to 6 and 13 of "Explanatory," 18 of "Narrative," 6 and 11 of "Personal," and 9 and 10 of "Familiar."

The "Biographical" group has two specimens of the narrative type and nine of the analytical or interpretative type, — not that the narrative is less interesting, but that the analytical is more direct, more tangible, more thorough, more expeditious, and therefore more feasible as a method for the scale to which college students must usually confine themselves. These nine interpretative examples range from the brief composite sketch in 8 to the full-length portrait-analysis of 11. With this group may be allied 13 and 14 of "Explanatory"; 3 and 5 of "Critical"; 24 to 35 of "Pictorial"; such character-narratives in the "Narration" group as 6, 7, 11, and 16 to 18; 6 to 15 of "Personal"; 5 and 11 of "Familiar"; and 5 of "Vernacular."

The "Persuasive" group has a formal brief, three prose arguments, and a letter that uses both modes. Subtler examples of persuasion, not quite argumentative yet implying a possible challenge, are 2, 4, 5, 7 to 9, 17, and 18 of "Explanatory"; 8 to 11 of "Critical"; 6, 11 (which ought to precede any study of logic), 12, 17, and 21 of "Narrative"; 7, 13, and 14 of "Personal"; and all but Number 12 (probably) of "Familiar."

The "Pictorial" group is subdivided to illustrate special effects and materials. Numbers 1 and 2 illustrate the contrast between the explanatory and the pictorial in purpose and method; 3 to 6 illustrate physical point of view — stationary and moving; 7 to 9 illustrate emphasis on light or color; 10 to 13 illustrate sound; 14 and 15, odor; 16 to 19, movement; 20 to 23, buildings; 24 to 35, people; 36 to 40, emotional point of view or mood; 41 and 42, the open air; 43 and 44, temperature — high or low; and 45 to 52 illustrate various materials more richly combined.

Here, of course, these dividing barriers are so low that members of each group may be freely moved about into other groups: all fifty-two illustrate physical and emotional point of view — physical, particularly 12, 17 to 19, 20 to 23, 36, 39 to 42, 49, and 52; and emotional, particularly 6 to 9, 13, 17, 21, 30, 34 to 42, 44, 46, and 49 to 52. Light and color (conspicuously present or absent) are of course everywhere; outside the group so named, especially in 3, 22, 27, 36, 39, 41 to 45, 47 to 49, and 52. Sound is conspicuous, outside its group, in 1, 17, 35, 37, 41, 42, 51, and 52. Odor is not only in 14 and 15, but in 6, 17, 36, 37, and 49. Movement appears elsewhere in 1, 2, 10 to 13, 35, 37, 42, 45, and 52. Most of these descriptive pieces are open-air pictures, and many more than those so listed are as good examples — notably 5, 7 to 9, 13, 14, 17 to 19, 35, 39, 40, 43 to 45, 48, 49, and 52. The best interior effects are 6, 10 to 12, 15, 16, 20 to 23, 36, 37, and 51. A few, like 15, 23, 36, and 38, interestingly combine both effects. People appear outside that group, of course; especially in 2, 4, 11, 15, 37, 42, 44, 50, and 51 (and don't miss the cat in 16 or the elephant in 18). Temperature is notable in 11 (indirectly), 19, 39, and 42. And many more than the last eight show combination of diverse materials: 1, 2, 3, 6 to 8, 12, 13, 17 to 19, 36, 37, 39, and 42.

Naturally, also, pictorial effects lie outside the pictorial group. Examples are 10 under "Explanatory"; 8 and 11 under "Critical"; 4, 7, and 11 under "Biographical"; everywhere in the "Narrative" group, but most conspicuously in 1 to 4, 7 to 9, 12, 13, 15, 16, and 21; 10 under "Personal"; 2, 8, 10, and 12 under "Familiar"; and 3 under "Vernacular."

The "Narrative" group is loosely subdivided into "fact" (five examples) and "fiction" (sixteen). The small group ranges in material from a cat hunting a robin (1) to a ghoul hunting loot on the field of Waterloo (9). Climax and "balance of forces" are specially illustrated in 6; various possibilities in skilful dénouement are illustrated in 5, 7, 12, 13, 16; incident, 1, 2, 7, 9, 15, 17, 18 to 21; monologue, 8; dialogue, 5, 10 to 12, 16 to 18; dialect, 10, 12, 16; those of cheerful mood are 6, 10 to 12, 14, 15, 17 to 20; of sober mood, 2, 3 to 5, 7 to 9, 13; Biblical, 5; dream or vision, 8; fables, 19 to 21; the first person is used in 2 to 4, 8, 10, 13, 15, 18; point of view is specially illustrated in 3, 4, 8, 12, 13, 15, 16; the child's point of view is used in 4 and 15; the management of sympathy is illustrated in 4 to 6, 9, 10, 12 to 16, 20; plot is important in 1 to 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 21; character in 6 to 14, 16, 18, 19; setting in 3 to 6, 9, 10, 12 to 16; and the elements are fairly well balanced in 4, 5, 10, 12 to 14, 16.

Narrative elements are notable also, of course, outside this group as follows: under "Biographical," in 1, 2; under "Persuasive," in 5; under "Pictorial," in 1, 2, 6, 12, 13, 15 to 19, 21, 25, 27, 31, 35 to 37, 39 to 42, 44, 45, 49, 50, and 52; under "Personal," in 10, 12, 15; under "Familiar," in 5, 8, 10, 12; and under "Vernacular," in 1 to 3 and 5.

"Personal" or epistolary specimens are commercial (two) and social (thirteen); the social are formal (seven) and informal (six). Other "Personal" specimens appear in 2 under "Persuasive"; 14 under "Narrative"; and 9 and 10 under "Familiar."

The "Familiar" group of "conversational" essays might easily include, of course, 12 under "Explanatory"; 1 to 6, 9, and 11 under "Critical"; 4 to 7 under "Biographical"; 10 to 12, 15 to 17, 21, 36, and 52 under "Pictorial"; 1, 11, 15, 17, and 18 under "Narrative"; and the "informal" letters 10 to 15 under "Personal."

The "Vernacular" group has two "literal" specimens of "translation English," to illustrate the first half of the translating process, — the second of these finished in idiomatic English; and three other finished translations, — one short, from Latin poetry, the others longer, from Italian prose. Six other models of translation, from French prose, are scattered elsewhere among the Models: 20, 23, 40, and 42 under "Pictorial," and 4 and 9 under "Narrative."

A tabular view of these suggestive affinities and relationships, for quick reference, follows on the next four pages. (Each model is numbered, serially in its group; and the figures refer to these numbers.)

	EXPLANATORY	CRITICAL	BIOGRAPHICAL	PERSUASIVE	PICTORIAL	NARRATIVE	PERSONAL	FAMILIAR	VERNACULAR
EXPLANATORY	1–18	1–11	3–11	1–5	1, 2, 21, 22		7, 10–15	1–13	4, 5
language and literature	1–6, 13	1–11	2, 9		32, 33		6, 10–13	9, 10	
education	7, 8, 14		2, 10	3, 4			14		
CRITICAL	1–6, 13	1–11				18	6, 11	9, 10	
short reviews		1–6							
literary essays		8, 9							
on fiction		1,6,7,13							
on verse		8, 10							
on biography		5							
BIOGRAPHICAL		1, 2, 4, 5	1–11		24–34		6–15	5, 9–12	1, 5
narrative			1–2		25, 27, 31, 35, 52	6, 7, 11, 16–18	10–13,15		1, 5
interpretative		3, 5	3–11				11–15	5, 8, 11, 13	
mere persons		3	1, 5–7		24–28, 35				
"personages"		3, 5	2, 3, 9–11		32–34		6–13, 15		1, 5
personifications			4						
generalizations	13, 14		8		29–31		14	6, 11, 13	
autobiographical		1, 2	2		52	10, 13, 17, 18	6–15	1–13	5
PERSUASIVE	2, 4, 5, 7–9, 17, 18	8–11		1–5		6, 11, 12, 17, 21	7, 13, 14	1–10, 13	
formal				1					
informal				3–5					

ANALYSIS OF MATERIALS (CONTINUED)

	EXPLANATORY	CRITICAL	BIOGRAPHICAL	PERSUASIVE	PICTORIAL	NARRATIVE	PERSONAL	FAMILIAR	VERNACULAR
PICTORIAL	10, 11	8, 11	4, 7, 11		1–52	1–4, 7–9, 12, 13, 15, 16, 21	10	2, 8, 10, 12	3
versus exposition					1, 2				
physical point of view					3–6, 12, 17–19, 20–23, 36, 39–42, 49, 52				
emotional point of view					6–9, 13, 17, 21, 30, 34–42, 44, 46, 49–52	3, 7, 8, 13			3
light and color					3, 7–9, 22, 27, 36, 39, 41–45, 47–49, 52				
sound					1, 10–13, 17, 35, 37, 41, 42, 51, 52	13, 17			
odor					6, 14, 15, 17, 36, 37, 49				
movement					1, 2, 10–13, 16–19, 35, 37, 42, 45, 52	1, 3	12		3, 5
buildings					9, 20–23, 40, 52				
interiors					6, 10–12, 15, 16, 20–23, 36, 37, 51	13			
the open air	10	8, 11			5, 7–9, 13, 14, 17–19, 35, 39, 40–45, 48, 49, 52	1, 8, 12, 15, 16, 21	10	12	3

ANALYSIS OF MATERIALS (CONTINUED)

	EXPLANATORY	CRITICAL	BIOGRAPHICAL	PERSUASIVE	PICTORIAL	NARRATIVE	PERSONAL	FAMILIAR	VERNACULAR
PICTORIAL (CONCLUDED)									
people			4, 7, 11		2, 4, 11, 15, 24–35, 37, 42, 44, 50, 51			2, 8	3
animals					16, 18				3
temperature					11, 19, 39, 42–44				
combination					1–3, 6–8, 12, 13, 17–19, 36, 37, 39, 42, 45–52				
NARRATIVE			1, 2	5	1, 2, 6, 12, 13, 15–19, 21, 25, 27, 31, 35–37, 39–42, 44, 45, 49, 50, 52	1–21	10, 12, 15	5, 8, 10, 12	1–3, 5
of fact			2			1–5	10,12,15		2, 5
of fiction			1			6–21			1
climax and dénouement						2, 6–11, 12, 13, 16, 20, 21			
incident						1, 2, 7, 9, 15, 17, 18–21			
monologue						8			
dialogue						5, 10–12, 16–18			
dialect						10, 12, 16			
cheerful						6, 10–12, 14, 15, 17–20		5, 8, 10, 12	
sober						2, 3–5, 7–9, 13			3
Biblical						5			

ANALYSIS OF MATERIALS (CONCLUDED)

	EXPLANATORY	CRITICAL	BIOGRAPHICAL	PERSUASIVE	PICTORIAL	NARRATIVE	PERSONAL	FAMILIAR	VERNACULAR
NARRATIVE (CONCLUDED)									
dream or vision						8			
fable						19–21			
first person			2		6, 12, 13, 15, 17, 25, 27, 31, 36, 37, 39, 52	2–4, 8, 10, 13, 15, 18			5
point of view						3, 4, 8, 12, 13, 15, 16		8, 12	
childhood						4, 15			
sympathy						4–6, 9, 10, 12–16, 20		5, 10, 12	
plot emphasis			1			1–7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 21			
character emphasis			2			6–14, 16, 18, 19	15	5	
setting emphasis						3–6, 9, 10, 12–16	10	8	
balanced elements						4, 5, 10, 12–14, 16			
PERSONAL				2		14	1–15	9, 10	
commercial							1, 2		
social				2		14	3–15	9, 10	
formal							3–9		
informal				2		14	10–15	9, 10	
FAMILIAR	12	1–6, 9, 11	4–7		10–12, 15–17, 21, 36, 52	1, 11, 15, 17, 18	10–15	1–13	
VERNACULAR					20, 23, 40, 42	4, 9			1–5

EXPLANATORY WRITING

Purpose. All expository writing has one dominant purpose: clarity. Here are certain facts; they are not in dispute; we have no concern with them but to make them clear; and we have no concern with what the reader does with them, except that he understand them. Every step we take in choosing, limiting, planning, starting, arranging, phrasing, and concluding such an explanation we take with that single object: to be transparently, unmistakably *clear.* And this means, of course, clear to *someone else* — the reader of average intelligence whom you are imagining, and for whom you are making your explanation.

Universality. Explanation, — the giving of information, — is probably the commonest of social activities, the most universal literary purpose; and its one aim of clearness is the basis of every other literary effort. The two kindred activities listed below, the critical and the biographical, are of course explanatory. And all other writing calls often upon exposition: explaining is to be done everywhere.

Beginning and end. Short explanations usually need no introduction, and no conclusion. Longer expositions sometimes need — on the reader's account — a preliminary comment to limit the subject and explain how it is to be treated, what knowledge of it is assumed in the reader, and so on. And any explanation of length needs a special summing up of its main ideas, that these may rise into their due clearness and prominence as we take leave of them.

Order. The order of the steps in an exposition is determined by the ease of following and by the clearness of the result: naturally from the obvious to the less obvious, from the simple to the complex, from the easy to the less easy, from the near to the distant. Usually an expository subject can be attacked at any one of several places, and then followed through from that point: the best start and course is the one that will be easiest for the novice (the reader) to follow.

Subjects. Stay near home, on familiar ground, in most of your subjects. And choose subjects you can lift and carry: not "Education," or "Immigration," or "Prohibition in the United States" — subjects too large for any of us to know much about. Your own worlds of college and home, and the thousand aspects and meanings of each, are safer traveling most of the time. Here are a few suggestive titles.

Short Themes	Long Themes
1. Directions to a Stranger	1. College Expenses
2. A Wheelbarrow	2. Earning College Expenses
3. Details of a Lincoln Cent	3. How to Take Notes
4. Details of a Postage Stamp	4. How to Drive a Ford
5. How to Use a Dictionary	5. How to Drive a Standard-Shift Car

SHORT THEMES

6. Feeding a Boston Terrier
7. Writing Home
8. Student Honor at this College
9. What I Want from this Course
10. Answering the Telephone
11. College Rules
12. Written Examinations
13. Playing First Base
14. Driving Signals
15. Playing End
16. The Quarterback
17. Punting
18. Concentrating
19. Packing a Trunk
20. Shoes
21. Hats
22. A Livingroom
23. Splitting Wood
24. Theme Grades
25. Developing a Film

LONG THEMES

6. How to Live with a Roommate
7. The House I Want
8. Running a Bazar
9. Scoring in Tennis
10. Learning to Swim
11. Auction Bridge
12. Making a Tennis Court
13. Planting a Garden
14. How to Set Type
15. Typewriting
16. Clothes
17. How to Study
18. Bookbuying
19. Editing a School Paper
20. Colonial Doorways

EXERCISES

1. Make and steadily enlarge your own list of expository subjects that appeal to you — one part for short themes and one for long; so you may always have some good ideas by you.

2. Examine "How to Read" for unity and thought-development.

3. Study the method of getting started, in "How a Linotype Works," "How to Read," "College Honor," "The Durable Satisfactions of Life."

4. For order and development of the subject, study "The Question of Style," "The Beauty and Value of Dust," "The Durable Satisfactions of Life."

5. For clearness, study "Explaining England to America," "The Question of Style," "Truth in Art," "The Reverie," "Learning to Write."

6. For diction, study "College Honor," "Truth in Art," "The Abuse of Death," "What is Literature?"

7. For methods of closing, study "The Question of Style," "College Honor," "The Beauty and Value of Dust."

EXPLANATORY

1. LEARNING TO WRITE (*A*)

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the

book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my Spectator with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer.

2. LEARNING TO WRITE (*B*)

I always kept two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. . . . Description was the principal field of my exercise. . . . But I worked in other ways also; often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory.

This was all excellent, no doubt; so were the diaries I sometimes tried to keep. . . . It had one grave defect; for it set me no standard of achievement. So that there was perhaps more profit, as there was certainly more effort, in my secret labors at home. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was

said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and coördination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann. I remember one of these monkey tricks, which was called *The Vanity of Morals:* . . . the first part was written . . . no less than three times: first in the manner of Hazlitt, second in the manner of Ruskin, who had cast on me a passing spell, and third, in a laborious pasticcio of Sir Thomas Browne. . . .

That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. It was so Keats learned, and there never was a finer temperament for literature than Keats's; it was so, if we could trace it out, that all men have learned. Perhaps I hear some one cry out: But this is not the way to be original! It is not; nor is there any way but to be born so. . . . There can be nothing more original than Montaigne, neither could any be more unlike Cicero; yet no craftsman can fail to see how much the one must have tried in his time to imitate the other. Burns is the very type of a prime force in letters; he was of all men the most imitative. Shakspere himself, the imperial, proceeds directly from a school. . . . Before he can tell what cadences he truly prefers, the student should have tried all that are possible; before he can choose and preserve a fitting key of words, he should long have practised the literary scales; and it is only after years of such gymnastic that he can sit down at last, legions of words swarming to his call, dozens of turns of phrase simultaneously bidding for his choice, and he himself knowing what he wants to do and (within the narrow limit of a man's ability) able to do it.

3. WORDS

Words, considered by themselves, are nothing more or less than names, — the names we give people just as much as the names we give ideas. *John* is clearly at once a word and a name; so is the compound word *John Jones;* so is the word *spade,* which proverbial

wisdom declares to be so often used with reluctance; so perhaps less obviously is the compound, — not necessarily preferable, — *the iron utensil frequently employed for purposes of excavation.* The office of the words or groups of words which we shall consider in this chapter is precisely the office of proper names, — to identify separate ideas. John Jones, American citizen, tax-payer; kill, put to death, execute; admirable, not to be endured, — all these are names of ideas. So is every word I utter in this, or in any other sentence. The main thing to keep in mind is that here we are to consider words by themselves, and not in composition; as names of separate ideas, and not as groups which indicate the mutual relations of separate ideas.

It is hardly worth while to repeat that the only thing which makes a given word signify a given idea is that good use — use which is reputable, national, and present, — has consented that it shall do so. It is more than worth while, however, it is absolutely necessary, to keep this fact in mind. For since, generally speaking, there is no other relation between the sound we utter and the idea we wish to convey than that a great many other people have previously used the same sound for the same purpose, it follows that if for any reason we depart from the general practice of the people we address, we run into danger, if not into the certainty of exerting ourselves to no purpose whatever. I remember having once waked up in a Spanish railway-carriage to find myself alone on a side track near the foot of the Sierra Morena, over which the rest of the train had proceeded an hour or two before. I am unfortunate enough to know nothing whatever of the Spanish language. The twelve hours of misadventure which followed my waking were immensely complicated by the fact that I had no idea of what notions the kindly disposed inhabitants of Estremadura attached to the vocal sounds they amiably uttered; nor had they any of the usage prevalent in the more civilized parts of North America. And a very curious fact was that the interpreter on whom we ultimately fell back was a native of the place who had the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. The language of sign has no nationality.

Of course a dangerous practice is not necessarily fatal. You may go into action without getting shot; you may ride a bucking horse without breaking your neck; you may write or utter a word sanctioned by no respectable usage whatever without being incomprehensible, — *vamose*, for example, *absquatulate*, *enthuse*, *walkist*. But

to go no farther than a play that all of us have read, what does Hamlet mean by two phrases to be found in every text? When Ophelia asks him what his play means, he answers, "this is *miching mallecho;* it means mischief"; and when, somewhat earlier, his friends are trying to prevent his following the ghost, he says, "By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me." Now, I am informed that in certain parts of New England the word *meaching* is still in use, to express some sly line of conduct or other observable in dogs. I never heard it; I do not know exactly what line of conduct it describes. What *mallecho* may mean, except that it looks Spanish, and that the Latin root *mal* means *bad*, and has given rise to a great many names for bad things in modern languages, I have no idea at all. English it certainly is not, any more than *miching mallecho* is comprehensible without considerable commentary, much of which is concerned with the question of whether the whole trouble may not be a printer's error. To turn to the second phrase, we all use the word *let;* roughly speaking, it means to allow, to permit: you *let* a child sit up past bedtime. But what sense is there in Hamlet's threatening to make a ghost of whoever *lets* him follow the ghost — which is exactly what he is trying to do? As a matter of fact, the good use of Shakspere's time attached to the word *let* the meaning that we express by the words *check* or *prevent*, — a meaning preserved nowadays only in the somewhat rare idiom "without *let* or hindrance." Obviously, neither of Hamlet's words is of any particular use to a man who wishes to convey an idea to another in the year of grace 1891.

I chose these simple and very palpable examples of words that answer no purpose nowadays because they show very clearly the two grounds, and the only two, on which we are safe in declaring a word unfit for use. To English-speaking people *miching* may once have meant something; at present, to most English-speaking people it certainly means nothing whatever; to most English-speaking people, I incline to think, *mallecho* has never meant anything at all. In other words, neither *miching* nor *mallecho* is at this moment in the English language. *Let*, on the other hand, is undoubtedly in the language; but at this moment it means not what Hamlet meant by it, but precisely the reverse. To use the technical terms of Rhetoric, *miching* and *mallecho*, words not in the language, are now Barbarisms; *let*, a word in the language, but a word to which good use gives a different

meaning from that for which it is employed, is now an Impropriety. All offences against good use in our choice of words are either Barbarisms or Improprieties. It is worth while, then, to devote a few minutes to each class.

4. THE QUESTION OF STYLE

In discussing the value of particular books, I have heard people say — people who were timid about expressing their views of literature in the presence of literary men: "It may be bad from a literary point of view, but there are very good things in it." Or: "I dare say the style is very bad, but really the book is very interesting and suggestive." Or: "I'm not an expert, and so I never bother my head about good style. All I ask for is good matter. And when I have got it, critics may say what they like about the book." And many other similar remarks, all showing that in the minds of the speakers there existed a notion that style is something supplementary to, and distinguishable from, matter; a sort of notion that a writer who wanted to be classical had first to find and arrange his matter, and then dress it up elegantly in a costume of style, in order to please beings called literary critics.

This is a misapprehension. Style cannot be distinguished from matter. When a writer conceives an idea he conceives it in a form of words. That form of words constitutes his style, and it is absolutely governed by the idea. The idea can exist only in words, and it can exist in only one form of words. You cannot say exactly the same thing in two different ways. Slightly alter the expression, and you slightly alter the idea. Surely it is obvious that the expression cannot be altered without altering the thing expressed! A writer, having conceived and expressed an idea, may, and probably will, "polish it up." But what does he polish up? To say that he polishes up his style is merely to say that he is polishing up his idea, that he has discovered faults or imperfections in his idea, and is perfecting it. An idea exists in proportion as it is expressed; it exists when it is expressed, and not before. It expresses itself. A clear idea is expressed clearly, and a vague idea vaguely. You need but take your own case and your own speech. For just as science is the development of common sense, so is literature the development of common daily speech. The difference between science and common sense is simply one of degree; similarly

with speech and literature. Well, when you "know what you think," you succeed in saying what you think, in making yourself understood. When you "don't know what to think," your expressive tongue halts. And note how in daily life the characteristics of your style follow your mood; how tender it is when you are tender, how violent when you are violent. You have said to yourself in moments of emotion: "If only I could write —," etc. You were wrong. You ought to have said: "If only I could *think* — on this high plane." When you have thought clearly you have never had any difficulty in saying what you thought, though you may occasionally have had some difficulty in keeping it to yourself. And when you cannot express yourself, depend upon it that you have nothing precise to express, and that what incommodes you is not the vain desire to express, but the vain desire to *think* more clearly. All this just to illustrate how style and matter are coexistent, and inseparable, and alike.

You cannot have good matter with bad style. Examine the point more closely. A man wishes to convey a fine idea to you. He employs a form of words. That form of words is his style. Having read, you say: "Yes, this idea is fine." The writer has therefore achieved his end. But in what imaginable circumstances can you say: "Yes, this idea is fine, but the style is not fine"? The sole medium of communication between you and the author has been the form of words. The fine idea has reached you. How? In the words, by the words. Hence the fineness must be in the words. You may say, superiorly: "He has expressed himself clumsily, but I can *see* what he means." By what light? By something in the words, in the style. That something is fine. Moreover, if the style is clumsy, are you sure that you can see what he means? You cannot be quite sure. And, at any rate, you cannot see distinctly. The "matter" is what actually reaches you, and it must necessarily be affected by the style.

Still further to comprehend what style is, let me ask you to think of a writer's style exactly as you would think of the gestures and manners of an acquaintance. You know the man whose demeanor is "always calm," but whose passions are strong. How do you know that his passions are strong? Because he "gives them away" by some small, but important, part of his demeanor, such as the twitching of a lip or the whitening of the knuckles caused by clenching the hand. In other words, his demeanor, fundamentally, is not calm. You know the man

who is always "smoothly polite and agreeable," but who affects you unpleasantly. Why does he affect you unpleasantly? Because he is tedious and therefore disagreeable, and because his politeness is not real politeness. You know the man who is awkward, shy, clumsy, but who, nevertheless, impresses you with a sense of dignity and force. Why? Because mingled with that awkwardness and so forth *is* dignity. You know the blunt, rough fellow whom you instinctively guess to be affectionate — because there is "something in his tone" or "something in his eyes." In every instance the demeanor, while perhaps seeming to be contrary to the character, is really in accord with it. The demeanor never contradicts the character. It is one part of the character that contradicts another part of the character. For, after all, the blunt man *is* blunt, and the awkward man *is* awkward, and these characteristics are defects. The demeanor merely expresses them. The two men would be better if, while conserving their good qualities, they had the superficial attributes of smoothness and agreeableness possessed by the gentleman who is unpleasant to you. And as regards this latter, it is not his superficial attributes which are unpleasant to you, but his other qualities. In the end the character is shown in the demeanor; and the demeanor is a consequence of the character and resembles the character. So with style and matter. You may argue that the blunt, rough man's demeanor is unfair to his tenderness. I do not think so. For his churlishness is really very trying and painful, even to the man's wife, though a moment's tenderness will make her and you forget it. The man really is churlish, and much more often than he is tender. His demeanor is merely just to his character. So, when a writer annoys you for ten pages and then enchants you for ten lines, you must not explode against his style. You must not say that his style won't let his matter "come out." You must remember the churlish, tender man. The more you reflect, the more clearly you will see that faults and excellences of style are faults and excellences of matter itself.

One of the most striking illustrations of this neglected truth is Thomas Carlyle. How often has it been said that Carlyle's matter is marred by the harshness and the eccentricities of his style? But Carlyle's matter is harsh and eccentric to precisely the same degree as his style is harsh and eccentric. Carlyle was harsh and eccentric. His behavior was frequently ridiculous, if it were not abominable. His judgments were often extremely bizarre. When you read one of

Carlyle's fierce diatribes, you say to yourself: "This is splendid. The man's enthusiasm for justice and truth is glorious." But you also say: "He is a little unjust and a little untruthful. He goes too far. He lashes too hard." These things are not the style; they are the matter. And when, as in his greatest moments, he is emotional and restrained at once, you say: "This is the real Carlyle." Kindly notice how perfect the style has become! No harshness or eccentricities now! And if that particular matter is the "real" Carlyle, then that particular style is Carlyle's "real" style. But when you say "real" you would more properly say "best." "This is the best Carlyle." If Carlyle had always been at his best he would have counted among the supreme geniuses of the world. But he was a mixture. His style is the expression of the mixture. The faults are in the style only because they are in the matter.

You will find that, in classical literature, the style always follows the mood of the matter. Thus, Charles Lamb's essay on "Dream Children" begins quite simply, in a calm, narrative manner, enlivened by a certain quippishness concerning the children. The style is grave when great-grandmother Field is the subject; and when the author passes to a rather elaborate impression of the picturesque old mansion, it becomes, as it were, consciously beautiful. This beauty is intensified in the description of the still more beautiful garden. But the real dividing point of the essay occurs when Lamb approaches his elder brother. He unmistakably marks the point with the phrase: "*Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone,* I told how," etc. Henceforward the style increases in fervor and in solemnity until the culmination of the essay is reached: "And while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech. . . ." Throughout, the style is governed by the matter. "Well," you say, "of course it is. It could n't be otherwise. If it were otherwise it would be ridiculous. A man who made love as though he were preaching a sermon, or a man who preached a sermon as though he were teasing schoolboys, or a man who described a death as though he were describing a practical joke, must necessarily be either an ass or a lunatic." Just so. You have put it in a nutshell. You have disposed of the problem of style so far as it can be disposed of.

But what do those people mean who say: "I read such and such an author for the beauty of his style alone"? Personally, I do not clearly know what they mean (and I have never been able to get them to explain), unless they mean that they read for the beauty of sound alone. When you read a book there are only three things of which you may be conscious: (1) The significance of the words, which is inseparably bound up with the thought. (2) The look of the printed words on the page — I do not suppose that anybody reads any author for the visual beauty of the words on the page. (3) The sound of the words, either actually uttered or imagined by the brain to be uttered. Now it is indubitable that words differ in beauty of sound. To my mind one of the most beautiful words in the English language is "pavement." Enunciate it, study its sound, and see what you think. It is also indubitable that certain combinations of words have a more beautiful sound than certain other combinations. Thus Tennyson held that the most beautiful line he ever wrote was:

The mellow ousel fluting in the elm.

Perhaps, as sound, it was. Assuredly it makes a beautiful succession of sounds, and recalls the bird sounds which it is intended to describe. But does it live in the memory as one of the rare, great Tennysonian lines? It does not. It has charm, but the charm is merely curious or pretty. A whole poem composed of lines with no better recommendation than that line has would remain merely curious or pretty. It would not permanently interest. It would be as insipid as a pretty woman who had nothing behind her prettiness. It would not live. One may remark in this connection how the merely verbal felicities of Tennyson have lost our esteem. Who will now proclaim the "Idylls of the King" as a masterpiece? Of the thousands of lines written by him which please the ear, only those survive of which the matter is charged with emotion. No! As regards the man who professes to read an author "for his style alone," I am inclined to think either that he will soon get sick of that author or that he is deceiving himself and means the author's general temperament — not the author's verbal style, but a peculiar quality which runs through all the matter written by the author. Just as one may like a man for something which is always coming out of him, which one cannot define, and which is of the very essence of the man.

In judging the style of an author, you must employ the same canons as you use in judging men. If you do this you will not be tempted to attach importance to trifles that are negligible. There can be no lasting friendship without respect. If an author's style is such that you cannot *respect* it, then you may be sure that, despite any present pleasure which you may obtain from that author, there is something wrong with his matter, and that the pleasure will soon cloy. You must examine your sentiments towards an author. If, when you have read an author, you are pleased without being conscious of aught but his mellifluousness, just conceive what your feelings would be after spending a month's holiday with a merely mellifluous man. If an author's style has pleased you but done nothing except make you giggle, then reflect upon the ultimate tediousness of the man who can do nothing but jest. On the other hand, if you are impressed by what an author has said to you, but are aware of verbal clumsinesses in his work, you need worry about his "bad style" exactly as much and exactly as little as you would worry about the manners of a kind-hearted, keen-brained friend who was dangerous to carpets with a tea-cup in his hand. The friend's antics in a drawing-room are somewhat regrettable, but you would not say of him that his manners were bad. Again, if an author's style dazzles you instantly and blinds you to everything except its brilliant self, ask your soul before you begin to admire his matter what would be your final opinion of a man who at the first meeting fired his personality into you like a broadside. Reflect that, as a rule, the people whom you have come to esteem communicated themselves to you gradually, that they did not begin the entertainment with fireworks. In short, look at literature as you would look at life, and you cannot fail to perceive that, essentially, the style is the man. Decidedly you will never assert that you care nothing for style, that your enjoyment of an author's matter is unaffected by his style. And you will never assert, either, that style alone suffices for you.

If you are undecided upon a question of style, whether leaning to the favorable or to the unfavorable, the most prudent course is to forget that literary style exists; for, indeed, as style is understood by most people who have not analyzed their impressions under the influence of literature, there *is* no such thing as literary style. You cannot divide literature into two elements and say: This is matter and that style. Further, the significance and the worth of literature are

to be comprehended and assessed in the same way as the significance and the worth of any other phenomenon: by the exercise of common sense. Common sense will tell you that nobody, not even a genius, can be simultaneously vulgar and distinguished, or beautiful and ugly, or precise and vague, or tender and harsh. And common sense will therefore tell you that to try to set up vital contradictions between matter and style is absurd. When there is a superficial contradiction, one of the two mutually contradicting qualities is of far less importance than the other. If you refer literature to the standards of life, common sense will at once decide which quality should count heaviest in your esteem. You will be in no danger of weighing a mere maladroitness of manner against a fine trait of character, or of letting a graceful deportment blind you to a fundamental vacuity. When in doubt, ignore style, and think of the matter as you would think of an individual.

5. WHAT IS LITERATURE?

Literature, like its most excellent phase, poetry, has never been satisfactorily defined. In essence it is too subtle, too elusive, too vital, to be confined within the limits of phrase. Yet everybody vaguely knows what it is. Everybody knows that human life, in its endless commonplace, unfathomable complexity, impresses human beings in ways which vary not only with individuals, but with the generations and the nations. Somewhere in the oldest English writings there is an allegory which has never faded. Of a night, it tells us, a little group was gathered about the fireside in a hall where the flicker of flame cast light on some and threw others into shadow, but none into shadow so deep as the darkness without. And into the window from the midst of the night flew a swallow lured by the light; but unable by reason of his wildness to linger among men, he sped across the hall and so out again into the dark, and was seen no more. To this day, as much as when the old poet first saw or fancied it, the swallow's flight remains an image of earthly life. From whence we know not, we come into the wavering light and gusty warmth of this world; but here the law of our being forbids that we remain. A little we may see, fancying that we understand, — the hall, the lords and the servants, the chimney and the feast; more we may feel, — the light and the warmth, the safety and the danger, the hope and the dread. Then we must forth

again, into the voiceless, unseen eternities. But the fleeting moments of life, like the swallow's flight once more, are not quite voiceless; as surely as he may twitter in the ears of men, so men themselves may give sign to one another of what they think they know, and of what they know they feel. More too; men have learned to record these signs, so that long after they have departed, others may guess what their life meant. These records are often set forth in terms which may be used only by those of rarely special gift and training, — the terms of architecture and sculpture, of painting and music; but oftener and more freely they are phrased in the terms which all men learn somehow to use, — the terms of language. Some of these records, and most, are of so little moment that they are soon neglected and forgotten; others, like the fancied story of the swallow, linger through the ages. It is to these that we give the name of literature. Literature is the lasting expression in words of the meaning of life.

6. HOW TO READ

It is the fashion for those who have any connection with letters to expatiate on the infinite blessings of literature, and the miraculous achievements of the press: to extol, as a gift above price, the taste for study and the love of reading. Far be it from me to gainsay the inestimable value of good books, or to discourage any man from reading the best; but I often think that we forget that other side to this glorious view of literature — the misuse of books, the debilitating waste of brain in aimless, promiscuous, vapid reading, or even, it may be, in the poisonous inhalation of mere literary garbage and bad men's worst thoughts.

For what can a book be more than the man who wrote it? The brightest genius seldom puts the best of his own soul into his printed page; and some famous men have certainly put the worst of theirs. Yet are all men desirable companions, much less teachers, able to give us advice, even of those who get reputation and command a hearing? To put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff

our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for desultory "information" — a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two evils I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature.

But there is much more than this. Even to those who resolutely avoid the idleness of reading what is trivial, a difficulty is presented — a difficulty every day increasing by virtue even of our abundance of books. What are the subjects, what are the class of books we are to read, in what order, with what connection, to what ultimate use or object? Even those who are resolved to read the better books are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless. The longest life, the greatest industry, joined to the most powerful memory, would not suffice to make us profit from a hundredth part of the world of books before us. If the great Newton said that he seemed to have been all his life gathering a few shells on the shore, whilst a boundless ocean of truth still lay beyond and unknown to him, how much more to each of us must the sea of literature be a pathless immensity beyond our powers of vision or of reach — an immensity in which industry itself is useless without judgment, method, discipline; where it is of infinite importance what we can learn and remember, and of utterly no importance what we may have once looked at or heard of. Alas! the most of our reading leaves as little mark even in our own education as the foam that gathers round the keel of a passing boat! For myself, I am inclined to think the most useful help to reading is to know what we should not read, what we can keep out from that small cleared spot in the overgrown jungle of "information," the corner which we can call our ordered patch of fruit-bearing knowledge. The incessant accumulation of fresh books must hinder any real knowledge of the

old; for the multiplicity of volumes becomes a bar upon our use of any. In literature especially does it hold — that we cannot see the wood for the trees.

How shall we choose our books? Which are the best, the eternal, indispensable books? To all to whom reading is something more than a refined idleness these questions recur, bringing with them the sense of bewilderment; and a still, small voice within us is for ever crying out for some guide across the Slough of Despond of an illimitable and ever-swelling literature. How many a man stands beside it, as uncertain of his pathway as the Pilgrim, when he who dreamed the immortal dream heard him "break out with a lamentable cry; saying, what shall I do?"

. . . . . .

A man of power, who has got more from books than most of his contemporaries, once said: "Form a habit of reading, do not mind what you read; the reading of better books will come when you have a habit of reading the inferior." We need not accept this *obiter dictum*[1] of Lord Sherbrooke. A habit of reading idly debilitates and corrupts the mind for all wholesome reading; the habit of reading wisely is one of the most difficult habits to acquire, needing strong resolution and infinite pains; and reading for mere reading's sake, instead of for the sake of the good we gain from reading, is one of the worst and commonest and most unwholesome habits we have. And so our inimitable humorist has made delightful fun of the solid books, — which no gentleman's library should be without, — the Humes, Gibbons, Adam Smiths, which, he says, are not books at all, and prefers some "kind-hearted play-book," or at times the *Town and County Magazine*. Poor Lamb has not a little to answer for, in the revived relish for garbage unearthed from old theatrical dungheaps. Be it jest or earnest, I have little patience with the Elia-tic philosophy of the frivolous. Why do we still suffer the traditional hypocrisy about the dignity of literature — literature, I mean, in the gross, which includes about equal parts of what is useful and what is useless? Why are books as books, writers as writers, readers as readers, meritorious, apart from any good in them, or anything that we can get from them? Why do we pride ourselves on our powers of absorbing print, as our grandfathers did on their gifts in imbibing port, when we know that there is a mode of

[1] Thing said in passing.

absorbing print which makes it impossible that we can ever learn anything good out of books?

Our stately Milton said in a passage which is one of the watchwords of the English race, "as good almost kill a Man as kill a good Book." But has he not also said that he would "have a vigilant eye how Bookes demeane themselves, as well as men; and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors"? . . . Yes! they do kill the good book who deliver up their few and precious hours of reading to the trivial book; they make it dead for them; they do what lies in them to destroy "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, imbalm'd and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life;" they "spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in Bookes." For in the wilderness of books most men, certainly all busy men, *must* strictly choose. If they saturate their minds with the idler books, the "good book," which Milton calls "an immortality rather than a life," is dead to them: it is a book sealed up and buried.

It is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggrel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatise, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book, even the diligent Mr. Whitaker, is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't"; and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers — of all writers and of all readers — has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat contemptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make,

or the conversation they share, are carelessness itself as to the books to whom they entrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

If any person given to reading were honestly to keep a register of all the printed stuff that he or she consumes in a year — all the idle tales of which the very names and the story are forgotten in a week, the bookmaker's prattle about nothing at so much a sheet, the fugitive trifling about silly things and empty people, the memoirs of the unmemorable, and lives of those who never really lived at all — of what a mountain of rubbish would it be the catalogue! Exercises for the eye and the memory, as mechanical as if we set ourselves to learn the names, ages, and family histories of every one who lives in our own street, the flirtations of their maiden aunts, and the circumstances surrounding the birth of their grandmother's first baby.

It is impossible to give any method to our reading till we get nerve enough to reject. The most exclusive and careful amongst us will (in literature) take boon companions out of the street, as easily as an idler in a tavern. "I came across such and such a book that I never heard mentioned," says one, "and found it curious, though entirely worthless." "I strayed on a volume by I know not whom, on a subject for which I never cared." And so on. There are curious and worthless creatures enough in any pot-house all day long; and there is incessant talk in omnibus, train, or street by we know not whom, about we care not what. Yet if a printer and a bookseller can be induced to make this gabble as immortal as print and publication can make it, then it straightway is literature, and in due time it becomes "curious."

I have no intention to moralise or to indulge in a homily against the reading of what is deliberately evil. There is not so much need for this now, and I am not discoursing on the whole duty of man. I take that part of our reading which by itself is no doubt harmless, entertaining, and even gently instructive. But of this enormous mass of literature

how much deserves to be chosen out, to be preferred to all the great books of the world, to be set apart for those precious hours which are all that the most of us can give to solid reading? The vast proportion of books are books that we shall never be able to read. A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honourable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them; and as a fair proportion of the human race now write books, with motives and objects as various as human activity, books, as books, are entitled *à priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other products of human industry. In the shelves of those libraries which are our pride, libraries public or private, circulating or very stationary, are to be found those great books of the world *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,[1] those books which are truly "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit." But the very familiarity which their mighty fame has bred in us makes us indifferent; we grow weary of what every one is supposed to have read; and we take down something which looks a little eccentric, some worthless book, on the mere ground that we never heard of it before.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world, the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings. Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar men are everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet, run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across" is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

[1] Floating scattered on the vast abyss.

Now this danger is one to which we are specially exposed in this age. Our high-pressure life of emergencies, our whirling industrial organisation or disorganisation have brought us in this (as in most things) their peculiar difficulties and drawbacks. In almost everything vast opportunities and gigantic means of multiplying our products bring with them new perils and troubles which are often at first neglected. Our huge cities, where wealth is piled up and the requirements and appliances of life extended beyond the dreams of our forefathers, seem to breed in themselves new forms of squalor, disease, blights, or risks to life such as we are yet unable to master. So the enormous multiplicity of modern books is not altogether favourable to the knowing of the best. I listen with mixed satisfaction to the pæans that they chant over the works which issue from the press each day: how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's. How in this mountain of literature am I to find the really useful book? How, when I have found it, and found its value, am I to get others to read it? How am I to keep my head clear in the torrent and din of works, all of which distract my attention, most of which promise me something, whilst so few fulfil that promise? The Nile is the source of the Egyptian's bread, and without it he perishes of hunger. But the Nile may be rather too liberal in his flood, and then the Egyptian runs imminent risk of drowning.

And thus there never was a time, at least during the last two hundred years, when the difficulties in the way of making an efficient use of books were greater than they are to-day, when the obstacles were more real between readers and the right books to read, when it was practically so troublesome to find out that which it is of vital importance to know; and that not by the dearth, but by the plethora of printed matter. For it comes to nearly the same thing whether we are actually debarred by physical impossibility from getting the right book into our hand, or whether we are choked off from the right book by the obtrusive crowd of the wrong books; so that it needs a strong character and a resolute system of reading to keep the head cool in the storm of literature around us. We read nowadays in the market-place — I would rather say in some large steam factory of letter-press, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually — if it be not rather some noisy book-fair where literary showmen tempt us with

performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night. Contrast with this pandemonium of Leipsic and Paternoster Row the sublime picture of our Milton in his early retirement at Horton, when, musing over his coming flight to the epic heaven, practising his pinions, as he tells Diodati, he consumed five years of solitude in reading the ancient writers — "*Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.*" [1]

Who now reads the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers, be they ancient or modern, whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics: typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race? Alas! the *Paradise Lost* is lost again to us beneath an inundation of graceful academic verse, sugary stanzas of ladylike prettiness, and ceaseless explanations in more or less readable prose of what John Milton meant or did not mean, or what he saw or did not see, who married his great-aunt, and why Adam or Satan is like that, or unlike the other. We read a perfect library about the *Paradise Lost*, but the *Paradise Lost* itself we do not read.

I am not presumptuous enough to assert that the larger part of modern literature is not worth reading in itself, that the prose is not readable, entertaining, one may say highly instructive. Nor do I pretend that the verses which we read so zealously in place of Milton's are not good verses. On the contrary, I think them sweetly conceived, as musical and as graceful as the verse of any age in our history. A great deal of our modern literature is such that it is exceedingly difficult to resist it, and it is undeniable that it gives us real information. It seems perhaps unreasonable to many to assert that a decent readable book which gives us actual instruction can be otherwise than a useful companion and a solid gain. Possibly many people are ready to cry out upon me as an obscurantist for venturing to doubt a genial confidence in all literature simply as such. But the question which weighs upon me with such really crushing urgency is this: What are the books that in our little remnant of reading time it is most vital for us to know? For the true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired by books; merely to gather information of a chance kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind.

[1] "And here my books — my life — absorb me whole," Cowper's translation of Milton's "Latin Epistle to Diodati."

Every book that we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose — every bit of stray information which we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance, is for the most part a bit of the most useful information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds. It is so certain that information, i.e. the knowledge, the stored thoughts and observations of mankind, is now grown to proportions so utterly incalculable and prodigious, that even the learned whose lives are given to study can but pick up some crumbs that fall from the table of truth. They delve and tend but a plot in that vast and teeming kingdom, whilst those whom active life leaves with but a few cramped hours of study can hardly come to know the very vastness of the field before them, or how infinitesimally small is the corner they can traverse at the best. We know all is not of equal value. We know that books differ in value as much as diamonds differ from the sand on the seashore, as much as our living friend differs from a dead rat. We know that much in the myriad-peopled world of books — very much in all kinds — is trivial, enervating, inane, even noxious. And thus, where we have infinite opportunities of wasting our efforts to no end, of fatiguing our minds without enriching them, of clogging the spirit without satisfying it, there, I cannot but think, the very infinity of opportunities is robbing us of the actual power of using them. And thus I come often, in my less hopeful moods, to watch the remorseless cataract of daily literature which thunders over the remnants of the past, as if it were a fresh impediment to the men of our day in the way of systematic knowledge and consistent powers of thought, as if it were destined one day to overwhelm the great inheritance of mankind in prose and verse.

I remember, when I was a very young man at college, that a youth, in no spirit of paradox, but out of plenary conviction, undertook to maintain before a body of serious students, the astounding proposition that the invention of printing had been one of the greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen mankind. He argued that exclusive reliance on printed matter had destroyed the higher method of oral teaching, the dissemination of thought by the spoken word to the attentive ear. He insisted that the formation of a vast literary class looking to the making of books as a means of making money, rather than as a social duty, had multiplied books for the sake of the writers rather than for the

sake of the readers; that the reliance on books as a cheap and common resource had done much to weaken the powers of memory; that it destroyed the craving for a general culture of taste, and the need of artistic expression in all the surroundings of life. And he argued, lastly, that the sudden multiplication of all kinds of printed matter had been fatal to the orderly arrangement of thought, and had hindered a system of knowledge and a scheme of education.

I am far from sharing this immature view. Of course I hold the invention of printing to have been one of the most momentous facts in the whole history of man. Without it universal social progress, true democratic enlightenment, and the education of the people would have been impossible, or very slow, even if the cultured few, as is likely, could have advanced the knowledge of mankind without it. We place Gutenberg amongst the small list of the unique and special benefactors of mankind, in the sacred choir of those whose work transformed the conditions of life, whose work, once done, could never be repeated. And no doubt the things which our ardent friend regarded as so fatal a disturbance of society were all inevitable and necessary, part of the great revolution of mind through which men grew out of the mediæval incompleteness to a richer conception of life and of the world.

Yet there is a sense in which this boyish anathema against printing may become true to us by our own fault. We may create for ourselves these very evils. For the art of printing has not been a gift wholly unmixed with evils; it must be used wisely if it is to be a boon to man at all; it entails on us heavy responsibilities, resolution to use it with judgment and self-control, and the will to resist its temptations and its perils. Indeed, we may easily so act that we may make it a clog on the progress of the human mind, a real curse and not a boon. The power of flying at will through space would probably extinguish civilisation and society, for it would release us from the wholesome bondage of place and rest. The power of hearing every word that had ever been uttered on this planet would annihilate thought, as the power of knowing all recorded facts by the process of turning a handle would annihilate true science. Our human faculties and our mental forces are not enlarged simply by multiplying our materials of knowledge and our facilities for communication. Telephones, microphones, pantoscopes, steam-presses, and ubiquity-engines in general may, after all, leave the

poor human brain panting and throbbing under the strain of its appliances, no bigger and no stronger than the brains of the men who heard Moses speak, and saw Aristotle and Archimedes pondering over a few worn rolls of crabbed manuscript. Until some new Gutenberg or Watt can invent a machine for magnifying the human mind, every fresh apparatus for multiplying its work is a fresh strain on the mind, a new realm for it to order and to rule.

And so, I say it most confidently, the first intellectual task of our age is rightly to order and make serviceable the vast realm of printed material which four centuries have swept across our path. To organise our knowledge, to systematise our reading, to save, out of the relentless cataract of ink, the immortal thoughts of the greatest — this is a necessity, unless the productive ingenuity of man is to lead us at last to a measureless and pathless chaos. To know anything that turns up is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing. To read the first book we come across, in the wilderness of books, is to learn nothing. To turn over the pages of ten thousand volumes is to be practically indifferent to all that is good.

But this warns me that I am entering on a subject which is far too big and solemn. It is plain that to organise our knowledge, even to systematise our reading, to make a working selection of books for general study, really implies a complete scheme of education. A scheme of education ultimately implies a system of philosophy, a view of man's duty and powers as a moral and social being — a religion. Before a problem so great as this, on which readers have such different ideas and wants, and differ so profoundly on the very premises from which we start, before such a problem as a general theory of education, I prefer to pause. I will keep silence even from good words. I have chosen my own part, and adopted my own teacher. But to ask men to adopt the education of Auguste Comte, is almost to ask them to adopt Positivism itself.

Nor will I enlarge on the matter for thought, for foreboding, almost for despair, that is presented to us by the fact of our familiar literary ways and our recognised literary profession. That things infinitely trifling in themselves: men, events, societies, phenomena, in no way otherwise more valuable than the myriad other things which flit around us like the sparrows on the housetop, should be glorified, magnified, and perpetuated, set under a literary microscope and

focussed in the blaze of a literary magic-lantern — not for what they are in themselves, but solely to amuse and excite the world by showing how it can be done — all this is to me so amazing, so heart-breaking, that I forbear now to treat it, as I cannot say all that I would.

The Choice of Books is really the choice of our education, of a moral and intellectual ideal, of the whole duty of man. But though I shrink from any so high a theme, a few words are needed to indicate my general point of view in the matter.

In the first place, when we speak about books, let us avoid the extravagance of expecting too much from books, the pedant's habit of extolling books as synonymous with education. Books are no more education than laws are virtue; and just as profligacy is easy within the strict limits of law, a boundless knowledge of books may be found with a narrow education. A man may be, as the poet saith, "deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself." We need to know in order that we may feel rightly and act wisely. The thirst after truth itself may be pushed to a degree where indulgence enfeebles our sympathies and unnerves us in action. Of all men perhaps the book-lover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing.

A healthy mode of reading would follow the lines of a sound education. And the first canon of a sound education is to make it the instrument to perfect the whole nature and character. Its aims are comprehensive, not special; they regard life as a whole, not mental curiosity; they have to give us, not so much materials, as capacities. So that, however moderate and limited the opportunity for education, in its way it should be always more or less symmetrical and balanced, appealing equally in turn to the three grand intellectual elements — imagination, memory, reflection: and so having something to give us in poetry, in history, in science, and in philosophy.

And thus our reading will be sadly one-sided, however voluminous it be, if it entirely close to us any of the great types and ideals which the creative instinct of man has produced, if it shut out from us either the ancient world, or other European poetry, as important almost as our own. When our reading, however deep, runs wholly into "pockets," and exhausts itself in the literature of one age, one country, one type, then we may be sure that it is tending to narrow or deform

our minds. And the more it leads us into curious byways and nurtures us into indifference for the beaten highways of the world, the sooner we shall end, if we be not specialists and students by profession, in ceasing to treat our books as the companions and solace of our lifetime, and in using them as the instruments of a refined sort of self-indulgence.

A wise education, and so judicious reading, should leave no great type of thought, no dominant phase of human nature, wholly a blank. Whether our reading be great or small, so far as it goes, it should be general. If our lives admit of but a short space for reading, all the more reason that, so far as may be, it should remind us of the vast expanse of human thought, and the wonderful variety of human nature. To read, and yet so to read that we see nothing but a corner of literature, the loose fringe, or flats and wastes of letters, and by reading only deepen our natural belief that this island is the hub of the universe, and the nineteenth century the only age worth notice, all this is really to call in the aid of books to thicken and harden our untaught prejudices. Be it imagination, memory, or reflection that we address — that is, in poetry, history, science, or philosophy — our first duty is to aim at knowing something at least of the best, at getting some definite idea of the mighty realm whose outer rim we are permitted to approach.

But how are we to know the best; how are we to gain this definite idea of the vast world of letters? There are some who appear to suppose that the "best" are known only to experts in an esoteric way, who may reveal to inquirers what schoolboys and betting-men describe as "tips." There are no "tips" in literature; the "best" authors are never dark horses; we need no "crammers" and "coaches" to thrust us into the presence of the great writers of all time. "Crammers" will only lead us wrong. It is a thing far easier and more common than many imagine, to discover the best. It needs no research, no learning, and is only misguided by recondite information. The world has long ago closed the great assize of letters and judged the first places everywhere. In such a matter the judgment of the world, guided and informed by a long succession of accomplished critics, is almost unerring. When some Zoilus finds blemishes in Homer, and prefers, it may be, the work of some Apollonius of his own discovering, we only laugh. There may be doubts about the third and fourth rank;

but the first and the second are hardly open to discussion. The gates which lead to the Elysian fields may slowly wheel back on their adamantine hinges to admit now and then some new and chosen modern. But the company of the masters of those who know, and in especial degree of the great poets, is a roll long closed and complete, and they who are of it hold ever peaceful converse together.

Hence we may find it a useful maxim that, if our reading be utterly closed to the great poems of the world, there is something amiss with our reading. If you find Milton, Dante, Calderon, Goethe, so much "Hebrew-Greek" to you; if your Homer and Virgil, your Molière and Scott, rest year after year undisturbed on their shelves beside your school trigonometry and your old college text-books; if you have never opened the *Cid*, the *Nibelungen*, *Crusoe*, and *Don Quixote* since you were a boy, and are wont to leave the Bible and the *Imitation* for some wet Sunday afternoon — know, friend, that your reading can do you little real good. Your mental digestion is ruined or sadly out of order. No doubt, to thousands of intelligent educated men who call themselves readers, the reading through a Canto of the *Purgatorio*, or a Book of the *Paradise Lost*, is a task as irksome as it would be to decipher an ill-written manuscript in a language that is almost forgotten. But, although we are not to be always reading epics, and are chiefly in the mood for slighter things, to be absolutely unable to read Milton or Dante with enjoyment, is to be in a very bad way. Aristophanes, Theocritus, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Molière are often as light as the driven foam; but they are not light enough for the general reader. Their humour is too bright and lovely for the groundlings. They are, alas! "classics," somewhat apart from our everyday ways; they are not banal enough for us; and so for us they slumber "unknown in a long night," just *because* they are immortal poets, and are not scribblers of to-day.

When will men understand that the reading of great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift, at least not to those who are spoiled by our current education and habits of life? *Ceci tuera cela*,[1] the last great poet might have said of the first circulating library. An insatiable appetite for new novels makes it as hard to read a masterpiece as it seems to a Parisian boulevardier to live in a quiet country. Until a man can truly enjoy a draft of clear water bubbling from a

[1] This will destroy that.

mountain side, his taste is in an unwholesome state. And so he who finds the Heliconian spring insipid should look to the state of his nerves. Putting aside the iced air of the difficult mountain tops of epic, tragedy, or psalm, there are some simple pieces which may serve as an unerring test of a healthy or a vicious taste for imaginative work. If the *Cid*, the *Vita Nuova*, the *Canterbury Tales*, Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, and "Lycidas" pall on a man; if he care not for Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Red Cross Knight;* if he thinks *Crusoe* and the *Vicar* books for the young; if he thrill not with "The Ode to the West Wind," and "The Ode to a Grecian Urn"; if he have no stomach for "Christabel" or the lines written on "The Wye above Tintern Abbey," he should fall on his knees and pray for a cleanlier and quieter spirit.

The intellectual system of most of us in these days needs "to purge and to live cleanly." Only by a course of treatment shall we bring our minds to feel at peace with the grand pure works of the world. Something we ought all to know of the masterpieces of antiquity, and of the other nations of Europe. To understand a great national poet, such as Dante, Calderon, Corneille, or Goethe, is to know other types of human civilisation in ways which a library of histories does not sufficiently teach. The great masterpieces of the world are thus, quite apart from the charm and solace they give us, the master instruments of a solid education.

7. WHAT IS EDUCATION?

What is education? Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education? — of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves — of that education which, if we could mould the fates to our own will, we would give our children? Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter, but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with

a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated — without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win — and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigour of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes.

Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other modes of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for any one, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members — Nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honours in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll,"[1] who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience — incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first;

[1] Cambridge University slang: those who take a degree without honours.

but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education — that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education — is to make good these defects in Nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with wilful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her pleasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards, which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

8. COLLEGE HONOR

To an American college the word of all words is "truth." "Veritas" is the motto of Harvard; "Lux et Veritas" the motto of Yale. On one of the new Harvard gates is inscribed the command from the song in Isaiah, "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth

the truth may enter in"; and no better text can be found for the sons of our universities than "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." To guard the truth and to proclaim the truth are duties which the better colleges have, on the whole, honestly performed. Now and then, in the fancied opposition of religion and science, a college has preferred to guard what it believes to be one kind of truth rather than to proclaim another. "This is not a comfortable place to teach science in," said a young geologist who had gone from Harvard to a university in the West. "The President says, 'If anybody asks questions about the antiquity of the earth, send him to me.'" Yet, in our older and stronger colleges at any rate, fearless investigation and free and fearless speech are the rule, even at the sacrifice of popularity and of money.

Now, whether truth be truth of religion, or of science, or of commerce, or of intercourse among fellow men, a college to stand for it must believe in it. As an institution of learning, a college must be an institution of truth; as a school of character, it must be a school of integrity. It can have no other justification. Yet, outside of politicians and horse-traders, no men are more commonly charged with disingenuousness than college presidents; and in no respectable community are certain kinds of dishonesty more readily condoned than among college students. The relation of college to college, whether in a conference of professors or in a contest of athletes, is too often a relation of suspicion, if not of charge and countercharge. Intercollegiate discussion of admission requirements may have an atmosphere, not of common interest in education, but of rivalry in intercollegiate politics; and, as everybody knows, a discussion of athletics at one college frequently shows an almost complete want of confidence in the honesty of athletics at another. Yet every college would maintain steadily, and nearly every college would maintain honestly, that it stands for the truth.

When I speak of a college as believing in the truth, I mean first that its President and Faculty must be honest and fearless; but I mean more than this. I mean also that a high standard of honor must be maintained by its undergraduates; for, far beyond the belief of most men, the standing of a college in the community and the effect of a college in the country depend on the personal character of the undergraduates. This personal character depends in a measure on the

straightforwardness and the human quality of the college teachers; but what Cardinal Newman says of intellectual development in the university is equally true of moral development: —

"When a multitude of young men, keen, open-hearted, sympathetic, and observant, as young men are, come together and freely mix with each other, they are sure to learn one from another, even if there be no one to teach them; the conversation of all is a series of lectures to each, and they gain for themselves new ideas and views, fresh matter of thought, and distinct principles for judging and acting day by day. . . .

"I am but saying that that youthful community will constitute a whole, it will embody a specific idea, it will represent a doctrine, it will administer a code of conduct, and it will furnish principles of thought and action. It will give birth to a living teaching, which in the course of time will take the shape of a self-perpetuating tradition, or a *genius loci*, as it is sometimes called; which haunts the home where it has been born, and which imbues and forms, more or less, and one by one, every individual who is successively brought under its shadow. Thus it is that, independent of direct instruction on the part of superiors, there is a sort of self-education in the academic institutions of Protestant England; a characteristic tone of thought, a recognized standard of judgment, is found in them, which, as developed in the individual who is submitted to it, becomes a twofold source of strength to him, both from the distinct stamp it impresses on his mind, and from the bond of union which it creates between him and others, — effects which are shared by the authorities of the place, for they themselves have been educated in it, and at all times are exposed to the influence of its ethical atmosphere."

In any community the students of a college make a tremendous power for good or evil; and by them in college, and by them after they have left college, their college shall be judged. If, as Cardinal Newman puts it, the practical end of a university course is "training good members of society" (and, I may add, training leaders of men), nothing can be of more importance in a university, and scarcely anything can be of more importance in a community, than the attitude of undergraduates in questions of truth and falsehood.

Those who constantly inspect this attitude find much to encourage them. The undergraduate standard of honor for college officers is so

sensitively high that no one need despair of the students' ethical intelligence. No doubt, disingenuousness is sometimes believed of the wrong man; the upright professor with a reserved or forbidding manner may get a name for untrustworthiness, while the honor of his less responsible but more genial colleague is unquestioned: yet the blindness here is the blindness of youthful prejudice. The nature of disingenuousness is seen clearly enough; and the recognition of it in an instructor condemns him for all time. There is indeed but one way in which a man without extraordinary personal charm may gain and keep the confidence of students: by scrupulous openness in all his dealings with them, great or small. A moment's forgetfulness, a moment's evasiveness, — even a moment's appearance of evasiveness, — may crack the thin ice on which every college officer is skating as best he can; and the necessity of keeping the secrets of less scrupulous persons may break it through. In some ways all this is healthy. A young fellow who sees a high standard of truth for anybody's conduct may in time see it for his own. All he needs is to discover that the world was not made for him only; and a year or two out of college should teach him that. What he lacks is not principle, but experience and readjustment. This is the lack in the average undergraduate. It is only a highly exceptional student who speaks frankly to all (college officers included) of the lies he has told in tight places, and who seems never to question an implied premise that in tight places all men lie.

Another healthy sign is the high standard of honor in athletic training. This standard, indeed, may be cruelly high. The slightest breach of training condemns a student in the eyes of a whole college, and is almost impossible to live down. Still another healthy sign is the character of the men whom, in our best colleges, the undergraduates instinctively choose as class presidents, as athletic captains, and in general as leaders. Grown men, electing a President of the United States for four years, are not always so fortunate as Harvard Freshmen, who after eight or ten weeks of college experience choose one of their own number for an office which he is practically sure to hold throughout the four college years.[1] With few exceptions, our undergraduate leaders are straightforward, manly fellows, who will join

[1] Class presidents are usually football players; and, as a student once observed, "When a feller plays football, it doesn't take long to find out what kind of a feller he is."

college officers in any honest partnership for the good of one student or of all, and who shrink from any kind of meanness.

Want of a fine sense of honor appears chiefly in athletic contests, in the authorship of written work, in excuses for neglect of study, in the relation of students to the rights of persons who are not students, and in questions of duty to all who are, or who are to be, nearest and dearest. Here are the discouraging signs; but even these are a part of that lop-sided immaturity which characterizes privileged youth. It is natural, as has been said, for boys to grow like colts, one end at a time. The pity is that the boy, who determines in a measure his own growth, should be so late in developing the power to put himself into another's place; that the best education which the country can proffer is so slow in teaching to the chosen youth of the nation the Golden Rule, or even that part of the Golden Rule which results in common honesty; that the average college boy, frank and manly as he is, is honest in spots, and shows in his honesty little sense of proportion.

Take, for instance, that part of college life into which the average boy throws himself with most enthusiasm, — athletic sport, — and see how far our students have fallen below the ideal of honesty, how far they still remain from a clear sense of proportion. I recognize the place of strategy in athletics; and I by no means agree with the gentleman who stigmatized a college catcher as "up to all the professional tricks" because "he made a feint of throwing the ball in one direction, and then threw it in another": yet the necessity of trusting a game to what the umpire sees is deplorable. A whole-souled and straightforward young athlete told me once, with smiling good humor, that a football player in his own college (who had everybody's respect) owed his success in the game to a knack of holding his opponent in such a manner as made his opponent seem to hold him. Few college catchers, I suspect, systematically resist the temptation of pulling down a "ball" to make it look like a "strike"; and many cultivate skill in this sleight of hand as a cardinal point in the game. Even players who trip others, though in public they may be hissed, and in private talked about as "muckers," are likely to remain in the team, and in some colleges may become captains (whereas a Freshman who breaks training by smoking a single cigarette may be "queered" for his whole college course). Many ball players use their tongues to confound or excite their adver-

saries; and whole armies of students, supported by a well-meaning college press, make a business of "rattling" a rival team by what ought to be an inspiration, and not a weapon, defensive or offensive, — organized cheering. The youth who plays a clean game is admired, but not always followed; and the doctrine of Mr. Henry L. Higginson and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, that a clean game comes first, and winning comes second, though it strikes undergraduates as faultless in theory and as endearing in the men who preach it, is not always suffered, in a hard game, to interfere with "practical baseball" or "practical football," — expressions used among undergraduates much as "practical politics" is used among men of the world.

College dishonesty in written work is hard to eradicate, because rooted in impalpable tradition, — that damaging tradition which exempts students from the ordinary rules of right living, and regards as venial, or even as humorous, acts intrinsically allied to those of the impostor, the forger, and the thief. It is incredible that a youth of eighteen should not see the dishonesty of handing in as his own work, for his own credit, a piece of writing which he has copied from a newspaper or from a book, or from the writing of a fellow student, or which he has paid another man to write for him. Nobody who can get into college is so stupid that he cannot see the lie involved. Everybody sees it clearly if the writing is for a prize, and if the fraud deprives a fellow student of his fair chance; but if a youth has spent all his available time in athletics, or in billiards, or at clubs, or at dances, or at the theatre, and if a thesis is due the next day, what is he to do? "A man must live," is a common cry of dishonest persons out of college; and "A man must get through," is a sufficient excuse for the dishonesty of students. In talking with these dishonest students, I have been struck by two things: first, by their apparent inability to see that nobody ever *has* to hand in anything, and that handing in nothing is infinitely better than handing in a dishonest thing; next, by their feeling that their own cases are exceptional, since the wrong was done "under pressure," — as if pressure did not account for the offences of all amateur liars and forgers. In many students, also, there remains a trace of the old feeling that to cheat is one thing, and to cheat a teacher is another. Here is where generations of tricky schoolboys have established a practice as hard to overthrow by logic as love of country or love of liquor, — or anything else, good or bad, which depends on

custom and feeling rather than on reason. We may prove that it is not honest to call a man we hate "Dear Sir," or to call ourselves his "very truly"; but custom sanctions it, and he expects nothing better (or worse). We know that killing harmless animals beyond what can be used as food is wanton destruction of life precious to its possessors; but good people go on fishing and shooting. Just so, if there is a tradition that teachers are fair game, and if the leaders among boys so regard them, there is no social ostracism for dishonesty in written work. Dishonest boys admit that an instructor who should print as his own what his pupils afterwards discovered in an earlier publication by another author would be despised forever. Here, as elsewhere, the students' standard for the Faculty is faultlessly high; here, as elsewhere, what they need is to open their eyes to their own relative position among men, — to see that, if people who cheat them are liars, they themselves, whatever their social self-complacency, are liars also if they cheat other people. I would not give the impression that most students cheat or fail to condemn cheating, or that colleges are not making steady progress toward a higher sense of honor in this matter which would be clear to a right-minded child of ten. I mean merely that, whereas outside of college (and the custom house) the act of obvious dishonesty commonly puts the man into bad repute, among undergraduates the man often brings the act into better repute by elevating it socially; and that this is a disgrace to an institution which counts as its members the chosen youth of an enlightened country. In this matter, it is encouraging to note the feeling of the better students in Mr. Flandrau's clever *Diary of a Freshman;* yet even there the offence carries with it little or nothing of social condemnation. It is encouraging, also, to note the success of the so-called "honor system" in schools and colleges which have adopted it, and the ostracism of those students who have proved false to it. For myself, I cannot see why a proctor in the examination room is more than a reasonable safeguard, or why his presence there should be more offensive than that of a policeman in the street, — to a student honest and mature. It is only boys (whatever their age) who take umbrage when a man counts their change, or verifies their assertions, or audits their accounts, or refuses without security to cash their checks, or refuses to please them by testifying to what he does not know. You may believe in a boy through and through, and by showing your belief in him you may

help him to be honest; but your belief in him does not warrant your official testimony that he has successfully completed a certain work, if you have no evidence but his own declaration and the silence of his fellows. Moreover, so far as my experience goes, the hotbeds of college cheating are not the important examinations superintended by proctors; they are written "quizzes" in the crowded classroom, or themes, theses, forensics, compositions in foreign languages, mathematical problems, — any kind of written work done out of the classroom; and in all these latter cases the students, whether they know it or not, are "put on their honor." Theoretically, though in a doubtful case I should always accept the word of a suspected student, I object to the honor system as nursing a false sensitiveness that resents a kind of supervision which everybody must sooner or later accept, and as taking from the degree some part of its sanction. If a student vouches for his own examinations, why, it has been asked, should he not sign his own diploma, and stand on his honor before the world as he has stood on it before the Faculty? Yet, practically, I am told, the honor system bids fair, where it has been adopted, "to revolutionize the whole spirit of undergraduate intercourse with the Faculty." It is, at any rate, as one of my correspondents says, a "systematic endeavor by undergraduates themselves to establish a much better moral code in relation to written work," and is therefore "an immense moral gain in itself." Besides, I have yet to meet a single man who has lived under the honor system (as I have not) who does not give it, in spite, perhaps, of *a priori* scepticism, his absolute faith. Sound or unsound, the honor system has in it signs of hope.

The notion that makeshifts and excuses in place of attendance and work are different at college from what they are elsewhere is another aspect of the tradition to which I have referred. Able-bodied youths are afflicted with diseases that admit all pleasures and forbid all duties, and if questioned closely are offended because their word is not accepted promptly and in full, even when it is obviously of little worth. The dissipation of a night brings the headache of a morning; and the student excuses himself as too sick for college work. On the day before a ball and on the day after it, a severe cold prevents a student from attendance at college exercises; but he goes to the ball. Many undergraduates treat their academic engagements in a way that would lose them positions at any business house inside of a week;

yet no remorse affects their appetites or their sleep. In this world, by the way, it is not the just who sleep; it is the irresponsible.

The openness with which these worthless excuses are offered is a sign that the trouble is perverted vision rather than radical moral obliquity. An ingenuous youth, prevented by a cold from going to college exercises, stood on a windy ball field one raw day in the spring, and, unabashed, coached his men before the eyes of the officer whose business it was to call him to account. Another insisted to the same officer that a mark of absence against him in a large lecture course was a mistake; and when told that it was not, exclaimed with honest warmth, "Then the fellow who promised to sit in my seat did n't do it!" Both of these boys were blinded by the tradition which nearly all college literature has fostered, and which nothing but eternal vigilance and constant and prolonged care can destroy. It is this tradition which led a professor to say, "Students who won't lie to an individual will lie to the college office; it is a soulless, impersonal thing."

Another aspect of this same comprehensive tradition is the enthusiasm of some Freshmen for stealing signs. There was, indeed, a time when timid Freshmen *bought* signs, to have the reputation of "ragging" them. The word "rag," as I have said elsewhere, is more local, more specific, and, when applied to our own acts or to those of our friends, less embarrassing than the word "steal." No doubt the college stealer of signs, whether youth or maiden, steals for fun, and has not the same motive as the common thief; yet the motive, as I see it, is no higher. The implied general proposition at the root of the act is the proposition that students' privileges include the privilege of disregarding the rights of others; the assumption that the world, of which so much is bestowed on them, is theirs, — to disport themselves in. Sometimes the stealing takes the form of destroying property (breaking glass, for instance); sometimes of robbing the very mother who shelters the robber. "Do you remember what fun we had burning that pile of lumber in front of Matthews Hall?" said a middle-aged clergyman to a classmate. Yet Matthews Hall was a generous gift to the University; and the students who destroyed the lumber were picking the pocket of a benefactor or of the Alma Mater herself. Destruction of property is often an attempt to celebrate athletic success; it is, if the phrase is pardonable, an ebullition of misfit loyalty to the college whose property is sacrificed, as if the son of a successful can-

didate for the presidency of the United States should celebrate his father's victory by burning down his father's house. Sometimes undergraduates "pinch" bits of college property as trophies, just as modern pilgrims have shown their respect for the Pilgrim Fathers by chipping off pieces of Plymouth Rock. These kinds of college dishonesty are happily lessening, and are regarded as pardonable in Freshmen only, — as evidence of "freshness" pure and simple. That they exist at all is not merely a scandal to the good name of the college, but a menace to its prosperity. The few foolish boys who are guilty of them stand in the unthinking public mind for the noble universities which they misrepresent, until irritated tradesmen and city governments forget what the college does for the community, and view it merely as a rich corporation that escapes taxes and fills the city with insolent and dishonest youth. The irresponsibility of some students in money matters, their high-minded indignation if a tradesman to whom they have owed money for years demands it in a manner that does not meet their fancy, increases the irritation; and incalculable damage is done.

After all, the most serious aspect of college dishonesty is the dishonesty of vice. Many persons who condemn vice believe nevertheless that it belongs with a character which, though its strength is perverted, is open and hearty; and now and then this belief seems justified: but those who see at close range the effects of vice remember that bound up with most of it is, and must be, faithlessness to father and mother, and to the wife and children who are soon to be. College sentiment condemns habitual vice. Like the sentiment of the world at large, it is lenient (to men only) in occasional lapses from virtue, — unless a lapse involves a breach of athletic training. Here too we mark that want of proportion which characterizes undergraduate judgments of college honor. The youth who squanders in vice the money which his father, at a sacrifice, has sent him for his term bill may be a good fellow yet; the youth who breaks training is a disgrace to his Alma Mater.

In dwelling on certain kinds of college dishonesty, I have not forgotten that in some respects the college sense of honor is the keenest in the community, and that no higher ideal can be found on earth than in the best thought of our best universities. What I have pointed out must be taken as stray survivals of an intensely vital tradition, — survivals which in a democracy like our own have no right to be. The public sentiment of our colleges is becoming, year by year, cleaner and

clearer-sighted. We move forward, and not slowly. What makes some persons impatient is the need of teaching to the picked young men of America that a lie is a lie, whoever tells it, and a theft a theft, whoever commits it; and that a college student, though he gains more blessings than his neighbor, does not gain thereby the right to appropriate his neighbor's goods. In our impatience, we forget that to teach an axiom takes years and generations if the axiom contradicts tradition; and we forget that, when all is said, our undergraduates themselves are constantly purifying and uplifting college honor.

9. TRUTH IN ART

Men are universally divided, as respects their artistical qualifications, into three great classes: a right, a left, and a center. On the right side are the men of facts, on the left the men of design, in the center the men of both.

The three classes of course pass into each other by imperceptible gradations. The men of facts are hardly ever altogether without powers of design; the men of design are always in some measure cognizant of facts; and as each class possesses more or less of the powers of the opposite one, it approaches to the character of the central class. Few men, even in that central rank, are so exactly throned on the summit of the crest that they cannot be perceived to incline in the least one way or the other, embracing both horizons with their glance. . . . All the three classes are in some degree pursuers of facts; even the men of design not being in any case altogether independent of external truth.

Now, considering them *all* as more or less searchers after truth, there is another triple division to be made of them. Everything presented to them in nature has good and evil mingled in it; and artists, considered as searchers after truth, are again to be divided into three great classes, — a right, a left, and a center. Those on the right perceive, and pursue, the good, and leave the evil; those in the center, the greatest, perceive and pursue the good and evil together, the whole thing as it verily is; those on the left perceive and pursue the evil, and leave the good.

The first class, I say, take the good and leave the evil. Out of whatever is presented to them, they gather what it has of grace, and life,

and light, and holiness, and leave all, or at least as much as possible, of the rest undrawn. The faces of their figures express no evil passions; the skies of their landscapes are without storm; the prevalent character of their color is brightness, and of their chiaroscuro fullness of light. . . .

The second, or greatest class, render all that they see in nature unhesitatingly, with a kind of divine grasp and government of the whole, sympathizing with all the good, and yet confessing, permitting, and bringing good out of the evil also. Their subject is infinite as nature, their color equally balanced between splendor and sadness, reaching occasionally the highest degrees of both, and their chiaroscuro equally balanced between light and shade. . . .

The last class perceive and imitate evil only. They cannot draw the trunk of a tree without blasting and shattering it, nor a sky except covered with stormy clouds; they delight in the beggary and brutality of the human race; their color is for the most part subdued or lurid, and the greatest spaces of their pictures are occupied by darkness. . . .

Now, observe: the three classes into which artists were previously divided, of men of fact, men of design, and men of both, are all of Divine institution; but of these latter three, the last is in no wise of Divine institution. It is entirely human, and the men who belong to it have sunk into it by their own faults. They are, so far forth, either useless or harmful men. It is indeed good that evil should be occasionally represented, even in its worst forms, but never that it should be taken delight in: and the mighty men of the central class will always give us all that is needful of it; sometimes, as Hogarth did, dwelling upon it bitterly as satirists, — but this with the more effect, because they will neither exaggerate it, nor represent it mercilessly, and without the atoning points that all evil shows to a Divinely guided glance, even at its deepest. So then, though the third class will always, I fear, in some measure exist, the two necessary classes are only the first two; and this is so far acknowledged by the general sense of men, that the basest class has been confounded with the second; and painters have been divided commonly only into two ranks, now known, I believe, throughout Europe by the names which they first received in Italy, "Puristi and Naturalisti." Since, however, in the existing state of things, the degraded or evil-loving class, though less defined than that of the Puristi, is just as vast as it is indistinct, this division has done

infinite dishonor to the great faithful painters of nature: and it has long been one of the objects I have had most at heart to show that, in reality, the Purists, in their sanctity, are less separated from these natural painters than the Sensualists in their foulness; and that the difference, though less discernible, is in reality greater, between the man who pursues evil for its own sake, and him who bears with it for the sake of truth, than between this latter and the man who will not endure it at all.

Let us, then, endeavor briefly to mark the real relations of these three vast ranks of men, whom I shall call, for convenience in speaking of them, Purists, Naturalists, and Sensualists: not that these terms express their real characters, but I know no word, and cannot coin a convenient one, which would accurately express the opposite of Purist; and I keep the terms Purist and Naturalist in order to comply, as far as possible, with the established usage of language on the Continent. Now, observe: in saying that nearly everything presented to us in nature has mingling in it of good and evil, I do not mean that nature is conceivably improvable, or that anything that God has made could be called evil, if we could see far enough into its uses, but that, with respect to immediate effects or appearances, it may be so, just as the hard rind or bitter kernel of a fruit may be an evil to the eater, though in the one is the protection of the fruit, and in the other its continuance. The Purist, therefore, does not mend nature, but receives from nature and from God that which is good for him; while the Sensualist fills himself "with the husks that the swine did eat."

The three classes may, therefore, be likened to men reaping wheat, of which the Purists take the fine flour, and the Sensualists the chaff and straw, but the Naturalists take all home, and make their cake of the one, and their couch of the other.

For instance. We know more certainly every day that whatever appears to us harmful in the universe has some beneficent or necessary operation; that the storm which destroys a harvest brightens the sunbeams for harvests yet unsown, and that the volcano which buries a city preserves a thousand from destruction. But the evil is not for the time less fearful, because we have learned it to be necessary; and we easily understand the timidity or the tenderness of the spirit which would withdraw itself from the presence of destruction, and create in its imagination a world of which the peace should be unbroken, in

which the sky should not darken nor the sea rage, in which the leaf should not change nor the blossom wither. That man is greater, however, who contemplates with an equal mind the alternations of terror and of beauty; who, not rejoicing less beneath the sunny sky, can bear also to watch the bars of twilight narrowing on the horizon; and, not less sensible to the blessing of the peace of nature, can rejoice in the magnificence of the ordinances by which that peace is protected and secured. But separated from both by an immeasurable distance would be the man who delighted in convulsion and disease for their own sake; who found his daily food in the disorder of nature mingled with the suffering of humanity; and watched joyfully at the right hand of the Angel whose appointed work is to destroy as well as to accuse, while the corners of the House of Feasting were struck by the wind from the wilderness.

And far more is this true, when the subject of contemplation is humanity itself. The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and the grain of the corn; but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend. The passions of which the end is the continuance of the race; the indignation which is to arm it against injustice, or strengthen it to resist wanton injury; and the fear which lies at the root of prudence, reverence, and awe, are all honorable and beautiful, so long as man is regarded in his relations to the existing world. The religious Purist, striving to conceive him withdrawn from those relations, effaces from the countenance the traces of all transitory passion, illumines it with holy hope and love, and seals it with the serenity of heavenly peace; he conceals the forms of the body by the deep-folded garment, or else represents them under severely chastened types, and would rather paint them emaciated by the fast, or pale from the torture, than strengthened by exertion, or flushed by emotion. But the great Naturalist takes the human being in its wholeness, in its mortal as well as its spiritual strength. Capable of sounding and sympathizing with the whole range of its passions, he brings one majestic harmony out of them all; he represents it fearlessly in all its acts and thoughts, in its haste, its anger, its sensuality, and its pride, as well as in its fortitude or faith, but makes it noble in them all; he casts aside the veil from the body, and beholds the mysteries of its form like an angel looking down on an inferior creature: there is nothing

which he is reluctant to behold, nothing that he is ashamed to confess; with all that lives, triumphing, falling, or suffering, he claims kindred, either in majesty or in mercy, yet standing, in a sort, afar off, unmoved even in the deepness of his sympathy; for the spirit within him is too thoughtful to be grieved, too brave to be appalled, and too pure to be polluted.

How far beneath these two ranks of men shall we place, in the scale of being, those whose pleasure is only in sin or in suffering; who habitually contemplate humanity in poverty or decrepitude, fury or sensuality; whose works are either temptations to its weakness, or triumphs over its ruin, and recognize no other subjects for thought or admiration than the subtlety of the robber, the rage of the soldier, or the joy of the Sybarite. It seems strange, when thus definitely stated, that such a school should exist.

10. THE BEAUTY AND VALUE OF DUST

The majority of persons, if asked what were the uses of dust, would reply that they did not know it had any, but they were sure it was a great nuisance. It is true that dust, in our towns and in our houses, is often not only a nuisance but a serious source of disease: while in many countries it produces ophthalmia, often resulting in total blindness. Dust, however, as it is usually perceived by us, is, like dirt, only matter in the wrong place, and whatever injurious or disagreeable effects it produces are largely due to our own dealings with nature. So soon as we dispense with horse-power and adopt purely mechanical means of traction and conveyance, we can almost wholly abolish disease-bearing dust from our streets, and ultimately from all our highways; while another kind of dust, that caused by the imperfect combustion of coal, may be got rid of with equal facility so soon as we consider pure air, sunlight, and natural beauty to be of more importance to the population as a whole than are the prejudices or the vested interests of those who produce the smoke.

But though we can thus minimize the dangers and the inconveniences arising from the grosser forms of dust, we cannot wholly abolish it; and it is, indeed, fortunate we cannot do so, since it has now been discovered that it is to the presence of dust we owe much of the beauty, and perhaps even the very habitability, of the earth we live upon. Few

of the fairy tales of science are more marvelous than these recent discoveries as to the varied effects and important uses of dust in the economy of nature.

The question why the sky and the deep ocean are both blue did not much concern the earlier physicists. It was thought to be the natural colour of pure air and water, so pale as not to be visible when small quantities were seen, and only exhibiting its true tint when we looked through great depths of atmosphere or of organic water. But this theory did not explain the familiar facts of the gorgeous tints seen at sunset and sunrise, not only in the atmosphere and on the clouds near the horizon, but also in equally resplendent hues when the invisible sun shines upon Alpine peaks and snowfields. A true theory should explain all these colors, which comprise almost every tint of the rainbow.

The explanation was found through experiments on the visibility or non-visibility of air, which were made by the late Professor Tyndall about the year 1868. Everyone has seen the floating dust in a sunbeam when sunshine enters a partially darkened room; but it is not generally known that if there was absolutely no dust in the air the path of the sunbeam would be totally black and invisible, while if only very little dust was present in very minute particles the air would be as blue as a summer sky.

This was proved by passing a ray of electric light lengthways through a long glass cylinder filled with air of varying degrees of purity as regards dust. In the air of an ordinary room, however clean and well ventilated, the interior of the cylinder appears brilliantly illuminated. But if the cylinder is exhausted and then filled with air which has passed slowly through a fine gauze of intensely heated platinum wire, so as to burn up all the floating dust particles, which are mainly organic, the light will pass through the cylinder without illuminating the interior, which, viewed laterally, will appear as if filled with a dense black cloud. If, now, more air is passed into the cylinder through the heated gauze, but so rapidly that the dust particles are not wholly consumed, a slight blue haze will begin to appear, which will gradually become a pure blue, equal to that of a summer sky. If more and more dust particles are allowed to enter, the blue becomes paler, and gradually changes to the colourless illumination of the ordinary air.

The explanation of these phenomena is that the number of dust particles in ordinary air is so great that they reflect abundance of light

of all wave-lengths, and thus cause the interior of the vessel containing them to appear illuminated with white light. The air which has passed slowly over white-hot platinum has had the dust particles destroyed, thus showing that they were almost wholly of organic origin, which is also indicated by their extreme lightness, causing them to float permanently in the atmosphere. The dust being thus got rid of, and pure air being entirely transparent, there is nothing in the cylinder to reflect the light which is sent through its centre in a beam of parallel rays, so that none of it strikes against the sides; hence the inside of the cylinder appears absolutely dark. But when all the larger dust particles are wholly or partially burnt, so that only the very smallest fragments remain, a blue light appears, because these are so minute as to reflect chiefly the more refrangible rays, which are of shorter wave-length — those at the blue end of the spectrum — and which are thus scattered in all directions, while the red and yellow rays pass straight on as before.

We have seen that the air near the earth's surface is full of rather coarse particles which reflect all the rays, and which therefore produce no one colour. But higher up the particles necessarily become smaller and smaller, since the comparatively rare atmosphere will support only the very smallest and lightest. These exist throughout a great thickness of air, perhaps from one mile to ten miles high or even more, and blue or violet rays being reflected from the innumerable particles in this great mass of air, which is nearly uniform in all parts of the world as regards the presence of minute dust particles, produces the constant and nearly uniform tint we call sky-blue. A certain amount of white or yellow light is no doubt reflected from the coarser dust in the lower atmosphere, and slightly dilutes the blue and renders it not quite so deep and pure as it otherwise would be. This is shown by the increasing depth of the sky-colour when seen from the tops of lofty mountains, while from the still greater heights attained in balloons the sky appears of a blue-black colour, the blue reflected from the comparatively small amount of dust particles being seen against the intense black of stellar space. It is for the same reason that the "Italian skies" are of so rich a blue, because the Mediterranean Sea on one side and the snowy Alps on the other do not furnish so large a quantity of atmospheric dust in the lower strata of air as in less favorably situated countries, thus leaving the blue reflected by the more uniformly dis-

tributed fine dust of the higher strata undiluted. But these Mediterranean skies are surpassed by those of the central Pacific ocean, where, owing to the small area of land, the lower atmosphere is more free from coarse dust than any other part of the world.

If we look at the sky on a perfectly fine summer's day, we shall find that the blue colour is the most pure and intense overhead, and when looking high up in a direction opposite to the sun. Near the horizon it is always less bright, while in the region immediately round the sun it is more or less yellow. The reason of this is that near the horizon we look through a very great thickness of the lower atmosphere, which is full of the larger dust particles reflecting white light, and this dilutes the pure blue of the higher atmosphere seen beyond. And in the vicinity of the sun a good deal of the blue light is reflected back into space by the finer dust, thus giving a yellowish tinge to that which reaches us reflected chiefly from the coarse dust of the lower atmosphere. At sunset and sunrise, however, this last effect is greatly intensified, owing to the great thickness of the strata of air through which the light reaches us. The enormous amount of this dust is well shown by the fact that, then only, we can look full at the sun, even when the whole sky is free from clouds and there is no apparent mist. But the sun's rays then reach us after having passed, first, through an enormous thickness of the higher strata of the air, the minute dust of which reflects most of the blue rays away from us, leaving the complementary yellow light to pass on. Then, the somewhat coarser dust reflects the green rays, leaving a more orange coloured light to pass on; and finally some of the yellow is reflected, leaving almost pure red. But owing to the constant presence of air currents, arranging both the dust and vapour in strata of varying extent and density, and of high or low clouds, which both absorb and reflect the light in varying degrees, we see produced all those wondrous combinations of tints and those gorgeous ever-changing colours, which are a constant source of admiration and delight to all who have the advantage of an uninterrupted view to the west, and who are accustomed to watch for these not unfrequent exhibitions of nature's kaleidoscopic colour-painting. With every change in the altitude of the sun the display changes its character; and most of all when it has sunk below the horizon, and, owing to the more favourable angles, a larger quantity of the coloured light is reflected toward us. Especially is this the case when there is a

certain amount of cloud. The clouds, so long as the sun is above the horizon, intercept much of the light and colour; but, when the great luminary has passed away from our direct vision, his light shines more directly on the under sides of all the clouds and air strata of different densities; a new and more brilliant light flushes the western sky, and a display of gorgeous ever-changing tints occurs which are at once the delight of the beholder and the despair of the artist. And all this unsurpassable glory we owe to — dust!

A remarkable confirmation of this theory was given during the two or three years after the great eruption of Krakatoa, near Java. The volcanic débris was shot up from the crater many miles high, and the heavier portion of it fell upon the sea for several hundred miles around, and was found to be mainly composed of very thin flakes of volcanic glass. Much of this was of course ground to impalpable dust by the violence of the discharge, and was carried up to a height of many miles. Here it was caught by the return currents of air continually flowing northward and southward above the equatorial zone; and since, when these currents reach the temperate zone, where the surface rotation of the earth is less rapid, they continually flow eastward, the fine dust was thus carried at a great altitude completely round the earth. Its effects were traced some months after the eruption in the appearance of brilliant sunset glows of an exceptional character, often flushing with crimson the whole western half of the visible sky. These glows continued in diminishing splendour for about three years; they were seen all over the temperate zone; and it was calculated that, before they finally disappeared, some of this fine dust must have travelled three times round the globe.

The same principle is thought to explain the exquisite blue colour of the deep seas and oceans and of many lakes and springs. Absolutely pure water, like pure air, is colourless, but all seas and lakes, however clear and translucent, contain abundance of very finely divided matter, organic or inorganic, which, as in the atmosphere, reflects the blue rays in such quantity as to overpower the white or coloured light reflected from the fewer and more rapidly sinking particles of larger size. The oceanic dust is derived from many sources. Minute organisms are constantly dying near the surface, and their skeletons, or fragments of them, fall slowly to the bottom. The mud brought down by rivers, though it cannot be traced on the ocean floor more than about

150 miles from land, yet no doubt furnishes many particles of organic matter which are carried by surface currents to enormous distances and are ultimately dissolved before they reach the bottom. A more important source of finely divided matter is to be found in volcanic dust, which, as in the case of Krakatoa, may remain for years in the atmosphere, but which must ultimately fall upon the surface of the earth and ocean. This can be traced in all the deep-sea oozes. Finally there is meteoric dust, which is continually falling to the surface of the earth, but in such minute quantities and in such a finely-divided state that it can be detected only in the oozes of the deepest oceans, where both inorganic and organic débris is almost absent.

The blue of the ocean varies in different parts from a pure blue somewhat lighter than that of the sky, as seen about the northern tropic in the Atlantic, to a deep indigo tint, as seen in the north temperate portions of the same ocean: owing, probably, to differences in the nature, quantity, and distribution of the solid matter which causes the colour. The Mediterranean, and the deeper Swiss lakes, are also a blue of various tints, due also to the presence of suspended matter, which Professor Tyndall thought might be so fine that it would require ages of quiet subsidence to reach the bottom. All the evidence goes to show, therefore, that the exquisite blue tints of sky and ocean, as well as all the sunset hues of sky and cloud, of mountain peak and Alpine snows, are due to the finer particles of that very dust which, in its coarser forms, we find so annoying and even dangerous.

But if this production of colour and beauty were the only useful function of dust, some persons might be disposed to dispense with it in order to escape its less agreeable effects. It has, however, been recently discovered that dust has another part to play in nature; a part so important that it is doubtful whether we could even live without it. To the presence of dust in the higher atmosphere we owe the formation of mists, clouds, and gentle beneficial rains, instead of waterspouts and destructive torrents.

It is barely twenty years ago since the discovery was made, first in France by Coulier and Mascart, but more thoroughly worked out by Mr. John Aitken in 1880. He found that if a jet of steam is admitted into two large glass receivers, — one filled with ordinary air, the other with air which has been filtered through cotton wool so as to keep back

all particles of solid matter, — the first will be instantly filled with condensed vapour in the usual cloudy form, while the other vessel will remain quite transparent. Another experiment was made, more nearly reproducing what occurs in nature. Some water was placed in the two vessels prepared as before. When the water had evaporated sufficiently to saturate the air, the vessels were slightly cooled; a dense cloud was at once formed in the one while the other remained quite clear. These experiments, and many others, show that the mere cooling of vapour in air will not condense it into mist clouds or rain, unless *particles of solid matter* are present to form *nuclei* upon which condensation can begin. The density of the cloud is proportionate to the number of the particles; hence the fact that the steam issuing from the safety-valve or the chimney of a locomotive forms a dense white cloud, shows that the air is really full of dust particles, most of which are microscopic but none the less serving as centres of condensation for the vapour. Hence, if there were no dust in the air, escaping steam would remain invisible; there would be no clouds in the sky; and the vapour in the atmosphere, constantly accumulating through evaporation from seas and oceans and from the earth's surface, would have to find some other means of returning to its source.

One of these modes would be the deposition of dew, which is itself an illustration of the principle that vapour requires solid or liquid surfaces to condense upon; hence dew forms more readily and more abundantly on grass, on account of the numerous centres of condensation it affords. Dew, however, is now formed only on clear cold nights after warm or moist days. The air near the surface is warm and contains much vapour, though below the point of saturation. But the innumerable points and extensive surfaces of grass radiate heat quickly, and becoming cool, lower the temperature of the adjacent air, which then reaches saturation point and condenses the contained atmosphere on the grass. Hence, if the atmosphere at the earth's surface became super-saturated with aqueous vapour, dew would be continuously deposited, especially on every form of vegetation, the result being that everything, including our clothing, would be constantly dripping wet. If there were absolutely no particles of solid matter in the upper atmosphere, all the moisture would be returned to the earth in the form of dense mists, and frequent and copious dews, which in forests would form torrents of rain by the rapid condensation on the leaves. But if we suppose that solid

particles were occasionally carried higher up through violent winds or tornadoes, then on those occasions the super-saturated atmosphere would condense rapidly upon them, and while falling would gather almost all the moisture in the atmosphere in that locality, resulting in masses or sheets of water, which would be so ruinously destructive by the mere weight and impetus of their fall that it is doubtful whether they would not render the earth almost wholly uninhabitable.

The chief mode of discharging the atmospheric vapour in the absence of dust would, however, be by contact with the higher slopes of all mountain ranges. Atmospheric vapour, being lighter than air, would accumulate in enormous quantities in the upper strata of the atmosphere, which would be always super-saturated and ready to condense upon any solid or liquid surfaces. But the quantity of land comprised in the upper half of all the mountains of the world is a very small fraction of the total surface of the globe, and this would lead to very disastrous results. The air in contact with the higher mountain slopes would rapidly discharge its water, which would run down the mountain sides in torrents. This condensation on every side of the mountains would leave a partial vacuum which would set up currents from every direction to restore the equilibrium, thus bringing in more super-saturated air to suffer condensation and add its supply of water, again increasing the in-draught of more air. The result would be that winds would be constantly blowing toward every mountain range from all directions, keeping up the condensation and discharging, day and night and from one year's end to another, an amount of water equal to that which falls during the heaviest tropical rains. All of the rain that now falls over the whole surface of the earth and ocean, with the exception of a few desert areas, would then fall only on rather high mountains or steep isolated hills, tearing down their sides in huge torrents, cutting deep ravines, and rendering all growth of vegetation impossible. The mountains would therefore be so devastated as to be uninhabitable, and would be equally incapable of supporting either vegetable or animal life.

But this constant condensation on the mountains would probably check the deposit on the lowlands in the form of dew, because the continual up-draught toward the higher slopes would withdraw almost the whole of the vapour as it arose from the oceans and other water-surfaces, and thus leave the lower strata over the plains almost or quite dry. And if this were the case there would be no vegetation,

and therefore no animal life, on the plains and lowlands, which would thus be all arid deserts cut through by the great rivers formed by the meeting together of the innumerable torrents from the mountains.

Now, although it may not be possible to determine with perfect accuracy what would happen under the supposed condition of the atmosphere, it is certain that the total absence of dust would so fundamentally change the meteorology of our globe as, not improbably, to render it uninhabitable by man, and equally unsuitable for the larger portion of its existing animal and vegetable life.

Let us now briefly summarise what we owe to the universality of dust, and especially to that most finely divided portion of it which is constantly present in the atmosphere up to the height of many miles. First of all it gives us the pure blue of the sky, one of the most exquisitely beautiful colours in nature. It gives us also the glories of the sunset and the sunrise, and all those brilliant hues seen in high mountain regions. Half the beauty of the world would vanish with the absence of dust. But, what is far more important than the colour of sky and beauty of sunset, dust gives us also diffused daylight, or skylight, that most equable, and soothing, and useful, of all illuminating agencies. Without dust the sky would appear absolutely black, and the stars would be visible even at noonday. The sky itself would therefore give us no light. We should have bright glaring sunlight or intensely dark shadows, with hardly any half-tones. From this cause alone the world would be so totally different from what it is that all vegetable and animal life would probably have developed into very different forms, and even our own organisation would have been modified in order that we might enjoy life in a world of such harsh and violent contrasts.

In our houses we should have little light except when the sun shone directly into them, and even then every spot out of its direct rays would be completely dark, except for light reflected from the walls. It would be necessary to have windows all round and the walls all white; and on the north side of every house a high white wall would have to be built to reflect the light and prevent that side from being in total darkness. Even then we should have to live in a perpetual glare, or shut out the sun altogether and use artificial light as being a far superior article.

Much more important would be the effects of a dust-free atmosphere in banishing clouds, or mist, or the "gentle rain of heaven," and in

giving us in their place perpetual sunshine, desert lowlands, and mountains devastated by unceasing floods and raging torrents, so as, apparently, to render all life on the earth impossible.

There are a few other phenomena, apparently due to the same general causes, which may here be referred to. Everyone must have noticed the difference in the atmospheric effects and general character of the light in spring and autumn, at times when the days are of the same length, and consequently when the sun has the same altitude at corresponding hours. In spring we have a bluer sky and greater transparency of the atmosphere; in autumn, even on very fine days, there is always a kind of yellowish haze, resulting in a want of clearness in the air and purity of colour in the sky. These phenomena are quite intelligible when we consider that during winter less dust is formed, and more is brought down to the earth by rain and snow, resulting in the transparent atmosphere of spring, while exactly opposite conditions during summer bring about the mellow autumnal light. Again, the well-known beneficial effects of rain on vegetation, as compared with any amount of artificial watering, though, no doubt, largely due to the minute quantity of ammonia which the rain brings down with it from the air, must yet be partly derived from the organic or mineral particles which serve as the nuclei of every raindrop, and which, being so minute, are the more readily dissolved in the soil and appropriated as nourishment by the roots of plants.

It will be observed that all these beneficial effects of dust are due to its presence in such quantities as are produced by natural causes, since both gentle showers as well as ample rains and deep blue skies are present throughout the vast equatorial forest districts, where dust-forming agencies seem to be at a minimum. But in all densely-populated countries there is an enormous artificial production of dust — from our ploughed fields, from our roads and streets, where dust is continually formed by the iron-shod hoofs of innumerable horses, but chiefly from our enormous combustion of fuel pouring into the air volumes of smoke charged with unconsumed particles of carbon. This superabundance of dust, probably many times greater than that which would be produced under the more natural conditions which prevailed when our country was more thinly populated, must almost certainly produce some effect on our climate; and the particular effect it seems calculated to produce is the increase of cloud and

fog, but not necessarily any increase of rain. Rain depends on the supply of aqueous vapour by evaporation; on temperature, which determines the dew point; and on changes in barometric pressure, which determine the winds. There is probably always and everywhere enough atmospheric dust to serve as centres of condensation at considerable altitudes, and thus to initiate rainfall when the other conditions are favourable; but the presence of increased quantities of dust at the lower levels must lead to the formation of denser clouds, although the minute water-vesicles cannot descend as rain, because, as they pass down into warmer and dryer strata of air, they are again evaporated.

Now, there is much evidence to show that there has been a considerable increase in the amount of cloud, and consequent decrease in the amount of sunshine, in all parts of our country. It is an undoubted fact that in the Middle Ages England was a wine-producing country, and this implies more sunshine than we have now. Sunshine has a double effect, in heating the surface soil and thus causing more rapid growth, besides its direct effect in ripening the fruit. This is well seen in Canada, where, notwithstanding a six months' winter of extreme severity, vines are grown as bushes in the open ground, and produce fruit equal to that of our ordinary greenhouses. Some years back one of our gardening periodicals obtained from gardeners of forty or fifty years' experience a body of facts clearly indicating a comparatively recent change of climate. It was stated that in many parts of the country, especially in the north, fruits were formerly grown successfully and of good quality in gardens where they cannot be grown now; and this occurred in places sufficiently removed from manufacturing centres to be unaffected by any direct deleterious influence of smoke. But an increase of cloud, and consequent diminution of sunshine, would produce just such a result; and this increase is almost certain to have occurred owing to the enormously increased amount of dust thrown into the atmosphere as our country has become more densely populated, and especially owing to the vast increase of our smoke-producing manufactories. It seems highly probable, therefore, that to increase the wealth of our capitalist-manufacturers we are allowing the climate of our whole country to be greatly deteriorated in a way which diminishes both its productiveness and its beauty, thus injuriously affecting the enjoyment and the health of the

whole population, since sunshine is itself an essential condition of healthy life. When this fact is thoroughly realised, we shall surely put a stop to such a reckless and wholly unnecessary production of injurious smoke and dust.

In conclusion, we find that the much-abused and all-pervading dust, which, when too freely produced, deteriorates our climate and brings us dirt, discomfort, and even disease, is, nevertheless, under natural conditions, an essential portion of the economy of nature. It gives us much of the beauty of natural scenery, as due to varying atmospheric effects of sky, and cloud, and sunset tints, and thus renders life more enjoyable; while, as an essential condition of diffused daylight and of moderate rainfalls combined with a dry atmosphere, it appears to be absolutely necessary for our existence upon the earth, perhaps even for the very development of terrestrial, as opposed to aquatic life. The overwhelming importance of the small things, and even of the despised things, of our world has never, perhaps, been so strikingly brought home to us as in these recent investigations into the wide-spread and far-reaching beneficial influences of Atmospheric Dust.

11. HOW A LINOTYPE WORKS

The linotype makes a line of type in one piece — hence its name. Type set by hand or by other machines like the Simplex or the monotype is in small parts — each letter a separate piece: type set by the linotype has only as many parts as there are lines. These lines or "slugs" are cast by the machine automatically; and can be made by one machine as rapidly as six or seven a minute.

The linotype is an odd-looking machine, irregular in line and mass; about seven feet high, resting on a single four-cornered stem or base; about four feet broad and deep; dark except for a brassy upper part, shine of glass lower down, and a blue-and-white keyboard below that; and very heavy.

In more detail, the linotype is made up of five chief parts: (1) the shiny brass "magazine" high up at the right, narrowing toward its lower end, where wait the brass matrices with the letters sunk in their edge; (2) underneath, in front, at low desk height, the typewriter-like board of keys which release the falling matrices; (3) at the left, in front, the round, toothed "mold-disc," against whose slot the line of

matrices is pressed when the molten metal is forced through against them; (4) just behind the mold-disc the melting-pot of fluid metal, with burner beneath and plunger within; and (5) in the center of the whole a complicated, compact group of cams and wheels and gears, mostly on a single shaft, which determine all the major movements of the machine. It is specially to be remembered that since the product of these movements is the completed line, which is cast in the mold-disc, all these motions center in that disc; and its single revolution is therefore the unit "revolution" of the machine. The operation of making a line of type is, however, in two fairly distinct parts: the magazine and keyboard are concerned in one, and the disc, melting-pot, and cams are concerned in the other. If we now watch the operator, we can see how these five major sections of the machine coöperate to make a line of type.

(1) First, the keyboard. Here are ninety square keys, in three equal groups — six rows, sloping down toward the operator. At his left are thirty black keys with white "lower case" letters on them; next toward the right are thirty blue keys with white figures and punctuation marks and all the other special characters; and farthest to the right are thirty white keys with black capitals. A wooden strip across the upper edge of the board, with a brass strip down the left, brings down a "space" whenever it is touched. All these keys are so lightly balanced that only a very slight touch is needed to depress them and release matrices from the magazines above.

(2) The brass magazine aloft is a miniature railroad yard of parallel tracks or "channels" in which rest the matrices awaiting the call of the operator. But this covered yard is tipped, so that the lowest matrix will fall of its own weight the instant it is released. And only one will come: the one behind slips down into place, but must wait for its own release. Not only is this release mechanism very delicate, but very ingenious also is the adjustment which brings all these matrices of different weights from different distances to the rendezvous below *always in the right order*, — even though that rendezvous is not centered under the magazine, but is off at the left of its left edge. Each matrix falls upon a swift little diagonal belt, which hurries it to its place in the "assembling elevator."

This, then, in very brief detail, is the use of the keyboard and magazine. While these are being used, the rest of the machine is idle, and

apparently indifferent. But before the operator lifts this assembling elevator and lets the line of matrices go on to the mold-disc for the line-cast, we want to take a moment's look at what the line is made of.

Every letter in the line is represented by a thin brass oblong called a "matrix," standing on end, with one long edge toward the front. On that edge is stamped a letter, — for the operator's reading if he needs it; on the back edge is sunken the same letter, into which the molten lead will presently be forced, in order to leave that letter raised on the "slug." The top end of the matrix is cut V-shape, with little teeth by which the matrices cling to the "elevators" until they drop back into their magazine-channels at the end of their circuit.

Each space between the words in the line is filled by a long, slim, steel contrivance of two very thin strips sliding vertically on each other, — each half wedge-shaped. These "spacebands" drop from their place just overhead, and hang along the line of matrices; and just before the line is "cast," a block underneath pushes them all up evenly to fill out the line. (Therefore a linotype line is always evenly spaced.)

Now the operator gently raises a few inches the "elevator" in which the matrices and their spaces assembled; there is a click, and the empty line of matrices and spacebands starts leftward by itself; the empty elevator drops to its level, ready to receive the next matrices from the magazine; and the silent machine suddenly begins to turn its cams and take active charge of the line just consigned to it. The line slides over to the charge of another elevator; this one lowers it in front of the slot in the mold-disc, which has revolved into a horizontal position exactly behind it; the justifying-lever pushes up the space-bands; the mold-disc and line are locked tightly against each other; the plunger in the metal-pot descends; the disc releases itself, turns quarter of the way round, and an invisible blade pushes the shining *hot* slug out in front near the operator's left hand, where it stands on end with its lettered face toward him. The slugs follow in order; and when the operator unhooks the "pan" holding them and "dumps" them so they stand on their bottom edges with their raised letters uppermost, they are ready to be printed from.

Meantime the machine has disposed of that line. The elevator that lowered the line into place in front of the mold-disc has lifted it to a short runway above, waited for a finger to transfer it to the runway, and then dropped silently back to await the next line to be cast. A

long, gaunt arm has swung down from the very top of the machine, to the runway; the finger pushes the line upon it; the spacebands drop deftly an inch or two into their compartment; and the arm soars aloft with the matrices clinging to it with their little brass teeth. Their teeth still hold them along the upper runway, to which they are pushed from the arm; there they are at the top of the magazine, ready to drop into their separate channels; and there the fascinating "distributor" mechanism takes charge of them and drops them unerringly back where they belong.

The distributor is uncannily intelligent, yet really very simple. Its runway, across the top of the magazine, is shaped to fit the V cut in each matrix, and has ridges that exactly yet freely fit the matrix teeth. As long as the ridges continue, the matrix cannot drop. But exactly over the "e" channel the two ridges (one on each side of the V bar) that hold the "e" matrices suspended, suddenly stop; and every "e" matrix drops neatly and immediately into its channel. So on across the whole upper entrance to the magazine: every matrix, moved steadily along the runway by two revolving screw-thread bars, rides on till its ridges stop and let it drop into place. There it rests, at the upper end of the column of its own kind, ready for its release down the little belt into the assembly elevator and around again — after all its fellows in front have been called.

This complete and almost human process is so rapid that even the fastest operator needs no more than a dozen or fifteen of each letter: they get back into his magazine with astonishing swiftness. He may operate his keys as rapidly or as slowly as he likes: if so rapidly that he has a new line ready before the last one is up in the distributor, the machine will take it from him and hold it while it releases his assembly elevator for him to refill. The machine itself moves always at the same rate. But the operator must be very fast, or his line very short, in order to keep his machine revolving continuously; though this is his great ambition. His machine will of course always wait for him, as I said, no matter how slowly he sends in his lines.

The motive power is applied by belt to a wheel in the center of the machine, from a quarter-horse-power electric motor on the floor; or from a power shaft. A peculiarity of the linotype is the way it uses this power. The motor or shaft, and the wheel to which it is "belted," run continuously; but the main wheels of the machine turn only when

there is a line to be cast: and the connecting and disconnecting with the power are done automatically, without the thought or act of the operator. He can, of course, make or break that contact with the power, and thus start or stop the machine, instantly and at any point, by means of a lever near his left hand; but he needs to use that lever only for special purposes. All its routine work the machine does without his care. When a line slips over on the runway from the assembly elevator, the machine feels it coming, and immediately moves to receive it and cast it; and when that line is out of the way, quietly stops and waits for the next.

Indeed, this automatic self-control shown by the linotype is a dominant trait. This control goes so far as to seem an uncanny and almost human intelligence. Any obstacle or dislocation in any part of the mechanism is felt instantly by this sensitive throw-off lever; and whatever the point in the circle, the halt is instant: there is no jam, no tightening, no damage; and when the obstacle is removed, and the lever turned, the cams move smoothly on.

The operator's only duties are to touch his keys, lift his assembly elevator when his line is full, let it drop back, and refill it; get up from his chair to empty his "pan" of slugs — it will hold a third of a newspaper column; and every now and then (when he is up) put into the metal-pot a small "pig" of metal (it is a mixture of lead, zinc, and antimony). If he needs anything else, he calls the attendant machinist.

It would be hard to exaggerate the deftness, the lightness, the accuracy, and the intelligence of this ever-surprising mechanism. It looks odd and ungainly; it is almost deceptively quiet; but its unvarying obedience, hour after hour through days and years, to what seems merely the wish of the operator, makes it one of the true marvels of a marvel-making age.

12. EXPLAINING ENGLAND TO AMERICA

I. A Word of Explanation

I write this welcome to you American soldiers and sailors because I know America personally and therefore I know what the word "welcome" means. And I see right away from the start that it is going to be a difficult proposition for us over here to compete with

America in that particular industry. However, we mean to try, and we hope to succeed. Anyway, we shall not fail from lack of good-will.

Having bid you welcome to our shores, I am next going to ask you to remember just one thing.

We are very, very short-handed at present. During the past four years the people of the British Isles have contributed to our common cause more than six million soldiers and sailors. On a basis of population, the purely British contribution to the forces of the British Empire should have been seventy-six per cent. The actual contribution has been eighty-four per cent; and when we come to casualties, not eighty-four but eighty-six per cent of the total have been borne by those two little islands, Great Britain and Ireland, which form the cradle of our race. You can, therefore, imagine the strain upon our man-power. Every man up to the age of fifty is now liable to be drafted. The rest of our male population — roughly five millions — are engaged night and day in such occupations as shipbuilding, coal-mining, munition-making, and making two blades of corn grow where one grew before. They are assisted in every department, even in the war zone, by hundreds and thousands of devoted women.

So we ask you to remember that the England which you see is not England as she was, and as she hopes to be again. You see England in overalls; all her pretty clothes are put away for the duration. Some day we hope once again to travel in trains where there is room to sit down; in motor omnibuses and trolley cars for which you have not to wait in line. We hope again to see our streets brightly lit, our houses freshly painted, flower boxes glowing in every window, and fountains playing in Trafalgar Square. We hope to see the city once again crowded with traffic as thick as that on Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, and the uncanny silence of our present-day streets banished by the cheerful turmoil of automobiles and taxis. And above all we hope to see the air-raid shelters gone, and the hundreds of crippled men in hospital blue no longer visible in our streets, and the long lines of motor ambulances, which assemble every evening outside the stations to meet the hospital trains, swept away forever.

That is the old London — London as we would have you see it — London as we hope you will see it when you come back to us as holiday visitors. Meanwhile, we know you will make allowances for us.

Also, you may not find us very hilarious. In some ways we are

strangely cheerful. For instance, you will see little mourning worn in public. That is because, if black were worn by all those who were entitled to wear it, you would see little else. Again, you will find our theatres packed night after night by a noisy, cheerful throng. But these are not idle people, nor are they the same people all the time. They are almost entirely hard-worked folks enjoying a few days' vacation. The majority of them are soldiers on leave from the Front. Few of them will be here next week; some of them will never see a play again. The play goes on and helps the audience to forget for a while, but it is a different audience every time.

And you will hear little talk about the War. We prefer to talk of almost anything else. Probably you will understand why. There is hardly a house in this country which has not by this time made a personal contribution to our cause. In each of these houses one of two trials is being endured — bereavement, the lesser evil, or suspense, the greater. We cannot, therefore, talk lightly of the War, and being determined not to talk anxiously about it, we compromise — we do not talk about it at all.

We want you to know this. To know is to understand.

II. First Impressions

Meanwhile, let us ask for your impressions of our country. It is only fair that we should be allowed to do this, for you know what happens to visitors in the United States when the reporters get their hooks into them.

So far as I have been able to gather, your impressions amount to something like this:

There is no ice-water, no ice-cream, no soda-fountains, no pie. It is hard to get the old familiar eats in our restaurants.

Our cities are planned in such a way that it is impossible to get to any place without a map and compass.

Our traffic all keeps to the wrong side of the street.

Our public buildings are too low.

There are hardly any street-car lines in London.

Our railroad cars are like boxes, and our locomotives are the smallest things on earth.

Our weather is composed of samples.

Our coinage system is a practical joke.

Nobody, whether in street, train, or tube, ever enters in conversation with you. If by any chance they do, they grouch all the time about the Government and the general management of the country.

Let us take the eats and drinks first. There is no ice-water. I admit it. I am sorry, but there it is. There never was much, but now that ammonia is mostly commandeered for munition work, there is less than ever. As a nation we do not miss it. In this country our difficulty is not to get cool, but to keep warm. Besides, it is possible that our moist climate, and the absence of steam heat in our houses, saves us from that parched feeling which I have so often experienced in the United States. Anyway, that familiar figure of American domestic life, the iceman, is unknown to us. We drink our water at ordinary temperature — what you would call tepid — and we keep our meat in a stone cellar instead of the ice chest. As for ice-cream and soda-fountains, we have never given ourselves over to them very much. As a nation, we are hot-food eaters — that is, when we can get anything to eat! We are living on strict war rations here, just as you are beginning to do in the States. So you must forgive our apparent want of hospitality.

III. The Land we Live in

Next, our cities. After your own straight, wide, methodically-numbered streets and avenues, London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and the rest must seem like a Chinese puzzle. I can only say in excuse that they have been there a very long time, and the people who started in to build them did not foresee that they would ever extend more than a few blocks. If Julius Cæsar had known that London was ultimately going to cover an area of seven hundred square miles, and house a population of seven and a half millions, I dare say he would have made a more methodical beginning. But Julius Cæsar never visited America, and the science of town-planning was unknown to him.

The narrow, winding streets of London are not suited to trolley-car lines. This fact has given us the unique London motor 'bus, driven with incredible skill, and gay with advertisements. There are not so many of these 'buses to-day as there might be, and such as there are are desperately full. But — *c'est la guerre!* Hundreds of our motor 'buses are over in France now. You will meet them when you get there, doing their bit — hurrying reënforcements to some hard-

pressed point, or running from the back areas to the railhead, conveying happy, muddy Tommies home on leave.

And while we are discussing London, let me recommend you to make a point of getting acquainted with the London policeman. He is a truly great man. Watch him directing the traffic down in the City, or where Wellington Street, on its way to Waterloo Bridge, crosses the Strand. He has no semaphore, no whistle; but simply extends an arm, or turns his back, and the traffic swings to right or left, or stops altogether. Foreign cities, even New York, are not ashamed to send their police to London to pick up hints on traffic control from the London "Bobby." Watch him handle an unruly crowd. He is unarmed, and though he carries a club, you seldom see it. If you get lost, ask him to direct you, for he carries a map of London inside his head. He is everybody's friend. By the way, if he wears a helmet he is one of the regular force. A flat cap is a sign of a "Special" — that is, a business man who is giving his spare time, by day or night, to take the place of those policemen who have joined the Colours. But, "Regular" or "Special," he is there to help you.

There are no skyscrapers in England. The fact is, London is no place for skyscrapers. It was New York which set the fashion. That was because Manhattan Island, with the Hudson on one side and the East River on the other, is physically incapable of expansion, and so New York, being unable to spread out, shot upwards. Moreover, New York is built on solid rock — you ask the Subway contractors about that! — while the original London was built on a marsh, and the marsh is there still. So it will not support structures like the Woolworth Building.

Most of our national highways start from London. There is one, a Roman road, called Watling Street, which starts from the Marble Arch and runs almost as straight as a rod from London to Chester, nearly two hundred miles; and it never changes its name after the first few miles, which are called the Edgware Road. Another, the Great North Road, runs from London to Edinburgh, and is four hundred miles long. One hundred years ago the mail coaches thundered along that road night and day, and highwaymen had their own particular pitches where no other highwaymen dreamed of butting in. Five years ago that road was a running river of touring automobiles. Now, strings of grey military motor lorries rumble up and down its entire length. Perhaps you will ride on some of them.

London, easy-going London, has her short cuts, too. That is where she differs from the methodical, rectangular, convenient cities of the United States. She is full of cunning by-ways, and every street has a character of its own. The Strand was called "The Strand" a thousand years ago, because it *was* a strand — a strip of beach which ran alongside the Thames at the foot of a cliff (which has long since been smoothed and sloped out of existence) and was submerged each high tide. The English fought a great battle with Danish pirates near by, and to-day the dead Danes sleep their last sleep in St. Clement Danes' Church, right in the middle of the Strand.

Charing Cross, again, is the last of a great chain of such Crosses, stretching from London to Scotland, each a day's march from the next. They were set up at the end of the thirteenth century by King Edward the First of England, to commemorate the last journey of his beloved Queen — his *Chère Reine* — who died while accompanying him upon a campaign against the Scots. At each stopping-place on his homeward journey the King erected one of these crosses to mark the spot where the Queen's body lay that night. Many have perished, but you can still trace some of them along the Great North Road — Neville's Cross, Waltham Cross, and finally *Chère Reine* Cross, or Charing Cross. That strikes the imagination. So do Aldgate, Aldersgate, Moorgate, London Wall, and other streets which go back to the days when London really was a walled city.

But a walk around London repays itself. There is Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment — the veteran among all monuments of the world, except perhaps its sister in Central Park, New York. It was in existence fifteen hundred years before Christ, in the city of Heliopolis. It looked down upon the Palace and Court of Queen Cleopatra in Alexandria. After that it lay prostrate in the sands of the Egyptian desert for another fifteen hundred years. It was finally presented to the British Government by the Khedive of Egypt. It was towed to England on a raft, and was nearly lost during a storm in the Bay of Biscay. Recently, the Zeppelins have tried dropping bombs on it, as you can see for yourself. But a mere bomb or two is nothing to a veteran with a constitution like that.

In Warwickshire, around Stratford and the Forest of Arden, you will find yourself in Shakespeare's country. At Gerrard's Cross William Penn is buried. In the old days a watch was kept on the

grave, as certain patriotic Americans considered that the proper place for William Penn to be buried was Pennsylvania, and tried to give practical effect to this pious opinion.

Scotland, if you happen to find yourself there, is entirely different from England. England is flat or undulating, and except in the manufacturing districts, is given up mainly to cornfields and pasture land. Scotland, especially in the north, is cut up into hills and glens. Not such hills as you possess in Colorado, or Nevada, or the Northwest. There is no Pike's Peak, no Shasta, no Rainier. The highest mountain in the British Isles — Ben Nevis — is only a little over four thousand feet high, but naturally Scotsmen think a good deal of it.

Scotland is a great battle-ground. The Scot has always been fighting some one. There was perpetual warfare upon the border from the earliest days. The Romans, who were business men, built a wall right across England from Newcastle to Carlisle, to keep the Scots out. They failed, as you will find out for yourself, when you study a list of British Cabinet Ministers; but you can see parts of the wall still. Later, there were everlasting border raids, from one side or the other, maintained as a tradition by the great families of that region — the Percys, the Douglases, the Maxwells, the Elliotts. Besides this, various English kings tried to conquer Scotland. Sometimes one side would win a battle, sometimes the other, but no victory was lasting. At last, in 1707, the Act of Union was passed, and Scotland and England came under one central Government. Unfortunately, the Highlanders of the north were not consulted in the arrangement, and they put up two rebellions of their own. Prince Charles Edward, the last of the Stuarts, actually invaded England, and got as far as Derby. He was defeated, but the rebellion smouldered on for years among the Highland glens. The chain of forts along the Caledonian Canal to-day — Fort George, Fort Augustus, Fort William, now peaceful holiday resorts — is a reminder of that time. But those days are all over now, and for nearly two centuries English and Scottish soldiers have fought side by side all over the world. Ireland was united to England and Scotland by a similar Act of Union in 1800. This event, as you may possibly have heard, has provided a fruitful topic of conversation ever since. . . .

V. Our Transportation

Then there are our railroads. These, like our boxed-in passenger coaches and little four-wheel freight cars, tickle you to death, I know. The compartment system is a national symptom. An Englishman loves one thing above all others, and that is to get a railway compartment to himself. Nobody knows why, but he does. Probably the craving arises from his inability to converse easily with strangers. That inability is passing away. I shall speak of it later. But the three-class system is a relic of antiquity. Fifty years ago there were three grades of comfort in British railroad travelling. You could have your family horse-coach lashed upon an open railroad truck and attached to the train. You thus travelled in your own carriage, or chaise. I do not know what happened to the horses. This was the usual custom of the grand folk of those days. Or you could travel by ordinary railway coaches, without cushions or windows. Or you could pack yourself into an open freight truck, much as soldiers on the Western Front are packed to-day, and so reach your destination with other merchandise.

That has all gone now. Practically the only difference between first, second, and third class in these days is a difference of price — which means elbow-room. (Second class, by the way, has almost entirely died out.) The three classes are almost equal in comfort, especially just now, when the War has abolished nearly all dining-cars and sleepers. Our sleeping-car system never amounted to much, anyway. The journeys were too short to make it necessary for such as were travelling by night (and they were comparatively few) to go to bed. The lordly Pullman car is almost unknown here.

I said just now that we used to be proud of our railroads in time of peace. We are doubly proud of them to-day in the stress of War. They passed automatically into Government hands the day the War broke out, and they have given our whole country a lesson in the art of carrying on. Thousands of their employees are away in the trenches; hundreds of their locomotives and freight cars are in France or Mesopotamia or Palestine, enlisted for the duration. You will notice them when you get over, marked R.O.D. (Railway Operating Department). They have all come from England. Miles of tracks here have been torn up and conveyed bodily overseas. There is little labour available to execute repairs, and none to build new stock. There is a shortage

of coal, a shortage of oil, and no paint. Passenger services have been cut down by a half, and fares raised fifty per cent; yet the traffic is still enormous, and the strain on the depleted staffs is immense. But they manage somehow. Men who have long earned their retirement remain in service, while boys and women do the rest. Carry on!

VI. Our Gopher Runs

Then comes our substitute for your Subway, and street-car system generally. In London you will notice that there are two kinds of Subway — the so-called Underground, or shallow transit, and the deep Tubes. The system is so complicated, owing to the shape of London, that it has been found impossible to have a one-price ticket such as prevails everywhere in the United States.

The Underground is the oldest underground railroad in the world. You probably gathered that for yourself the first time you saw it. Twenty-five years ago its trains were drawn by ordinary steam locomotives, which were supposed to consume their own smoke. Perhaps they did, but it must have leaked out again somewhere.

The old Underground Railway of London got nearer to the ordinary conception of hell than anything yet invented. Stations and trains were lit by feeble gas or oil lamps; all glass was covered over with a film of soot, and the brightest illumination was provided by the glow of the locomotive furnaces as the train rumbled asthmatically into a station. The atmosphere was a mixture of soot, smoke, sulphur, and poison gas. The trains were on the box-compartment system, and small compartments at that. The train usually waited two or three minutes in each station (instead of ten seconds as now), and it required a full hour to travel from King's Cross to Charing Cross. It was impossible to see to read a newspaper, so that passengers, to pass the time, used to rob, assault, and occasionally murder one another. With the coming of electric traction the old Underground was cleaned up and refurnished. At the same time, the Tubes were constructed away down in the London clay, where there could be no interference from oozy gravel, or gas mains, or sewers.

The chief trouble about the Tubes is that no one knows where they are. Of course, every one knows where the *stations* are. For instance, every Londoner knows where Piccadilly Circus Station is — the sur-

face station. But where is the actual subterranean station? Or rather, where are the two stations, because at this point two roads cross, and each has its own subterranean station. Ah! They certainly are not where simple folk, like you and me, would expect them to be — under Piccadilly Circus. If they were, you would find them at the foot of the elevator. But that would be too easy. It would make Londoners fat and lazy, leading the sedentary life they do, to step straight into the train. So they have to walk about a mile. Where to, no one knows. But there is a school of philosophers which believes that a good many of the Tube stations have no subterranean stations at all. One subterranean is shared jointly by several surface stations. A short circular train ride is provided, just to furnish the necessary illusion, and the passenger, having really walked to his destination, steps out of the train well satisfied, and goes up the right elevator under the impression that he has been carried there. That is our Tube system as far as modern research has been able to fathom it. Of course, an Englishman could never have thought out such a good practical joke as these Tubes. The entire system was projected and constructed by an American. . . .

VIII. Ourselves

Lastly, ourselves. This chapter is going to be the most difficult.

Last year I met an American soldier in London. He was one of the first who had come over. I asked his impressions. He said:

"I have been in London three days, and not a soul has spoken to me."

And therein was summed up the fundamental difference between our two nations. In the United States people like to see one another and talk to one another, and meet fresh people. If a stranger comes to town, reporters interview him as he steps off the train. Americans prefer when travelling to do so in open cars. At home their living-room doors are usually left open. Every room stands open to every other. In their clubs and hotels there are few private rooms. In their business houses the head of the firm, the staff, and the clerks, frequently work together in one great hall. If any partitions exist they are only table-high or they are made of glass. Plenty of light, plenty of air, plenty of publicity. That is America.

Now over here, somehow, we are different. I said before that an

Englishman's ambition in life was to get a compartment to himself. That principle, for good or ill, prevails through all our habits. On the railroad we travel in separate boxes. At home all our rooms have doors, and we keep them shut. (This, by the way, is chiefly in order to get warm, for there is no central heating.) In most of our clubs there are rooms where no one is allowed to speak. They are crowded with Englishmen. Only a few years ago one never thought of dining in a restaurant except when travelling. If he did, he always asked for a private room. If you dine at Simpson's in the Strand to-day you will still see a relic of the custom in the curious boxed-in compartments which enclose some of the tables. In our business houses the head of the department is concealed in one hutch, the partners in another. The chief clerk has one too. The other clerks may have to work in one room; but each clerk cherishes just one ambition, and that is to rise high enough in the business to secure honourable confinement in a hutch of his own.

For the same reason every Englishman keeps a fence round his garden — be it castle or cottage garden — just to show that it is his garden and no one else's. And if you look into any old English parish church you will see the same thing. Every family has its own pew; the humblest pew has a door, and when the family gets inside the pew it shuts the door. Some of the pews have curtains around them as well. The occupant can see the minister, and the minister can see him. The rest of the congregation are as invisible to him as he is to them. No one in the congregation resents this at all. They are rather proud of the custom. It represents to them only what is right and proper, the principle of a compartment to one's self.

And so a nation which has lived for centuries upon this plan is not a nation which enters readily or easily into conversation outside its own particular compartment. But how was I to explain or excuse such a state of mind to my American soldier friend? Let me say right here that this constrained behaviour does not arise from churlishness, or want of good-will. Even the Germans admit that. A German philosopher once said, with considerable truth for a German: "The Englishman is a cold friend, but a good neighbour. He may shut himself up with his property, but he will never dream of invading yours." This statement is only partially correct. The Englishman is one of the warmest-hearted and most hospitable of men. But he is a bad

starter — a bad starter in War, Love, Business, and above all, Conversation. Once get him started, and he refuses to leave off. But you must start him first. And you are doing it.

The Englishman's passion for his own compartment goes back a very, very long way, right into the centuries. It goes back to the days when we lived in tribes and every tribe kept to itself, and an Englishman's house was his castle — especially if the house were a one-room mud hut. That makes us what we are to this day. Also we are cooped up in a small island, and most of us have never left it. No Englishman ever speaks to another Englishman if he can help it. This is partly the old tribal instinct, partly laziness, and partly fear of a rebuff. Also, it may involve explanations, and an Englishman would rather be scalped than explain. So he saves trouble all round by burying himself in a newspaper and saying nothing. . . .

We are never going back to the old days when Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Canadians, Australians, and Americans sat each in their own compartment, and thanked God that they had it to themselves. We English-speaking races have got together over this War. We have lost terribly, but we are gaining much. We are rubbing shoulders in London, and Paris, and countless other places, and we are rubbing the knobs and the angles off one another, good and plenty. It is not always easy or comfortable to have knobs rubbed off you, and the process sometimes involves a little friction; but we must be prepared for that.

For instance, we all speak English, but we all pronounce it in different ways. Well, why not? Hitherto we have been inclined to assume that the other man was talking like that to annoy us. That is one of the knobs that has to be rubbed off — intolerance of trivial matters of taste and habit. To-day, under the most searching test in the world — the test of comradeship in the face of battle and sudden death — we are acquiring a profound respect for one another. When we have acquired just one other thing — tolerance for one another's point of view — we shall have laid the foundation of an understanding which is going to hold us all up through some difficult times hereafter. Getting this old world back on to a peace basis, after the Kaiser has been put where he belongs, is going to call for all our courage, sincerity, and loyalty to our common ideals. When that period of Reconstruction comes — and it may come sooner than we think — the first plank

in its platform must be a solid understanding between the two English-speaking races. They, at least, must speak with one voice, or the whole fabric will fall to the ground.

Our two nations can never hope entirely to understand one another. Neither can they expect always to see eye to eye. Their national personalities are too robust. But to-day their sons are learning to know the worst of one another and the best of one another and the invincible humanity of one another. With that knowledge will come — if we have the will — tolerance of one another's point of view. We must get that. . . .

LONDON, JULY, 1918

13. THE AUTHOR

A great author . . . is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. . . . He has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness . . . he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. . . . His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life. . . .

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tesselated with the rich fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

14. THE TEACHER

As I look back upon college days, and the influence exerted upon me for good, the office of the teacher rises into a greatness surpassed only by noble parenthood. The teacher may be forgotten; the effect of the teacher upon mind and life is as enduring as the race to which he belongs. His character through the character of his pupils passes into the biological stream; it remains there forever to cleanse and exalt. The character of the American people, so far as it is worthy, carries in it the saving grace of all the great teachers we have ever had, the noblest example, perhaps, of the doctrine of the conservation of energy. It was a true instinct, it was genuine piety that led the German people to inscribe the monument to Fichte, a very great teacher, with these words: "The teacher shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever"; and this although only the eyes of the Eternal may behold them.

15. THE REVERIE

We do not think enough about thinking, and much of our confusion is the result of current illusions in regard to it. Let us forget for the moment any impressions we may have derived from the philosophers, and see what seems to happen in ourselves. The first thing that we notice is that our thought moves with such incredible rapidity that it is almost impossible to arrest any specimen of it long enough to have a look at it. When we are offered a penny for our thoughts we always find that we have recently had so many things in mind that we can easily make a selection which will not compromise us too nakedly. On inspection we shall find that even if we are not downright ashamed of a great part of our spontaneous thinking, it is far too intimate, personal, ignoble, or trivial to permit us to reveal more than a small part of it. I believe this must be true of everyone. We do not, of course, know what goes on in other people's heads. They tell us very little and we tell them very little. The spigot of speech, rarely fully opened, could never emit more than driblets of the ever renewed hogshead of thought — *noch grösser wie's Heidelberger Fass.* We find it hard to believe that other people's thoughts are as silly as our own, but they probably are.

We all appear to ourselves to be thinking all the time during our waking hours, and most of us are aware that we go on thinking while we are asleep, even more foolishly than when awake. When uninterrupted by some practical issue, we are engaged in what is now known as a *reverie*. This is our spontaneous and favorite kind of thinking. We allow our ideas to take their own course, and this course is determined by our hopes and fears, our spontaneous desires, their fulfillment or frustration; by our likes and dislikes, our loves and hates and resentments. There is nothing else anything like so interesting to ourselves as ourselves. All thought that is not more or less laboriously controlled and directed will inevitably circle about the beloved Ego. It is amusing and pathetic to observe this tendency in ourselves and in others. We learn politely and generously to overlook this truth, but if we dare to think of it, it blazes forth like the noontide sun.

The reverie or "free association of ideas" has of late become the subject of scientific research. While investigators are not yet agreed on the results, or at least on the proper interpretation to be given to them, there can be no doubt that our reveries form the chief index to our fundamental character. They are a reflection of our nature as modified by often hidden and forgotten experiences. We need not go into the matter further here, for it is only necessary to observe that the reverie is at all times a potent and in many cases an omnipotent rival to every other kind of thinking. It doubtless influences all our speculations in its persistent tendency to self-magnification and self-justification, which are its chief preoccupations, but it is the last thing to make directly or indirectly for honest increase of knowledge.[1] Philosophers usually talk as if such thinking did not exist or were in some way negligible. This is what makes their speculations so unreal and often worthless.

[1] The poet-clergyman, John Donne, who lived in the time of James I, has given a beautifully honest picture of the doings of a saint's mind:

"I throw myself down in my chamber and call in and invite God and His angels thither, and when they are there I neglect God and His angels for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a door. I talk on in the same posture of praying, eyes lifted up, knees bowed down, as though I prayed to God, and if God or His angels should ask me when I thought last of God in that prayer I cannot tell. Sometimes I find that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of tomorrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a light in mine eye, an anything, a nothing, a fancy, a chimera in my brain troubles me in my prayer." — Quoted by Robert Lynd, *The Art of Letters*, pp. 46–47.

The reverie, as any of us can see for himself, is frequently broken and interrupted by the necessity of a second kind of thinking. We have to make practical decisions. Shall we write a letter or no? Shall we take the subway or a bus? Shall we have dinner at seven or half past? Shall we buy U. S. Rubber or a Liberty Bond? Decisions are easily distinguishable from the free flow of the reverie. Sometimes they demand a good deal of careful pondering and the recollection of pertinent facts; often, however, they are made impulsively. They are a more difficult and laborious thing than the reverie, and we resent having to "make up our mind" when we are tired, or absorbed in a congenial reverie. Weighing a decision, it should be noted, does not necessarily add anything to our knowledge, although we may, of course, seek further information before making it. . . .

In our reveries we are frequently engaged in self-justification, for we cannot bear to think ourselves wrong, and yet have constant illustrations of our weaknesses and mistakes. So we spend much time finding fault with circumstances and the conduct of others, and shifting on to them with great ingenuity the onus of our own failures and disappointments. . . .

The reverie goes on all the time not only in the mind of the mill hand and the Broadway flapper, but equally in weighty judges and godly bishops. It has gone on in all the philosophers, scientists, poets, and theologians that have ever lived. Aristotle's most abstruse speculations were doubtless tempered by highly irrelevant reflections. He is reported to have had very thin legs and small eyes, for which he doubtless had to find excuses, and he was wont to indulge in very conspicuous dress and rings and was accustomed to arrange his hair carefully.[1] Diogenes the Cynic exhibited the impudence of a touchy soul. His tub was his distinction. Tennyson in beginning his "Maud" could not forget his chagrin over losing his patrimony years before as the result of an unhappy investment in the Patent Decorative Carving Company. These facts are not recalled here as a gratuitous disparagement of the truly great, but to insure a full realization of the tremendous competition which all really exacting thought has to face, even in the minds of the most highly endowed mortals.

[1] Diogenes Laertius, Book V.

16. A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

Nothing is more essential in our attempt to escape from the bondage of consecrated ideas than to get a vivid notion of human achievement in its proper historical perspective. In order to do this let us imagine the whole gradual and laborious attainments of mankind compressed into the compass of a single lifetime. Let us assume that a single generation of men have in fifty years managed to accumulate all that now passes for civilization. They would have to start, as all individuals do, absolutely uncivilized, and their task would be to recapitulate what has occupied the race for, let us guess, at least five hundred thousand years. Each year in the life of a generation would therefore correspond to ten thousand years in the progress of the race.

On this scale it would require forty-nine years to reach a point of intelligence which would enable our self-taught generation to give up their ancient and inveterate habits of wandering hunters and settle down here and there to till the ground, harvest their crops, domesticate animals, and weave their rough garments. Six months later, or half through the fiftieth year, some of them, in a particularly favorable situation, would have invented writing and thus established a new and wonderful means of spreading and perpetuating civilization. Three months later another group would have carried literature, art, and philosophy to a high degree of refinement and set standards for the succeeding weeks. For two months our generation would have been living under the blessings of Christianity; the printing press would be but a fortnight old, and they would not have had the steam engine for quite a week. For two or three days they would have been hastening about the globe in steamships and railroad trains, and only yesterday would they have come upon the magical possibilities of electricity. Within the last few hours they would have learned to sail in the air and beneath the waters, and have forthwith applied their newest discoveries to the prosecution of a magnificent war on the scale befitting their high ideals and new resources. This is not so strange, for only a week ago they were burning and burying alive those who differed from the ruling party in regard to salvation, eviscerating in public those who had new ideas of government, and hanging old women who were accused of traffic with the devil. All of them had been no better than vagrant savages a year before. Their fuller knowledge was altogether

too recent to have gone very deep, and they had many institutions and many leaders dedicated to the perpetuation of outworn notions which would otherwise have disappeared. Until recently changes had taken place so slowly and so insensibly that only a very few persons could be expected to realize that not a few of the beliefs that were accepted as eternal verities were due to the inevitable misunderstandings of a savage.

17. THE ABUSE OF DEATH

In the whole course of our observation there is not so misrepresented and abused a personage as Death. Some have styled him the King of Terrors, when he might with less impropriety have been termed the terror of kings; others have dreaded him as an evil without end, although it was in their own power to make him the end of all evil. He has been vilified as the cause of anguish, consternation, and despair, but these, alas, are things that appertain not unto death, but unto life. How strange a paradox is this, — we love the distemper, and loathe the remedy, preferring the fiercest buffetings of the hurricane, to the tranquillity of the harbour. The poet has lent his fictions, the painter his colours, the orator his tropes to portray death as the grand destroyer, the enemy, the prince of phantoms and of shades; but can he be called a destroyer, who for a perishable state gives us that which is eternal? Can he be styled the enemy, who is the best friend only of the best, who never deserts them at their utmost need, and whose friendship proves the most valuable to those who live the longest? Can he be termed the prince of phantoms and of shades, who destroys that which is transient and temporary, to establish that which alone is real and fixed? And what are the mournful escutcheons, the sable trophies, and the melancholy insignia with which we surround him, — the sepulchral gloom, the mouldering carcase, and the slimy worm? These indeed are the idle fears and empty terrors not of the dead, but of the living. The dark domain of death we dread indeed to enter, but we ought rather to dread the ruggedness of some of the roads that lead to it; yet if they are rugged they are short, and it is only those that are smooth that are wearisome and long. But perhaps he summons us too soon from the feast of life: be it so; — if the exchange be not for the better, it is not his fault, but our own. Or he summons us late: the call is a reprieve rather than a sentence, for

who would wish to sit at the board when he can no longer partake of the banquet, or to live on to pain, when he has long been dead to pleasure. Tyrants can sentence their victims to death; but how much more dreadful would be their power, could they sentence them to life. Life is the jailer of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death; what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life. True wisdom thanks death for what he takes, and still more for what he brings. Let us then like sentinels be ready because we are uncertain, and calm because we are prepared. There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not. . . .

Death is like thunder in two particulars: we are alarmed at the sound of it, and it is formidable only from that which preceded it. The rich man, gasping for death, and reduced to be a mendicant even of the common air, tantalized with luxuries that must no more be tasted, and means that must no longer be enjoyed, feels at last the impotence of gold; that death which he dreaded at a distance as an enemy, he now hails when he is near, as a friend; — a friend that alone can bring the peace his treasures cannot purchase, and remove the pain his physicians cannot cure. . . .

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

18. THE DURABLE SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE

For educated men what are the sources of the solid and durable satisfactions of life? I hope you are all aiming at the solid, durable satisfactions of life, not primarily the gratifications of this moment or of tomorrow, but the satisfactions that are going to last and grow. So far as I have seen, there is one indispensable foundation for the satisfactions of life — health. A young man ought to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. That is the foundation for everything else, and I hope you will all be that, if you are nothing more. We have to build everything in this world of domestic joy and professional success, everything of a useful, honorable career, on bodily wholesomeness and vitality. This being a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal

involves a good deal. It involves not condescending to the ordinary barbaric vices. One must avoid drunkenness, gluttony, licentiousness, and getting into dirt of any kind, in order to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. Still, none of you would be content with this achievement as the total outcome of your lives. It is a happy thing to have in youth what are called animal spirits — a very descriptive phrase; but animal spirits do not last even in animals; they belong to the kitten or puppy stage. It is a wholesome thing to enjoy for a time, or for a time each day all through life, sports and active bodily exercise. These are legitimate enjoyments, but, if made the main object of life, they tire. They cease to be a source of durable satisfaction. Play must be incidental in a satisfactory life.

What is the next thing, then, that we want in order to make sure of durable satisfactions in life? We need a strong mental grip, a wholesome capacity for hard work. It is intellectual power and aims that we need. In all the professions — learned, scientific, or industrial — large mental enjoyments should come to educated men. The great distinction between the privileged class to which you belong, the class that has opportunity for prolonged education, and the much larger class that has not that opportunity, is that the educated class lives mainly by the exercise of intellectual powers and gets therefore much greater enjoyment out of life than the much larger class that earns a livelihood chiefly by the exercise of bodily powers. You ought to obtain here, therefore, the trained capacity for mental labor, rapid, intense, and sustained. That is the great thing to get in college, long before the professional school is entered. Get it now. Get it in the years of college life. It is the main achievement of college life to win this mental force, this capacity for keen observation, just inference, and sustained thought, for everything that we mean by the reasoning power of man. That capacity will be the main source of intellectual joys and of happiness and content throughout a long and busy life.

But there is something more, something beyond this acquired power of intellectual labor. As Shakespeare puts it, "the purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation." How is that treasure won? It comes by living with honor, on honor. Most of you have begun already to live honorably and honored, for the life of honor begins early. Some things the honorable man cannot do, never does. He never wrongs or degrades a woman. He never oppresses or cheats a

person weaker or poorer than himself. He never betrays a trust. He is honest, sincere, candid, and generous. It is not enough to be honest. An honorable man must be generous, and I do not mean generous with money only. I mean generous in his judgments of men and women, and of the nature and prospects of mankind. Such generosity is a beautiful attribute of the man of honor.

How does honor come to a man? What is the evidence of the honorable life? What is the tribunal which declares at last, "This was an honorable man"? You look now for the favorable judgment of your elders, — of parents and teachers and older students; but these elders will not be your final judges, and you had better get ready now in college to appear before the ultimate tribunal, the tribunal of your contemporaries and the younger generations. It is the judgment of your contemporaries that is most important to you; and you will find that the judgment of your contemporaries is made up alarmingly early, — it may be made up this year in a way that sometimes lasts for life and beyond. It is made up in part by persons to whom you have never spoken, by persons who in your view do not know you, and who get only a general impression of you; but always it is contemporaries whose judgment is formidable and unavoidable. Live now in the fear of that tribunal — not an abject fear, because independence is an indispensable quality in the honorable man. There is an admirable phrase in the Declaration of Independence, a document which it was the good fashion of my time for boys to commit to memory. I doubt if that fashion still obtains. Some of our public action looks as if it did not. "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation." That phrase — "a decent respect" — is a very happy one. Cherish "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind," but never let that interfere with your personal declaration of independence. Begin now to prepare for the judgment of the ultimate tribunal.

Look forward to the important crises of your life. They are nearer than you are apt to imagine. It is a very safe protective rule to live to-day as if you were going to marry a pure woman within a month.

That rule you will find a safeguard for worthy living. It is a good rule to endeavor hour by hour and week after week to learn to work hard. It is not well to take four minutes to do what you can accomplish in three. It is not well to take four years to do what you can perfectly accomplish in three. It is well to learn to work intensely. You will hear a good deal of advice about letting your soul grow and breathing in without effort the atmosphere of a learned society or place of learning. Well, you cannot help breathing and you cannot help growing; those processes will take care of themselves. The question for you from day to day is how to learn to work to advantage, and college is the place and now is the time to win mental power. And, lastly, live to-day and every day like a man of honor.

CRITICAL WRITING

Criticizing is *judging:* estimating both good and bad, — conscientiously trying to reach a fair and true decision based on the evidence; and then setting forth that decision, in some detail, with the chief reasons and evidence that led to it. That is, mere fault-finding is never true criticism; for criticism is not peevish or petulant or sour; it is calm and *judicial.*

Reasonableness. Good critical writing always appeals primarily to the reason, being itself a product of the reason. It seeks first to have a clear and just standard, and then to compare with that standard [1] the work being criticized. This comparing is done most conveniently by the asking of three questions, *in this order:* (1) What was the writer's purpose? (2) Did he accomplish it? (3) Was it worth while? Faithful answering of these questions, in order, will insure reasonableness. And all the subjects and details will fall into one or another of these answers; under (2), for example, can go all that should be said of the writer's technique, as a cause of success or failure. The opportunity here for frank opinion is a full one: you may answer (2) with the strongest affirmative praise, yet in (3) condemn the work and the worker for skilful effort wasted on an unworthy purpose. All this follows from your persistent desire to be "square" with both your author and your reader.

Emphasis. Your sense of justice will make you careful to put the true emphasis, by means of space and of position, on your praise and on your blame; to spend no more time on technical details than they deserve; to dwell chiefly on what is to you the chief impression; and to close with what is your most important conclusion.

Details. You will need to be *specific:* to produce direct testimony and evidence; to quote phrases or short passages. You may not generalize:

[1] Matthew Arnold's "touchstone" method. See his "The Function of Criticism" and "The Study of Poetry."

generalities in praise are valueless, in blame unfair. To say that a book is a "peach" is as meaningless as to call it "rotten" — or to call it "fine" or "bad." You find that you must take up separately the matters of the book, — its people, pictures, events, conversation, diction, rate of movement, its meaning, its subtlety or obviousness, its balance of beauty and point and feeling; or the human truth of the play, its swiftness, its expressive sufficiency, its imaginative stimulus, its use of dramatic devices to further its real purpose, — these you will take up separately and praise or blame in detail, in specific words. Plots move; therefore words of motion (slow or fast) describe them. People are of many types, and many degrees of vitality; use descriptive words for them. So with the contents and materials of poems, plays, essays, narratives, and the rest.

Synopses. The most interesting part of every criticism is the critic's opinion: the least interesting, usually, is his synopsis of the story. The synopsis is often hardest to do, yet least worth while when it is done. It is seldom interesting; yet it may unfairly "give away" the outcome of the plot, which should not be discovered except in the regular way. Therefore, practice one-sentence summaries if you like, but not synopses of the entire plot.

Value. You are likely to feel some reluctance about criticizing a book or play or poem by a famous author, as an act of futility and presumption. You are sure that you are not yet a competent judge, or capable of adding to the world's wisdom. You may be right; but the only way to learn to have useful opinions is to practice having the best opinions you can. In other words, the value of critical writing is now entirely for you, that later it may benefit the rest of us. You are having opinions constantly; writing them out is practice in making them usefully fair, specific, and reasonable. You may never become a useful pianist, or carpenter, or aviator; but you are certain to be an amateur critic all your life; and for this you need all the thoughtful practice you can get. Therefore, work out your opinions, vigorously, frankly, fully; and back them up. They will be greatly worth while — to you, at least; provided they are so far your best.

Subjects. For short themes, make brief, pointed comment on *single* effects, or persons, or technical tricks, or virtues, or faults. For long themes, make thorough and detailed analysis of a novel, a play, a group of poems or of stories; choose those you have recently read, then carefully thought over. Prefer material that has stirred in you rather strong likes or dislikes; that leaves you with rather clear reactions.

EXERCISES

1. Gather in the Notebook a vocabulary of concrete critical words; classified according as they apply to people, plots, verse, argument, the senses, and so on.

2. For expressive diction, study "The Pathetic Fallacy," "Thumb-Nail Critiques," and "A Gossip on Romance."

3. For judicious quoting and illustration, study "The Pathetic Fallacy," "A Note on Gertrude Stein."

4. For impartiality and reasonableness and emphasis, see "Aboard the *Arcturus*," "A Book-Lover's Book," "Style in the Novel."

CRITICAL

1. MY FAVORITE STORY

My favorite story I can enjoy in all moods. When the sky is melting in haze, the trees are dry, and the kindness of people is parched, home I go to read "The Brushwood Boy." It contains for me, then, the imagination in character, the child in man, the love in life that my threadbare day has not given. When the moon is risen full over the lake, the canoe beached, and a carefree day just over, home I go and read it again. It holds for me, then, the growth in character, the relation of man to man, the work in life that my pagan day has not left. On cold days, when I have been made money-weary by dutiful people, I am refreshed by " 'Ha! ha!' said the duck, laughing, which to a waking mind might not seem to bear on the situation." On calm days I praise the imagination of a man who could yoke a work-a-day man and his remarkable dreams in a natural manner; who ran the hero a race through boyhood, school, India, and home again, as smoothly "as the clockwork steamer which ran with surpassing swiftness over an absolutely level sea." On stormy days I look for the pictures: the artificial country of carved marble and sliding islands; the Thirty Mile Ride with its raging sea and purple downs; the rose-gardens of an English country house in the moonlight. I wonder at the variety of detail unified into one whole. On all days I feel "The Brushwood Boy," in its reserve and fancy, to be the most charming love story I have ever read. It is my favorite; for it stands the test of unity, the test of beauty, the test of every mood.

2. MY FAVORITE BOOK AND WHY I LOVE IT

My favorite book is Saint John's Gospel.

I like it because of its associations; it was the first book I ever tried to read. From hearing certain passages daily I learned to read them, and from reading them to read more. I have the same feeling for it every one has for a *first* book connected with memories of people and places one loves intensely.

Apart from these associations, as a history of a life, — a study of the most human, tender, and lovable of men, — this book has overwhelming power to take me out of myself and above myself — completely to possess itself of my intellect and feelings. It is impossible to describe

what I mean. There are sentences — like the first one of that thirteenth chapter — which I cannot even think of cold-heartedly.

The strongest reason why the book grows dearer to me every day I live is this: plausibly worded arguments that Christ is a myth or a collection of myths, and His biographies interesting literary patchwork, come to me from those with whom I live in the closest intimacy; all that saves me from being as clever and as unhappy as my friends is the conviction — from the evidence of the document itself — that one man, — not half a dozen, — did write that fourth gospel, — that he was not deceiving others nor was he himself deceived, — that, as he says elsewhere, he is bearing witness of what he saw with his eyes, of what his hands handled. I love the book because its truth is palpable.

3. THE FRIGID GITA THAWS

The Crystal Cup, by Gertrude Atherton. New York, 1925, Boni & Liveright. 315 pp. $2.

Mrs. Atherton is always the brilliant and resourceful story-teller. Her plots are never familiar or conventional. Her development of her situations always makes the tale as engrossing as it is devoid of any moral preachment. Here in *The Crystal Cup*, she does not have, as in *Black Oxen*, the advantage of a theme of such timely interest as to be on the front page of the newspapers. Perhaps the story can be called a by-product of *Black Oxen*, for though it strikes a somewhat lesser note, it nevertheless deals with glands and cells, hormones, and Graafian follicles. The book is literally supersaturated with sex. It fairly drips from every page, for that has become Mrs. Atherton's obsession in later years. True, it is more academic than intimately personal, and the discussion is commonly in scientific rather than realistic phraseology, or in patter that passes for science among the sophisticates of whom Mrs. Atherton is so fond of writing.

It is all about the reluctant thawing of the exceedingly frigid Gita Carteret. At twenty-two, Gita inherits from her grandmother the fine old family estate of the Carterets near Atlantic City. She hated the memory of her father, and through him the world of mankind at large, on account of the wrongs her mother had suffered. She had passed her girlhood first in France and then in California, and in both places her snarl of inhibitions and complexes had become more tangled. To

her, love was a superstition the world had outgrown. Her bosom friend, Polly, a very sophisticated young lady, indeed, explained that "love in our sex is an over-secretion of hormones in intestinal cells adjacent to the Graafian follicles — stimulation induced by a powerful photographic image of somebody of the opposite sex on the mental lens, which responds to certain old memories of the subconscious." Just like that!

Early in the story, Gita went through a marriage ceremony with Eustis Bylant, a novelist, who was a friend of her novelist friend Elsie Brewster. (The cast of characters is crowded with novelists.) Eustis accepted with mental reservations the edict of Gita that it was to be purely a marriage of convenience — in order that she might live unchaperoned in the old Carteret mansion and do things socially otherwise less conveniently accomplished. She simply hated Eustis less than mankind in general, and really managed to get on with him very well indeed, so long as this remote relationship stood inviolate. Of course, the reader knows that there is going to be an explosion sooner or later, and it is something volcanic when it arrives.

Its arrival is hastened by the fact that a great surgeon, Dr. Pelham, the brother of Gita's friend Elsie, falls frankly in love with her, and in response she feels things stirring within her against which she struggles profanely, desperately, and, of course, futilely. An occasional sense of humor, both on the part of Mrs. Atherton and on that of her principal characters, saves the dramatic episodes of the closing chapters from becoming grotesquely absurd. As it is, some readers are likely to wonder if the clever Mrs. Atherton is not writing a burlesque on the current pseudo-scientific probings into the mysteries of sex relationships.

4. ABOARD THE *ARCTURUS*

David Goes Voyaging, by David Binney Putnam. With illustrations from photographs and decorations by Isabel Cooper, Don Dickerman, and Dwight Franklin. New York, 1925, G. P. Putnam's Sons. 132 pp. $1.75.

David Binney Putnam is one of the luckiest boys that have lived since Jim and the Doctor and Israel Hands and the other members of that jolly expedition set out for Treasure Island. All red-blooded, 100 per cent he-boys long, as a matter of course, to sail the Spanish Main. David actually did this. He sailed on a piratical craft called

the *Arcturus*, with a ferocious captain and a desperate crew bent upon ravaging the treasures of the deep. He visited seven uninhabited desert islands. He crossed the Equator twenty-one times. He saw squid and five-foot lizards and frigate birds and devilfish and erupting volcanoes and went down under water in a diving helmet. He petted a sea lion and was stung by a Portuguese man-o'-war and fell off a rock on Cocos Island, the famous pirate rendezvous. He wore a red sash and a calico nightcap and a real cutlass, and celebrated his twelfth birthday with a pirate party on the bosom of the deep.

Of course, David could not be much more than an amateur pirate, for the advances of what is called civilization have rendered that mode of life dangerous and unremunerative. When he went to Panama it was not as Morgan went, with cold steel between his teeth and the lust of battle in his eye; he had to go as a tourist and buy things in shops. But if he could not be a pirate he could be what is really the next best thing in these days — a scientist. He was the youngest scientist, and perhaps the most popular, of that dashing company commanded by William Beebe. He was also, in his way, as more and more scientists are getting to be nowadays, a literary man of some pretensions.

I promised Dad [he tells us] to write a little story about it all. He told me to try to tell what we did and what I saw, just like fellows telling each other about their adventures. That's pretty hard to do. Then when I got back they let me make this little book out of what I wrote most every day on the boat. It's meant for boys and girls. Mother helped me fix up the spelling and make the grammar right.

Just how bad David's spelling and grammar were in his original version is not revealed. He frankly admits that he cannot spell amblyrhinchus, though he can pronounce it, and one cannot help hoping that he was a normal boy enough to be weak here and there in his sentence structure. Imagine Morgan, Drake, or Sir Richard Grenville spelling correctly!

David seems to be afraid that his long absence may have "hurt his school work." His "Uncle Will," who writes what he calls "a solemn foreword" to David's book, thinks otherwise.

Pragmatism alone [he says] was the stimulus of my suggestion that eleven-year-old David Putnam go on one leg of the *Arcturus* expedition — a Squeersian acid test of sorts. Also a selfish desire to see how my blasé enthusiasm had changed since I thrilled at my first palm tree and my first dolphin. I wanted

to see the immediate result of a temporary shift from school to skyline, from books to boobies, of the putting of volcanoes into vacations and of the working out of a sublimated hookey. Of the immediate personal reactions between David, myself, and our gorgeous environment I can speak only with sheer enjoyment. Neither of us ever tired of exeleutherostomizing at every new thrill.

There is no doubt that David was and is a most exeleutherostomistic boy!

We get a picture of the ship with its boom and pulpit for fishing, its repair shops, where Bill Merriam, the general handy man, "mends the nets, shapes a new dredge, puts another seat in one of the rowboats, makes a lobster pot, or fixes the motor boat"; its taxidermists, sculptor, artists, and crew; its scenes of excitement when the big dredges come up from the bottom of the ocean, its daily routine at sea and at anchor. David has the knack of being interested in most of the things that interest the ordinary stay-on-shore. "Lots of times, right on the Equator," he says, "it was cool enough to be comfortable wearing a sweater." That 's something to think about. The throat pouch of the male frigate bird reminds him of "so many toy balloons in among the bushes." Lava from the volcano on North Albemarle looked in the dark "like trains of brightly lighted cars running down the mountain side." When you go down with a diving helmet "it is grand fun to be underneath the sea and see all the rocks and ledges and fish swimming past." "Altogether," he concludes, "I think I had the most fun at Hood Island, because the beach was so long and the shore line so easy to explore." Who would n't have fun on an island like that? One can be several times twelve years old and still envy David his rambles and voyages.

If David does well in school he and his dad and Carl Dunrud are going "on a big packhorse trip in British Columbia," and then, if he 's lucky, perhaps he 'll "go on a trip on a schooner up to Greenland in a couple of summers." Uncle Will has solemnly warned David's mother to "Look out or he will become a scientist — pretending he thought that pretty bad." But David thinks he would like to be a scientist, which is really not a bad ambition for an adventurous boy who knows that cowboys and Indian fighters are going out of style. Science, as Uncle Will carries it on, is certainly almost as much fun.

5. A BOOK-LOVER'S BOOK

Confessions of a Book-Lover, by Maurice Francis Egan. New York, 1922, Doubleday, Page & Co. 249 pp. $2.50.

Everybody for whom books form one of the deepest and most abiding pleasures of life will find this an entirely delightful volume. Book-lovers know few pleasures more satisfying than to sit down, two or three of them together, in front of shelves of their favorites and talk over the books they like and why they like them and what each one has meant to them. And therefore there is no one of them but will find Mr. Egan's "confessions" a most beguiling companion. Readers of the *New York Times Book Review* know him as a judicious and appreciative critic whose wide knowledge of literature lends richness and variety to his estimate of books. But in this volume his attitude is less that of the judge than it is of the genial and happy comrade of the books about whose possibilities of companionship he writes with charm and humor and penetration. The volume is a sort of autobiography concerned with only one phase of his life. But every book-lover knows what an important phase that is, what adventures of the mind, what visions, what satisfactions, what inner undertakings and achievements it includes.

Something about these things and the books that have inspired them Mr. Egan tells us in these pages. But he never insists upon your finding in any author what he has discovered there or upon your being influenced by any book just as he was. And that is one of the qualities that make the volume so charming. He does not want to impose his conclusions about any author or about books in general upon others, nor does he try to take the pose of telling you that this or that will be a good thing for you to read. He contents himself with making clear what it has meant to him. "It has certainly occurred to me," he remarks near the end of the work, "perhaps too late, that these confessions may be taken as didactic in themselves; in writing them I have had not the slightest intention of improving anybody's mind but simply of relieving my own, by buttonholing the reader who happens to come my way." It is a book of personal impressions, personal reactions, a book about books thoroughly alive with the author's own personality.

The long section which tells about the author's boyhood readings will be, aside from its inherent charm and interest, valuable to students

of child psychology and mental development, while to worried parents who feel that they ought to supervise more carefully the reading of their offspring, but are bewildered by the multiplicity of books and their own ignorance of their children, it will be a real blessing. For it throws a clear and steady illumination on the workings of the very young mind. Mr. Egan's childhood and youth were spent in Philadelphia in the 60's and 70's of the nineteenth century. As his family were lovers of reading he had books and magazines all about him, and within certain limits he seems to have been allowed to read his way through them largely according to his own desires. Before he could read himself, or, at least, do so easily and with pleasure, he listened to much reading aloud. The method of it seems quaint enough to a later day, and one wonders what would happen if a modern mother were to try it on any youngster born during the last ten years. For his mother read aloud for her own interest and pleasure and required him to listen. He thus describes the method:

> Before I could read, I was compelled on rainy days to sit at my mother's knee and listen to what she read. I am happy to say that she never read children's books. Nothing was ever adapted to my youthful misunderstanding. She read aloud what she liked to read and she never considered whether I liked it or not. At 2 o'clock precisely — after the manner of the King in William Morris's *Earthly Paradise* — she waved her wand. After that all I was expected to do was to make no noise. In this way I became acquainted with *The Virginians*, then running in *Harper's Magazine*, with *Adam Bede* and "As You Like It" and "Richard III" and *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Valentine Vox* and other volumes when I should have been listening to *Alice in Wonderland*. But when I came, in turn, to *Alice in Wonderland* I found Alice's rather dull in comparison with the adventures of the Warrington brothers. And Thackeray's picture of Gumbo carrying in the soup tureen! To have listened to Rebecca's description of the great fight in *Ivanhoe*, to have lived through the tournament of Ashby de la Zouche, was a poor preparation for the vagaries of the queer creatures that surrounded the inimitable Alice.

Considered academically, it would seem a hazardous experiment to try upon most children, but apparently it worked exceedingly well upon the young Maurice Francis Egan. It seems to have begun the development of imagination and of interest in books, for as soon as he could read he entered upon the freedom of their world with zest. He appears to have read during his boyhood years widely and most variously, and scarcely at all in children's books. But in those days, of course, the cult of pandering to the mental palate of children as it

is conceived by adults had not reached its present-day dimensions, and there were comparatively few books intended especially for children. The young Egan seems to have got on very well indeed in mental health, enjoyment, and development without them. His mind found something of what it needed in almost every book he read. A great deal of the many things it needed he found in the Bible, which he read with keen fascination and permanent result from the first. He devotes much attention to this part of his early mental diet and the influence it had upon him. Those who are interested in young people's reading will find what he has to say on this subject well worth study. As a small child he was permitted to read only the New Testament, and, he says:

> I became sincerely attached to the Acts of the Apostles. And I came to the conclusion that nobody could tell a short story as well as Our Lord Himself. The Centurion was one of my favorite characters. He seemed to be such a good soldier; and his plea, "Lord, I am not worthy" flashes across my mental vision every day of my life. . . . For me, reading as I did, the whole of the New Testament was radiant with interest, a frankly human interest. Whatever may be the opinion of other people, mine is that the reading of the New Testament in the simplicity of childhood, with the flower of intuition not yet blighted, is one of the most beautiful of mental experiences.

Later on the embargo against the Old Testament was lifted and his reading wandered through it at will. "I soon discovered," he comments, "that it was impossible to understand the allusions in English literature without a knowledge of the Bible. What would 'Ruth among the alien corn' mean to a reader who had never known the beauty of the story of Ruth?" He soon found, he says, that nearly everything he read owed something to the Bible, and he sums up the matter in these words:

> Personally, my desultory reading of the Old and the New Testament gave me a background against which I could see the trend of the books I devoured more clearly; it added immensely to my enjoyment of them; besides, it was a moral and an ethical safeguard. It was easy even for a boy to discover that the morality of the New Testament was the standard by which not only life but literature, which is the finest expression of life, should be judged.

Does any young person nowadays read Emerson? It would be interesting to know the reaction of some such modern Young Thing, in the middle or later teens, to his *Essays*. For it is a reaction that gives a sure test of mental and spiritual quality. Moreover, any

Young Thing who has n't discovered Emerson, so preëminently an author for youth, perennial youth, somewhere along during the second half of the decade of the teens, is to be pitied, having missed a great experience. Mr. Egan had it when he was ten, and he tells interestingly about it and about the "great debt" he owes to Emerson. "I cannot imagine," he concludes, "any other author doing for me just what the *Essays* of Emerson did. In the first place, they seemed to me to be really American; in the second, and largely because of their quality, they offered an antidote to the materialism in the very air that had succeeded the Civil War." If they would perform that service for the aftermath of our latest war, how desirable that the Young Things of today should be turned to their perusal!

Mr. Egan gives a glimpse here and there of the staid, conventional life of his younger days, before there was much interest in sports, or, indeed, much of a sportive nature to be interested in, and mentions that the youth of that day longed for "something more vivid." For himself he had his ever-beloved books, and in his account of his reading he shows how, gradually, came about the cult of the outdoor life with its games and its camping and hiking and its interest in nature. He tells what a revelation was afforded for him of the varied and changing aspects of nature by Philip Gilbert Hamerton's *A Painter's Camp*, one of the first of the outdoor books, and of the wonderful meaning it had for his "thirsty soul," declaring that he "shall always insist that it ought to be included in every list of books."

There is much penetrating discussion of poets of all times, in the course of which the author insists that most modern poets are unsatisfactory when they attempt to interpret the past, and one finds in it every now and then a flash of criticism that is very illuminating, as when he says of Francis Thompson, "He sees life as a glory, as Baudelaire saw it as a corpse." And there is this sentence in comment on Thompson's most famous poem: "After a reading of 'The Hound of Heaven,' with its glorious color, its glow, its flame, all other modern poets seem to me to be pale mauve by comparison to its flaming gold and crimson." And in this sentence, that follows a little later, one gets a criticism of the modern attitude toward life that is full of significant implication:

> The highest cultivation of its time could not save Athens from despondency and destruction, and when the leaders in the city of Rome came to believe so

little in life that only the proletariat had children it was evident that their very tolerant system of adopting any god that pleased them did not add to the joy of life.

Mr. Egan does not care much for Mark Twain, and says so and tells why at some length. Survey of the novels of today and of other days leads him to declare that "The best novels of American life seem to be written in order to be forgotten," and as proof he instances *The Breadwinners*, *Prue and I*, that succession of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novels, almost unequaled as pictures of a section of our life — but he does not think much of *Uncle Tom's Cabin — Unleavened Bread*, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, and others. Booth Tarkington, he thinks, has his ups and downs, but he declares that "You could hardly find a better novel of American life than *The Turmoil*," while he thinks Tarkington's young people to be "typically American of the Middle West." He is a bit impatient with "Mr. Wells and the other preachers," and accuses "the Old and the Near Old" of being hypocrites when they express interest in their ponderous books, and advises them instead to "yawn frankly and bury themselves in romances." For this purpose he advises them to acquire Clifford Smyth's *The Gilded Man* and *The Quest of El Dorado*, by Dr. J. A. Zahm, whose *nom de plume* was H. J. Mozans, and adds enthusiastically, "There you have the real stuff!" To them he adds also *Bob, Son of Battle*, which he calls "the greatest animal-human story ever written."

There are many delightful pages that tell of the author's pleasure in books of memoirs and letters. He finds it "hard to exist without at least a weekly peep into Pepys," the autobiography of Franklin he considers "one of the gems of American history," the diaries of Gouverneur Morris will be for him "always among my best twenty-five books," placing it near Beveridge's *Marshall* and "on the same shelf with the perennial *Boswell*." Several pages are devoted to discussion of *The Education of Henry Adams* and *William James's Letters*, with some analysis of why these books have appealed so strongly and immediately to American readers. He is glad they have come to remind us once more of "our debt to New England."

In short, the volume is just such a chatty, meandering, illuminating, penetrating, endearing book about books as book-lovers always love!

6. STYLE IN THE NOVEL

Thunder on the Left, by Christopher Morley. New York, 1925, Doubleday, Page & Co. 273 pp. $2.

Christopher Morley has written a strange and beautiful book — indeed, for sheer beauty and poignancy it ranks with anything published on this side of the Atlantic in the memory of our generation. It is written with an exquisite care to which those novelists who conceive an idea in July, write their book in August, publish in September and begin to discount royalties in November are necessarily strangers. "I ask you to read it slowly, because it was written slowly," wrote Mr. Morley, the editor of *Harper's Magazine* has testified. "I have staked a great deal on this thing. The central idea has been in my head since one snowy night in February, 1920. I wrote a few pages at that time and saw at once that the thing was beyond me. I had to wait till I could grow up to it. When we got to France in June, 1924, I tackled it. I gave it ten months of as full psychic concentration as I am capable of. Here it is. . . . There is n't a line in it that was n't dreamed before it was set down."

The book testifies abundantly to the fidelity of this last statement. It is not alone a matter of style, though one sees with how delicate a hand he has pieced his mosaic together, sensitive to every vibration of light and color. He is a master of exquisite phrase — sometimes, indeed, if one forgets his warning and tries to read rapidly, almost too much so. There is a manifest desire, reminiscent of Flaubert, to make every word contribute its exact quota toward the desired impression. But style alone is likely to leave a modern reader cold. The stylistic virtues of *Thunder on the Left* grow out of the fact that there runs through it with almost desperate earnestness a sense of the pain and loveliness that lie at the very heart of life. It is written with restraint, but there is a storm of emotion behind it. Mr. Morley in the old days, as proprietor of the "Bowling Green" under the *New York Evening Post's* former ownership, was very much the literary essayist, with the good-natured affectations that that rôle demanded. He glowed agreeably six times a week. But now he burns. The real Christopher Morley, who appeared behind the fantastic humors of *Where the Blue Begins*, has attained maturity.

In manner he often suggests Katherine Mansfield. He has her genius

for getting inside other people's skins, and he has some of her little tricks, such as throwing up what a character is really thinking in bright contrast with what she — for somehow he seems most successful with his women — is saying and doing. The reader gets to know them in that way rather than by the appearances they present to others. The method is a dangerous one, for these inner realities are unconvincing unless they can be linked up with the speech and action of the outer world. But Mr. Morley has escaped this peril. His people live vividly — Phyllis Granville, in particular, is not likely to be forgotten by any one who has gone through this novel.

But it is less of the creation of character that one thinks than of the presentation of problems and situations that are universal. Mr. Morley has been probing at the core of life, going through layer after layer of circumstance. The theme is suggested in young Martin's question: "Mother! Tell the truth, it's awfully important, cross your heart and hope to die. Do you have a good time? . . . They won't tell us. They're all liars!"

It is apparent that the riddle of existence may be compressed into the single query, Do adults have a good time? It is also apparent that Mr. Morley might have chosen to consider this conundrum as an opportunity for being whimsical. In his previous incarnation as a columnist he might have done so. But he has chosen to treat it with tremendous earnestness. He has thrown the events of twenty-four hours in a household with no previous tragic implications into what almost might be called an epical form. There is actual terror present as well as beauty, but it is a terror made up of quite ordinary elements. It has a dreamlike quality, by virtue of which so simple an act as slicing chicken for picnic sandwiches or smoking a cigar on a porch after dark is heavy with consequences. This, too, is dangerous, yet Mr. Morley escapes. And one comes upon passages like this:

> Now it was dusk; dusk that takes away the sins of the world. Under that soft cone of shadow, wagged like a dunce cap among the stars, are folly and glamour and despair, but no sin. The day was going back to the pure darkness where all things began; to the nothing from which it came; to the unconsciousness that had surrounded it. The long, long day had orbed itself to a whole. Its plot and scheme were perfect; its crimes and suspenses artfully ordered; now darkness framed it and memory gave it grace.

This might easily become precious; yet there is so great a surge of emotion behind it that it does not.

The reader had probably best not be enlightened as to the exact nature of the plot. It is enough to say that the chasm between the child and the adult — to pass over which is a kind of death — has not often been described with more poignancy. *Thunder on the Left* will have a meaning for every sensitive person who has been a child, a mother, a father, or a lover. It will not, one is sure, be bid for by the motion-picture producers. Its delicate violins and wistful flutes will not draw the public away from the brass bands which parade our literary Fifth Avenue. But it is important. It should survive.

7. THUMB-NAIL CRITIQUES

Sir Walter Scott

The large, easy, leisurely manner of Scott's writing, its digressiveness, its nonchalant carelessness, its indifference to artistic quality, has in some sort of way numbed and atrophied the interest in his work of those who have been caught up and waylaid by the modern spirit. And yet Scott's novels have ample and admirable excellences. In his expansive and digressive fashion he can give his characters — especially the older and the more idiosyncratic among them — a surprising and convincing verisimilitude.

He can create a plot which, though not dramatically flawless, has movement and energy and stir. The sweetness and modesty of his disposition lends itself to his portrayal of the more gracious aspects of human life, especially as seen in the humors and oddities of very simple and naïve persons.

Under the stress of occasional emotion he can rise to quite noble heights of feeling; and he is able to throw a startling glamour of romance over certain familiar and recurrent human situations. At his best there is a grandeur and simplicity of utterance about what his characters say and an ease and largeness of sympathy about his own commentaries upon them, which must win admiration even from those most avid of modern pathology.

Jane Austen

Jane Austen's delicate and ironic art will remain unassailable through all changes of taste and varieties of opinion. What she really possesses — what might be called the clue to her inimitable secret — is nothing less than the power of giving expression to that undying ironic

detachment, touched with a fine malice but full of tender understanding, which all women, to some degree or other, share, and which all men, to some degree or other, suffer from; in other words, the terrible and beautiful insight of the maternal instinct. The clear charm of her unequalled style — a style quite classical in its economy of material and its dignified reserve — is a charm frequently caught in the wit and fine malice of one's unmarried aunts; but it is, none the less, the very epitome of maternal humor. As a creative realist, giving to her characters the very body and pressure of actual life, no writer, living or dead, has surpassed her.

George Bernard Shaw

Mr. Shaw has found his rôle and his occupation very happily cut out for him in the unfailing stupidity, not untouched by a sense of humor, of our Anglo-Saxon democracy in England and America. In Germany, too, there seems naïveté and simplicity enough to be still entertained by these mischievously whimsical and yet portentously moral comedies. . . . Bernard Shaw's sense of the comic draws its spirit from the contrast between clever people and stupid people, and seems to appear at its best when engaged in upsetting the pseudo-historical, pseudo-philosophical illusions of Anglo-Saxons [sic], in charmingly ridiculous pantomimes, which the redeeming humor of that patient race has just intelligence enough thoroughly to enjoy. . . .

"Man and Superman" is undoubtedly his most interesting work from a philosophical point of view, but his later plays — such bewitching farces as "Fanny's First Play," "Androcles," and "Pygmalion" — seem to express more completely than anything else that rollicking combative roguishness which is his most characteristic quality.

Gilbert K. Chesterton

Mr. Chesterton may congratulate himself upon being the only man of letters in England who has had the originality or the insight or the temperamental courage to adopt a definitely reactionary philosophy . . . whose persuasive and romantic rôle it is to prop up tottering altars. . . . This is doubtless why it is necessary for him to exaggerate his paradoxes so extravagantly; and also why he is so important and so dear to the hearts of intelligent clergymen.

Mr. Chesterton's grand philosophical "coup" is a simple and effective one — the turning of everything, complacently and hilariously, upside down. One has the salutary amusement in reading him of visualizing the Universe in the posture of a Gargantuan baby, "prepared" for a sound smacking. Mr. Chesterton himself is the chief actor in this performance; and wonderful pyrotechnic stars leap into space as its happy result. . . .

Mr. Chesterton is never more entertaining, never more entirely at ease, than when turning one or other of the really noble and tragic figures of human intellect into preposterous "Aunt Sallies" at whose battered heads he can fling the turnips and potatoes of the average man's average suspicion, dipped for that purpose in a fiery sort of brandy of his own whimsical wit.

Charles L. Dodgson

The author of this book [*Alice in Wonderland*] has . . . eluded the limitations of his own skin, and by the magic of his love for little girls has passed — carrying his grown-up cleverness with him — actually into the little girls' inmost consciousness. . . . The thousand and one reactions, impressions, intimations, of a little girl's consciousness are reproduced here with a faithfulness that is — startling.

8. THE PATHETIC FALLACY

Now . . . we may go on at our ease to examine the point in question,— namely, the difference between the ordinary, proper, and true appearances of things to us; and the extraordinary, or false appearances, when we are under the influence of emotion or contemplative fancy; false appearances, I say, as being entirely unconnected with any real power or character in the object, and only imputed to it by us.

For instance —

> The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
> Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.[1]

This is very beautiful and yet very untrue. The crocus is not a spendthrift, but a hardy plant; its yellow is not gold, but saffron.

[1] Holmes (Oliver Wendell), quoted by Miss Mitford in her *Recollections of a Literary Life.*

How is it that we enjoy so much the having it put into our heads that it is anything else than a plain crocus?

It is an important question. For, throughout our past reasonings about art, we have always found that nothing could be good or useful, or ultimately pleasurable, which was untrue. But here is something pleasurable in written poetry which is nevertheless *un*true. And what is more, if we think over our favorite poetry, we shall find it full of this kind of fallacy, and that we like it all the more for being so.

It will appear also, on consideration of the matter, that this fallacy is of two principal kinds. Either, as in this case of the crocus, it is the fallacy of wilful fancy, which involves no real expectation that it will be believed; or else it is a fallacy caused by an excited state of the feelings, making us, for the time, more or less irrational. Of the cheating of the fancy we shall have to speak presently; but, in this chapter, I want to examine the nature of the other error, that which the mind admits when affected strongly by emotion. Thus, for instance, in *Alton Locke,*—

> They rowed her in across the rolling foam —
> The cruel, crawling foam.

The foam is not cruel, neither does it crawl. The state of mind which attributes to it these characters of a living creature is one in which the reason is unhinged by grief. All violent feelings have the same effect. They produce in us a falseness in all our impressions of external things, which I would generally characterize as the "Pathetic fallacy."

Now we are in the habit of considering this fallacy as eminently a character of poetical description, and the temper of mind in which we allow it, as one eminently poetical, because passionate. But, I believe, if we look well into the matter, that we shall find the greatest poets do not often admit this kind of falseness, — that it is only the second order of poets who much delight in it.

Thus, when Dante describes the spirits falling from the bank of Acheron "as dead leaves flutter from a bough," he gives the most perfect image possible of their utter lightness, feebleness, passiveness, and scattering agony of despair, without, however, for an instant losing his own clear perception that *these* are souls, and *those* are leaves: he makes no confusion of one with the other. But when Coleridge speaks of

> The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
> That dances as often as dance it can,

he has a morbid, that is to say, a so far false, idea about the leaf: he fancies a life in it, and will, which there are not; confuses its powerlessness with choice, its fading death with merriment, and the wind that shakes it with music. Here, however, there is some beauty, even in the morbid passage; but take an instance in Homer and Pope. Without the knowledge of Ulysses, Elpenor, his youngest follower, has fallen from an upper chamber in the Circean palace, and has been left dead, unmissed by his leader, or companions, in the haste of their departure. They cross the sea to the Cimmerian land; and Ulysses summons the shades from Tartarus. The first which appears is that of the lost Elpenor. Ulysses, amazed, and in exactly the spirit of bitter and terrified lightness which is seen in *Hamlet*,[1] addresses the spirit with the simple, startled words: —

"Elpenor? How camest thou under the Shadowy darkness? Hast thou come faster on foot than I in my black ship?"

Which Pope renders thus:

> O, say, what angry power Elpenor led
> To glide in shades and wander with the dead?
> How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoined,
> Outfly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind?

I sincerely hope the reader finds no pleasure here, either in the nimbleness of the sail, or the laziness of the wind! And yet how is it that these conceits are so painful now, when they have been pleasant to us in the other instances?

For a very simple reason. They are not a *pathetic* fallacy at all, for they are put into the mouth of the wrong passion — a passion which never could possibly have spoken them — agonized curiosity. Ulysses wants to know the facts of the matter; and the very last thing his mind could do at the moment would be to pause, or suggest in any wise what was *not* a fact. The delay in the first three lines, and the conceit in the last, jar upon us instantly, like the most frightful discord in music. No poet of true imaginative power could possibly have written the passage. . . .

Therefore, we see that the spirit of truth must guide us in some sort, even in our enjoyment of fallacy. Coleridge's fallacy has no discord in it, but Pope's has set our teeth on edge. Without farther questioning, I will endeavor to state the main bearings of this matter.

[1] Well said, Old mole! can'st work i' the ground so fast?

The temperament which admits the pathetic fallacy is, as I said above, that of a mind and body in some sort too weak to deal fully with what is before them or upon them; borne away, or over-clouded, or over-dazzled by emotion; and it is a more or less noble state, according to the force of the emotion which has induced it. For it is no credit to a man that he is not morbid or inaccurate in his perceptions, when he has no strength of feeling to warp them; and it is in general a sign of higher capacity and stand in the ranks of being, that the emotions should be strong enough to vanquish, partly, the intellect, and make it believe what they choose. But it is still a grander condition when the intellect also rises, till it is strong enough to assert its rule against, or together with, the utmost efforts of the passions: and the whole man stands in an iron glow, white hot, perhaps, but still strong, and in no wise evaporating; even if he melts, losing none of his weight.

So, then, we have the three ranks: the man who perceives rightly, because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is very accurately the primrose, because he does not love it. Then, secondly, the man who perceives wrongly, because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose: a star, or a sun, or a fairy's shield, or a forsaken maiden. And then, lastly, there is the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is forever nothing else than itself — a little flower, apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be that crowd around it. And in general, these three classes may be rated in comparative order, as the men who are not poets at all, and the poets of the second order, and the poets of the first. . . .

Dante, in his most intense moods, has entire command of himself, and can look around calmly, at all moments, for the image or the word that will best tell what he sees in the upper or lower world. But Keats and Tennyson, and the poets of the second order, are generally themselves subdued by the feelings under which they write, or, at least, write as choosing to be so, and therefore admit certain expressions and modes of thought which are in some sort diseased or false.

Now so long as we see that the *feeling* is true, we pardon, or are even pleased by, the confessed fallacy of sight which it induces: we are pleased, for instance, with those lines of Kingsley's, above quoted, not because they fallaciously describe foam, but because they faith-

fully describe sorrow. But the moment the mind of the speaker becomes cold, that moment every such expression becomes untrue, as being forever untrue in the external facts. And there is no greater baseness in literature than the habit of using these metaphorical expressions in cold blood. An inspired writer, in full impetuosity of passion, may speak wisely and truly of "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame"; but it is only the basest writer who cannot speak of the sea without talking of "raging waves," "remorseless floods," "ravenous billows," etc.; and it is one of the signs of the highest power in a writer to check all such habits of thought, and to keep his eyes fixed firmly on the *pure fact*, out of which if any feeling comes to him or his reader, he knows it must be a true one.

To keep to the waves, I forget who it is who represents a man in despair, desiring that his body may be cast into the sea,

> *Whose changing mound and foam that passed away,*
> Might mock the eye that questioned where I lay.

Observe, there is not a single false, or even overcharged, expression. "Mound" of the sea wave is perfectly simple and true; "changing" is as familiar as may be; "foam that passed away," strictly literal; and the whole line descriptive of the reality with a degree of accuracy which I know not any other verse, in the range of poetry, that altogether equals. For most people have not a distinct idea of the clumsiness and massiveness of a large wave. The word "wave" is used too generally of ripples and breakers, and bendings in light drapery or grass: it does not by itself convey a perfect image. But the word "mound" is heavy, large, dark, definite; there is no mistaking the kind of wave meant, nor missing the sight of it. Then the term "changing" has a peculiar force also. Most people think of waves as rising and falling. But if they look at the sea carefully, they will perceive that the waves do not rise and fall. They change. Change both place and form, but they do not fall; one wave goes on, and on, and still on; now lower, now higher, now tossing its mane like a horse, now building itself together like a wall, now shaking, now steady, but still the same wave, till at last it seems struck by something, and changes, one knows not how, — becomes another wave. . . .

It then being, I hope, now made clear to the reader in all respects that the pathetic fallacy is powerful only so far as it is pathetic, feeble so far as it is fallacious, and, therefore, that the dominion of Truth is

entire, over this, as over every other natural and just state of the human mind, we may go on to the subject for the dealing with which this prefatory inquiry became necessary.[1] . . .

9. A NOTE ON GERTRUDE STEIN [2]

Some time ago Sherwood Anderson had an article in the *New Republic* of the sort that every one likes to read. It was a discussion of the three or four living writers who are "really worth while." I regret that I have mislaid this article and that I have forgotten who Mr. Anderson's important writers were — all but one. I seem to remember, however, distinctly enough that the article had a climactic structure — that Mr. Anderson led us rather disdainfully up the rungs of appreciation till we emerged at a dizzying level. "And here," said our guide in a voice of utter reverence — "And here is Gertrude Stein!" I had never seen a line of Gertrude Stein's work nor had I even heard a whisper of her name. Yet here she was at the pinnacle of expression, engaged, we were assured, in marvellous experiments with English words. It was exciting.

Months went by during which I went about murmuring vainly, "Who is Gertrude Stein?" I began to think her a creature of myth, a fabulous being evoked by the idealizing imagination of the author of "Many Marriages." To-day there lies on my desk a substantial volume, 419 well-printed pages, with the haunting name on the title-page, *Geography and Plays*, and with a jacket full of biography: Pennsylvania birth, early years in Vienna and Paris, Radcliffe, Johns Hopkins Medical School, return to Paris and art, friendship of Matisse and Picasso, publication of two famous books — *The Portrait of Mabel*

[1] I cannot quit this subject without giving two more instances, both exquisite, of the pathetic fallacy, which I have just come upon, in "Maud":

> "For a great speculation had fail'd;
> And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever wann'd with despair;
> And out he walk'd, when the wind like a broken worldling wail'd,
> And the *flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air.*"
>
> "There has fallen a splendid tear
> From the passion-flower at the gate. . . .
> *The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near!'*
> And *the white rose weeps, 'She is late.'*
> *The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear!'*
> *And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'*"

[2] From *Points of View*, by Stuart P. Sherman; copyright 1923, 1924, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

Dodge and *Tender Buttons* — war work with a Ford car, a long silence, and now *Geography and Plays*. It was all real.

Better still, there is an introduction by Sherwood Anderson. It is exciting, just as that article in the *New Republic* was. One lingers over it in breathless expectation, and, after reading the book, one returns to it in brooding retrospect. Taken by itself, it makes very good and very absorbing sense. Some of the arresting sentences are these:

> [Miss Stein is] a woman of striking vigor, a subtle and powerful mind, a discrimination in the arts such as I have found in no other American born man or woman, and a charmingly brilliant conversationalist.
>
> Since Miss Stein's work was first brought to my attention I have been thinking of it as the most important pioneer work done in the field of letters in my time.
>
> What I think is that these books of Gertrude Stein's do in a very real sense recreate life in words.

To these sentences should be added this shy little tribute from the wrapper:

> Out of her early experiments has sprung all modern writing.

Of a writer so little known yet so overwhelmingly important we had better have some specimens before us before we attempt to add anything to Mr. Anderson's appreciation. Her work, it may be said, though various in theme, form, and style, is of singularly even quality, so that we may dip in almost at random and find a perfectly characteristic bit. Let us have first the opening sentence from a nine-page "Portrait of Constance Fletcher."

> When she was quite a young one she knew she had been in a family living and that that family living was one that any one could be one not have been having if they were to be one being one not thinking about being one having been having family living.

To this let us add a paragraph from *France:*

> All there is of more chances is in a book, all there is of any more chances is in a list, all there is of chances is in an address, all there is is what is the best place not to remain sitting and suggesting that there is no title for relieving rising.

Finally let us have a morsel from *Scenes:*

> The whole place has that which it has when it is found and it is there where there is more room. Room has not that expression. It has no change in a place. It is not dirty, there is no cleaner passage and the best way to have it all

express that is to cook a dinner. There is enough to get a suit that is not bad when there is no hope. That is the difference if there is much and there is much more.

"All modern writing," we are told, has sprung from "experiments" like these. One thinks first perhaps of the "masterpiece" of James Joyce. That literary physician who has lately been looking obliquely at literature, Dr. Joseph Collins, extracts some fragments from *Ulysses* which superficially resemble these by Gertrude Stein. That is, he declares that to the ordinary reader they mean nothing, but that to the initiated they are transparent. Though I do not profess any special psychopathic initiation, I myself find long tracts of *Ulysses* in which the verbal symbols seem to correspond to intelligible sensational experience with attendant mental phenomena. From this fact I infer that James Joyce is not a "modern writer" of pure derivation from the source. He therefore can shed little light on the problem before us.

As I studied Gertrude Stein's work, endeavoring to understand its purpose, I will admit that once or twice it occurred to me faintly that it might just possibly be a joke. But it is impossible to make a joke out of 419 such pages. If you set out in quest of hilarity, before you read twenty pages you are ready for hara-kiri. It is no more like a joke than the Mojave Desert or the Dead Sea. I dismissed that hypothesis.

I tried the guess that the entire book is written in a cipher of which the publishers possess a key purchasable at an enormous price, but then I thought of a man who deciphered the Etruscan inscriptions in six volumes, yet could n't find a publisher. The notion seemed repellent — commercially; and I abandoned it.

Next I explored the assumption that Gertrude Stein's epoch-making experiment was designed to show what words can do by themselves with practically no assistance from the manipulator or with mere mechanical manipulation. I took a sheet of paper and made five columns. In the first I wrote at random fifteen or twenty adjectives; in the second the same number of nouns; in the third a job lot of conjunctions, prepositions, and articles; in the fourth, verbs; in the fifth, adverbs. I then cut up my columns and placed the separate words face downwards in five piles of parts of speech. Then I played off the words something in the style, I suppose, of Canfield (which I don't play). I thrust in a bit more punctuation than Gertrude Stein employs, and this was the result:

Red stupidity; but go slowly. The hope slim. Drink gloriously! Dream! Swiftly pretty people through daffodils slip in green doubt. Grandly fly bitter fish; for hard sunlight lazily consumes old books. Up by a sedate sweetheart roar darkly loud orchards. Life, the purple flame, simply proclaims a poem.

I drew back in astonishment from the result of my own little experiment. My Hercules, what phrases! — "red stupidity," "loud orchards roaring darkly," "pretty" people slipping through daffodils in "*green doubt*," and then those "bitter fish" flying so grandly, and the proclamation of "life, the purple flame." "Drink gloriously" struck me as a little too close to "gloriously drunk," which is of course a *cliché;* but even there the hortatory note adds a kind of foaming and exuberant novelty to the concept. Life had leaped from my parts of speech in tongues of flame. By a mechanical manipulation I had recreated life in words. And when I compared my specimen of it with Gertrude Stein's exhibits, it appeared to me indisputable that the vividness, the color, and the abounding energy of my "work" made hers seem gray and protoplasmic.

It is necessary, therefore, to discard the theory that her book was written by any kind of mechanical device. It seems almost impossible by any unimpeded mechanical process to assort words in such a fashion that no glimmer of mind will flash out from their casual juxtapositions. The thing can be done only by unremitting intelligence of the first order — if it can be done at all. Now we know on the high testimony of Mr. Anderson that Gertrude Stein possesses intelligence of this order. The work before us leads me to believe that she has attempted precisely the difficult feat which my scissors and shuffled parts of speech failed to accomplish. And so far as the perfection of the enterprise is humanly possible, her efforts have been crowned with success.

10. FREE VERSE

Now my ear, like the Sphinx's, may be heavy; such as it is, however, it can detect no essential difference between the unrhymed cadences of free verse and the unrhymed cadences of certain *modern* rhythmic prose. I emphasize "modern," because the rhythms of *vers libre* have little in common with the movement of the older prose. Nor have they, indeed, any close affiliation with Whitman's verse. His elemental measures — "brawny enough, and limber and full enough," as he

himself described them — breathe deep, whereas *vers libre* respires more lightly. The giant's swinging stride has passed, save for a lumbering Titan here and there; and like Agag, modern free verse walks delicately. It is rather the exquisite craftsmanship of France than the surging and rotund utterances of "Leaves of Grass" that has given to free verse, alike in England and America, its most distinctive qualities.

The rhythms of *vers libre* in English, then, unless I am mistaken, are in large degree the rhythms of a certain type of modern rhythmic prose. But that is not an assertion that free verse *is* prose. There are differences which set the one off from the other. The prose from which I have culled my excerpts does not maintain unbrokenly the rhythms which I have shown it to possess. If it did, we should certainly hesitate to call it prose. The best free verse poems, on the other hand, do maintain these rhythms consistently. And that is an important difference: the rhythms which are occasional in one are persistent in the other. Moreover, in prose like Meredith's and Conrad's and Pater's and Hewlett's, the strophic element, the quality of return, although it is frequently present (as in most of the passages which I have quoted) is also not uniform. If it recurred with any regularity, the prose would at once become bad prose. On the other hand, it is the recurrence of "return" that makes verse verse at all. And my reason for declining, in spite of the evidence which I have pointed out, to ticket free verse as prose, is the fact that it deals with prose rhythms in a fashion which prose itself may not employ without thereby ceasing to be prose. That is as far as I can, at the moment, see my way. *Vers libre* is exploring the borderland between prose and verse. It is doing certain things which hitherto verse has done, and prose has not. It is doing certain other things which hitherto prose has done, and verse has not. It has simply staked out its claim in No Man's Land, and that is not a region mild, of calm and serene air. On the contrary, it is open to fire from two sides at once. And both sides are practicing their marksmanship. If free verse holds its ground (and from what I know of the versifiers I have a strong suspicion that it will), there will be at least an armistice by and by to consider terms.

As I see it, then — to anticipate that happy hour — we are shut up to two alternatives. Either we must declare that free verse is n't verse, or our definition of verse must undergo revision. The first is the simple and summary way. The Queen in *Alice in Wonderland* is

a singularly appealing character, and "off with his head" is a happy issue out of all our critical afflictions. But it is the primrose path. And I fear we must turn our eyes regretfully from this expeditious mode of settling criticism's business, and choose the more thorny way. But it is also too soon to reconstruct our definitions. Free verse is not yet out of the experimental stage, and the artists who practice it have still the artisans in their own craft to reckon with. For Browning's wish has at last come true:

> I want to know a butcher paints,
> A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
> Candlestick-maker much acquaints
> His soul with song.

The poetic world is already too safe for democracy. And the daily prayer of free verse should be for deliverance from the tender mercies of misguided friends. But when the air is clear, and the fittest have survived, criticism can then no longer evade the issue. Definitions follow facts. If new facts are unmistakably established, definitions must either be modified to fit them, or break down. There is no third alternative. The present movement wants its status determined in a moment. No one alive can possibly do that. If it has a fair field, it need ask no favor. It can make its contribution, and trust to time to assess its work and define its category. Meanwhile, let us meet a serious and sincere experiment in the technique of poetry with an open mind, and, without for a moment withholding criticism, let us at least criticize with understanding. Even the best of the group we are dealing with, run into absurdities; I am aware of few poets, even among the greatest, who have not. But no criticism which dwells on the extravagancies without at the same time recognizing the constructive attempt that lies behind them, is criticism worthy of the name.

Free verse, then, is an artistic medium of not yet fully developed possibilities. Its freedom is a liberty conditioned upon a subtle restriction of rhythms which it shares with prose, but which it wields in different fashion. It is gradually being perfected as an instrument of delicate precision and rare flexibility for recording the impressions of observed phenomena. Its danger lies in its very freedom, which, in the absence of a norm outside itself, permits form to become at times elusive. And being itself the child of a reaction, it foregoes, as a matter of conscience, certain possibilities, the abstention from which impover-

ishes it in one direction, while it is itself enriching poetry in another. In a word, just because the movement is a revolt, it is still too largely conditioned by its repugnances. That, as always, is a passing phase. It is more important to remember that the insurgents are also pioneers.

11. A GOSSIP ON ROMANCE

In anything fit to be called by the name of reading, the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest, kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story, if it be a story, repeat itself in a thousand coloured pictures to the eye. It was for this last pleasure that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. Eloquence and thought, character and conversation, were but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles. For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where, "towards the close of the year 17--," several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to windward, and a scowling fellow of Herculean proportions striding along the beach; he, to be sure, was a pirate. This was further afield than my home-keeping fancy loved to travel, and designed altogether for a larger canvas than the tales that I affected. Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favourite dish. I can still hear that merry clatter of the hoofs along the moonlit lane; night and the coming of day are still related in my mind with the doings of John Rann or Jerry Abershaw; and the words "post-chaise," the "great North road," "ostler," and "nag" still sound in my ears like poetry. One and all, at least, and each with his particular fancy, we read story-books in childhood, not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of the brute incident. That quality was not mere bloodshed or wonder. Although each of these was welcome in its place, the charm for the sake of which we read depended on something different from either. My elders

used to read novels aloud; and I can still remember four different passages which I heard, before I was ten, with the same keen and lasting pleasure. One I discovered long afterwards to be the admirable opening of *What Will He Do with It:* it was no wonder I was pleased with that. The other three still remain unidentified. One is a little vague; it was about a dark, tall house at night, and people groping on the stairs by the light that escaped from the open door of a sick-room. In another, a lover left a ball, and went walking in a cool, dewy park, whence he could watch the lighted windows and the figures of the dancers as they moved. This was the most sentimental impression I think I had yet received, for a child is somewhat deaf to the sentimental. In the last, a poet, who had been tragically wrangling with his wife, walked forth on the sea-beach on a tempestuous night and witnessed the horrors of a wreck.[1] Different as they are, all these early favourites have a common note — they have all a touch of the romantic.

Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance. The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts — the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future. Now we are pleased by our conduct, anon merely pleased by our surroundings. It would be hard to say which of these modes of satisfaction is the more effective, but the latter is surely the more constant. Conduct is three parts of life, they say; but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply a-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, the most joyous of verses, and the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales.

[1] Since traced by many obliging correspondents to the gallery of Charles Kingsley.

One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. The sight of a pleasant arbour puts it in our mind to sit there. One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the genius of the place and moment. It is thus that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me. Something must have happened in such places, and perhaps ages back, to members of my race; and when I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them with the proper story. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable, "miching mallecho." The inn at Burford Bridge, with its arbours and green garden and silent, eddying river — though it is known already as the place where Keats wrote some of his "Endymion" and Nelson parted from his Emma — still seems to wait the coming of the appropriate legend. Within these ivied walls, behind these old green shutters, some further business smoulders, waiting for its hour. The old Hawes Inn at the Queen's Ferry makes a similar call upon my fancy. There it stands, apart from the town, beside the pier, in a climate of its own, half inland, half marine — in front, the ferry bubbling with the tide and the guardship swinging to her anchor; behind, the old garden with the trees. Americans seek it already for the sake of Lovel and Oldbuck, who dined there at the beginning of the *Antiquary*. But you need not tell me — that is not all; there is some story, unrecorded or not yet complete, which must express the meaning of that inn more fully. So it is with names and faces; so it is with incidents that are idle and inconclusive in themselves, and yet seem like the beginning of some quaint romance, which the all-careless author leaves untold. How many of these romances have we not seen determine at their birth; how many people have met us with a look of meaning in their eye, and sunk at once into trivial acquaintances; to how many places have we not drawn near,

with express intimations — "here my destiny awaits me" — and we have but dined there and passed on! I have lived both at the Hawes and Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man or the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.[1]

Now, this is one of the natural appetites with which any lively literature has to count. The desire for knowledge, I had almost added the desire for meat, is not more deeply seated than this demand for fit and striking incident. The dullest of clowns tells, or tries to tell, himself a story, as the feeblest of children uses invention in his play; and even as the imaginative grown person, joining in the game, at once enriches it with many delightful circumstances, the great creative writer shows us the realization and the apotheosis of the day-dreams of common men. His stories may be nourished with the realities of life, but their true mark is to satisfy the nameless longings of the reader, and to obey the ideal laws of the day-dream. The right kind of thing should fall out in the right kind of place; the right kind of thing should follow; and not only the characters talk aptly and think naturally, but all the circumstances in a tale answer one to another like notes in music. The threads of a story come from time to time together and make a picture in the web; the characters fall from time to time into some attitude to each other or to nature, which stamps the story home like an illustration. Crusoe recoiling from the foot-print, Achilles shouting over against the Trojans, Ulysses bending the great bow, Christian running with his fingers in his ears, these are each culminating moments in the legend, and each has been printed on the mind's eye for ever. Other things we may forget; we may forget the words, although they are beautiful; we may forget the author's comment, although perhaps it was ingenious and true; but these epoch-making scenes, which put the last mark of truth upon a story and fill up, at one blow, our capacity for sympathetic pleasure, we so

[1] Since the above was written, I have tried to launch the boat with my own hands in *Kidnapped*. Some day, perhaps, I may try a rattle at the shutters.

adopt into the very bosom of our mind that neither time nor tide can efface or weaken the impression. This, then, is the plastic part of literature: to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. This is the highest and hardest thing to do in words; the thing which, once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics. Compared with this, all other purposes in literature, except the purely lyrical or the purely philosophic, are bastard in nature, facile of execution, and feeble in result. It is one thing to write about the inn at Burford, or to describe scenery with the word-painters; it is quite another to seize on the heart of the suggestion and make a country famous with a legend. It is one thing to remark and to dissect, with the most cutting logic, the complications of life, and of the human spirit; it is quite another to give them body and blood in the story of Ajax or of Hamlet. The first is literature, but the second is something besides, for it is likewise art.

English people of the present day[1] are apt, I know not why, to look somewhat down on incident, and reserve their admiration for the clink of teaspoons and the accents of the curate. It is thought clever to write a novel with no story at all, or at least with a very dull one. Reduced even to the lowest terms, a certain interest can be communicated by the art of narrative; a sense of human kinship stirred; and a kind of monotonous fitness, comparable to the words and air of *Sandy's Mull*, preserved among the infinitesimal occurrences recorded. Some people work, in this manner, with even a strong touch. Mr. Trollope's inimitable clergymen naturally arise to the mind in this connection. But even Mr. Trollope does not confine himself to chronicling small beer. Mr. Crawley's collision with the Bishop's wife, Mr. Melnette dallying in the deserted banquet-room, are typical incidents, epically conceived, fitly embodying a crisis. Or again look at Thackeray. If Rawdon Crawley's blow were not delivered, *Vanity Fair* would cease to be a work of art. That scene is the chief ganglion of the tale; and the discharge of energy from Rawdon's fist is the reward and consolation of the reader. The end of *Esmond* is a yet wider excursion from the author's customary fields; the scene at Castlewood is pure Dumas; the great and wily English borrower has here borrowed from the great, unblushing French thief; as usual, he has

[1] 1882.

borrowed admirably well, and the breaking of the sword rounds off the best of all his books with a manly, martial note. But perhaps nothing can more strongly illustrate the necessity for marking incident than to compare the living fame of *Robinson Crusoe* with the discredit of *Clarissa Harlowe*. *Clarissa* is a book of a far more startling import, worked out, on a great canvas, with inimitable courage and unflagging art. It contains wit, character, passion, plot, conversations full of spirit and insight, letters sparkling with unstrained humanity; and if the death of the heroine be somewhat frigid and artificial, the last days of the hero strike the only note of what we now call Byronism, between the Elizabethans and Byron himself. And yet a little story of a shipwrecked sailor, with not a tenth part of the style nor a thousandth part of the wisdom, exploring none of the arcana of humanity and deprived of the perennial interest of love, goes on from edition to edition, ever young, while *Clarissa* lies upon the shelves unread. A friend of mine, a Welsh blacksmith, was twenty-five years old and could neither read nor write, when he heard a chapter of *Robinson* read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance, but he left that farm another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy but one that was in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length, and with entire delight, read *Robinson*. It is like the story of a love-chase. If he had heard a letter from *Clarissa*, would he have been fired with the same chivalrous ardour? I wonder. Yet *Clarissa* has every quality that can be shown in prose, one alone excepted — pictorial or picture-making romance; while *Robinson* depends, for the most part and with the overwhelming majority of its readers, on the charm of circumstance.

In the highest achievements of the art of words, the dramatic and the pictorial, the moral and romantic interest, rise and fall together by a common and organic law. Situation is animated with passion, passion clothed upon with situation. Neither exists for itself, but each inheres indissolubly with the other. This is high art; and not only the highest art possible in words, but the highest art of all, since it combines the greatest mass and diversity of the elements of truth and pleasure.

Such are epics, and the few prose tales that have the epic weight. But as from a school of works, aping the creative, incident and romance are ruthlessly discarded, so may character and drama be omitted or subordinated to romance. There is one book, for example, more generally loved than Shakespeare, that captivates in childhood, and still delights in age — I mean the *Arabian Nights* — where you shall look in vain for moral or for intellectual interest. No human face or voice greets us among that wooden crowd of kings and genies, sorcerers and beggar-men. Adventure, on the most naked terms, furnishes forth the entertainment and is found enough. Dumas approaches perhaps nearest of any modern to these Arabian authors in the purely material charm of some of his romances. The early part of *Monte Cristo*, down to the finding of the treasure, is a piece of perfect story-telling; the man never breathed who shared these moving incidents without a tremor; and yet Faria is a thing of packthread and Dantès little more than a name. The sequel is one long-drawn error, gloomy, bloody, unnatural, and dull; but as for these early chapters, I do not believe there is another volume extant where you can breathe the same unmingled atmosphere of romance. It is very thin and light, to be sure, as on a high mountain; but it is brisk and clear and sunny in proportion. I saw the other day, with envy, an old and a very clever lady setting forth on a second or third voyage into *Monte Cristo*. Here are stories which powerfully affect the reader, which can be reperused at any age, and where the characters are no more than puppets. The bony fist of the showman visibly propels them; their springs are an open secret; their faces are of wood, their bellies filled with bran; and yet we thrillingly partake of their adventures. And the point may be illustrated still further. The last interview between Lucy and Richard Feverel is pure drama; more than that, it is the strongest scene, since Shakespeare, in the English tongue. Their first meeting by the river, on the other hand, is pure romance; it has nothing to do with character; it might happen to any other boy and maiden, and be none the less delightful for the change. And yet I think he would be a bold man who should choose between these passages. Thus, in the same book, we may have two scenes, each capital in its order; in the one, human passion, deep calling unto deep, shall utter its genuine voice; in the second, according circumstances, like instruments in tune, shall build up a trivial but desirable incident, such as we love to prefigure for ourselves; and in the end, in spite of

the critics, we may hesitate to give the preference to either. The one may ask more genius — I do not say it does; but at least the other dwells as clearly in the memory.

True romantic art, again, makes a romance of all things. It reaches into the highest abstraction of the ideal; it does not refuse the most pedestrian realism. *Robinson Crusoe* is as realistic as it is romantic; both qualities are pushed to an extreme, and neither suffers. Nor does romance depend upon the material importance of the incidents. To deal with strong and deadly elements, banditti, pirates, war, and murder, is to conjure with great names, and, in the event of failure, to double the disgrace. The arrival of Haydn and Consuelo at the Canon's villa is a very trifling incident; yet we may read a dozen boisterous stories from beginning to end, and not receive so fresh and stirring an impression of adventure. It was the scene of Crusoe at the wreck, if I remember rightly, that so bewitched my blacksmith. Nor is the fact surprising. Every single article the castaway recovers from the hulk is "a joy forever" to the man who reads of them. They are the things that should be found, and the bare enumeration stirs the blood. I found a glimmer of the same interest the other day in a new book, *The Sailor's Sweetheart*, by Mr. Clark Russell. The whole business of the brig *Morning Star* is very rightly felt and spiritedly written; but the clothes, the books, and the money satisfy the reader's mind like things to eat. We are dealing here with the old cut-and-dry, legitimate interest of treasure trove. But even treasure trove can be made dull. There are few people who have not groaned under the plethora of goods that fell to the lot of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, that dreary family. They found article after article, creature after creature, from milk kine to pieces of ordnance, a whole consignment; but no informing taste had presided over the selection, there was no smack or relish in the invoice; and these riches left the fancy cold. The box of goods in Verne's *Mysterious Island* is another case in point: there was no gusto and no glamour about that; it might have come from a shop. But the two hundred and seventy-eight Australian sovereigns on board the *Morning Star* fell upon me like a surprise that I had expected; whole vistas of secondary stories, besides the one in hand, radiated forth from that discovery, as they radiate from a striking particular in life; and I was made for the moment as happy as a reader has the right to be.

To come at all at the nature of this quality of romance, we must bear in mind the peculiarity of our attitude to any art. No art produces illusion; in the theatre we never forget that we are in the theatre; and while we read a story, we sit wavering between two minds, now merely clapping our hands at the merit of the performance, now condescending to take an active part in fancy with the characters. This last is the triumph of romantic story-telling: when the reader consciously plays at being the hero, the scene is a good scene. Now in character-studies the pleasure that we take is critical; we watch, we approve, we smile at incongruities, we are moved to sudden heats of sympathy with courage, suffering, or virtue. But the characters are still themselves, they are not us; the more clearly they are depicted, the more widely do they stand away from us, the more imperiously do they thrust us back into our place as a spectator. I cannot identify myself with Rawdon Crawley or with Eugène de Rastignac, for I have scarce a hope or fear in common with them. It is not character but incident that woos us out of reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation, that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realised in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance. It is not only pleasurable things that we imagine in our day-dreams; there are lights in which we are willing to contemplate even the idea of our own death; ways in which it seems as if it would amuse us to be cheated, wounded, or calumniated. It is thus possible to construct a story, even of tragic import, in which every incident, detail, and trick of circumstance shall be welcome to the reader's thoughts. Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child; it is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life; and when the game so chimes with his fancy that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him with every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance.

Walter Scott is out and away the king of the romantics. "The Lady of the Lake" has no indisputable claim to be a poem beyond the inherent fitness and desirability of the tale. It is just such a story as a man would make up for himself, walking, in the best health and

temper, through just such scenes as it is laid in. Hence it is that a charm dwells undefinable among these slovenly verses, as the unseen cuckoo fills the mountains with his note; hence, even after we have flung the book aside, the scenery and adventures remain present to the mind, a new and green possession, not unworthy of that beautiful name, "The Lady of the Lake," or that direct, romantic opening — one of the most spirited and poetical in literature — "The stag at eve had drunk his fill." The same strength and the same weaknesses adorn and disfigure the novels. In that ill-written, ragged book, *The Pirate*, the figure of Cleveland — cast up by the sea on the resounding foreland of Dunrossness — moving, with the blood on his hands and the Spanish words on his tongue, among the simple islanders — singing a serenade under the window of his Shetland mistress — is conceived in the very highest manner of romantic invention. The words of his song, "Through groves of palm," sung in such a scene and by such a lover, clench, as in a nutshell, the emphatic contrast upon which the tale is built. In *Guy Mannering*, again, every incident is delightful to the imagination; and the scene when Harry Bertram lands at Ellangowan is a model instance of romantic method.

"I remember the tune well," he says, "though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recall it to my memory." He took his flageolet from his pocket and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel. . . . She immediately took up the song —

"Are these the links of Forth, she said;
Or are they the crooks of Dee,
Or the bonny woods of Warroch Head
That I so fain would see?"

"By heaven!" said Bertram, "it is the very ballad."

On this quotation two remarks fall to be made. First, as an instance of modern feeling for romance, this famous touch of the flageolet and the old song is selected by Miss Braddon for omission. Miss Braddon's idea of a story, like Mrs. Todgers's idea of a wooden leg, were something strange to have expounded. As a matter of personal experience, Meg's appearance to old Mr. Bertram on the road, the ruins of Derncleugh, the scene of the flageolet, and the Dominie's recognition of Harry, are the four strong notes that continue to ring in the mind after the book is laid aside. The second point is still more curious. The reader will observe a mark of excision in the passage as

quoted by me. Well, here is how it runs in the original: "a damsel, who, close behind a fine spring about half-way down the descent, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen." A man who gave in such copy would be discharged from the staff of a daily paper. Scott has forgotten to prepare the reader for the presence of the "damsel"; he has forgotten to mention the spring and its relation to the ruin; and now, face to face with his omission, instead of trying back and starting fair, crams all this matter, tail foremost, into a single shambling sentence. It is not merely bad English, or bad style; it is abominably bad narrative besides.

Certainly the contrast is remarkable; and it is one that throws a strong light upon the subject of this paper. For here we have a man of the finest creative instinct touching with perfect certainty and charm the romantic junctures of his story; and we find him utterly careless, almost, it would seem, incapable, in the technical matter of style, and not only frequently weak, but frequently wrong in points of drama. In character parts, indeed, and particularly in the Scotch, he was delicate, strong, and truthful; but the trite, obliterated features of too many of his heroes have already wearied two generations of readers. At times his characters will speak with something far beyond propriety with a true heroic note; but on the next page they will be wading wearily forward with an ungrammatical and undramatic rigmarole of words. The man who could conceive and write the character of Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot, as Scott has conceived and written it, had not only splendid romantic, but splendid tragic gifts. How comes it, then, that he could so often fob us off with languid, inarticulate twaddle?

It seems to me that the explanation is to be found in the very quality of his surprising merits. As his books are play to the reader, so were they play to him. He conjured up the romantic with delight, but he had hardly patience to describe it. He was a great day-dreamer, a seer of fit and beautiful and humorous visions, but hardly a great artist; hardly, in the manful sense, an artist at all. He pleased himself, and so he pleases us. Of the pleasures of his art he tasted fully; but of its toils and vigils and distresses never man knew less. A great romantic — an idle child.

BIOGRAPHICAL WRITING

People are the most interesting objects on earth. All the most interesting art, reproductive or creative, busies itself with people. The character sketch is fascinating to write and fascinating to read.

Two sorts are common: the narrative biography, and the interpretative biography. President Eliot's "John Gilley" is a well-known example of the narrative type; in this book "Ruskin the Boy" and "Punchinello" are examples, long and short, of narrative used to reveal and interpret character. The other Models are frankly analytical. They set out to show the writer's findings, after years of close acquaintance, in terms of traits, qualities, virtues, frailties.

Impartiality. Every human being has good and bad qualities; every true analysis of character must take into account both strength and weakness. Hence every good human portrait has both light and shadow. In all the more lovable sorts of people, the weaknesses are comparatively unimportant, and are often virtues carried to excess. But they are there, and any true analysis will show them. This impartial and thorough analysis will also see that justice is done to the Mr. Hydes among us, as well as the Dr. Jekylls; "so much good in the worst of us" is of course always true.

Illustration. All this exposition and analysis of ours must be animated and borne out by frequent illustration, in word or act, that will stamp home the truth of our generalization. Not too much of this; but every important quality we cite should be demonstrated by one or two of the most striking instances in the very words or deeds of that person.

Emphasis. In all analytical or interpretative biography, the emphasis is constantly on character; the narrative and its events are significant only because they reveal and modify and build character. Hence we largely ignore the narrative element in all shorter analyses (shorter than a small volume), and get quickly forward to its results in the character it has produced. These results we then enumerate in terms of the traits and qualities, but refer, as I have just said, to the narrative to illuminate and illustrate them.

Order. The natural order of details in this sort of exposition is from the obvious to the less obvious, the near to the remote. The natural approach to a person's character is by way of his appearance — so far as that appearance is suggestive of his character; to which we are thus most naturally led, — as we are in real life. Then one trait will rather naturally lead to another associated with it, or perhaps immediately opposed to it. Your own knowledge and understanding of the character must determine the truest order: for as no two persons are the same, no two analyses can be the same. Here, too, proportions and the final emphasis must be nicely discriminated, to give the reader of your compacted analysis the same effect of balance and proportion felt by those who know a bookful about that person.

Subjects. It is altogether best that in full-length portraits you analyze only persons very well known to you at first hand, — not people from books,

or from your imagination. Second-hand knowledge requires you to lean too hard on your source; whereas first-hand knowledge keeps your "eye on the object" — where it should be. Such analysis may be finely done even of one very tenderly loved, with portraiture as true as it is sympathetic: witness Sir James M. Barrie's analysis of his mother in *Margaret Ogilvy*.

EXERCISES

1. Write several short-theme analyses of single traits in (*a*) persons you know in life, (*b*) persons you know in books.

2. Write two short themes, each comparing two opposed qualities in a single person.

3. For the spirit of impartiality which sees both sides, study "Ruskin the Boy," "John Bull," "Mrs. Little," "My Sister," "Queen Elizabeth."

4. For the use of specific illustration, study "Mrs. Little" (particularly the close), "The Boy," "My Sister," "Queen Elizabeth," "The New Yorker."

5. For emphasis and proportion, study "Ruskin the Boy," "Mrs. Little," "Charles William Eliot."

6. For approach and arrangement, study "The Boy," "My Sister," "Charles William Eliot," "Queen Elizabeth."

BIOGRAPHICAL

NARRATIVE

1. PUNCHINELLO

"I know a Punchinello," the Moon told me. "The public applaud vociferously directly they see him. Every one of his movements is comic, and is sure to throw the house into convulsions of laughter; and yet there is no art in it all — it is complete nature. When he was yet a little boy, playing about with other boys, he was already Punch. Nature had intended him for it, and had provided him with a hump on his back, and another on his breast; but his inward man, his mind, on the contrary, was richly furnished. No one could surpass him in depth of feeling or in readiness of intellect. The theatre was his ideal world. If he had possessed a slender, well-shaped figure, he might have been the first tragedian on any stage; the heroic, the great, filled his soul; and yet he had to become a Punchinello. His very sorrow and melancholy did but increase the comic dryness of his sharply-cut features, and increased the laughter of the audience, who showered plaudits on their favourite. The lovely Columbine was indeed kind and cordial to him; but she preferred to marry the Harlequin. It

would have been too ridiculous if beauty and the beast had in reality paired together.

"When Punchinello was in very bad spirits, she was the only one who could force a smile or even a hearty burst of laughter from him: first she would be melancholy with him, then quieter, and at last quite cheerful and happy. 'I know very well what is the matter with you,' she said; 'yes, you 're in love!' And he could not help laughing. 'I in love!' he cried; 'that would have an absurd look. How the public would shout!' 'Certainly, you are in love,' she continued; and added with a comic pathos, 'and I am the person you are in love with.' You see, such a thing may be said when it is quite out of the question — and indeed, Punchinello burst out laughing, and gave a leap into the air, and his melancholy was forgotten.

"And yet she had only spoken the truth. He *did* love her, love her adoringly, as he loved what was great and lofty in art. At her wedding he was the merriest among the guests, but in the stillness of night he wept: if the public had seen his distorted face then, they would have applauded rapturously.

"And a few days ago, Columbine died. On the day of the funeral, Harlequin was not required to show himself on the boards, for he was a disconsolate widower. The director had to give a very merry piece, that the public might not too painfully miss the pretty Columbine and the agile Harlequin. Therefore Punchinello had to be more boisterous and extravagant than ever; and he danced and capered, with despair in his heart; and the audience yelled, and shouted, '*Bravo! bravissimo!*' Punchinello was called before the curtain. He was pronounced inimitable.

"But last night the hideous little fellow went out of the town, quite alone, to the deserted churchyard. The wreath of flowers on Columbine's grave was already faded, and he sat down there. It was a study for a painter. As he sat with his chin on his hands, his eyes turned up towards me, he looked like a grotesque monument — a Punch on a grave — peculiar and whimsical! If the people could have seen their favourite, they would have cried as usual, '*Bravo, Punchinello! bravo, bravissimo!*' "

2. RUSKIN THE BOY

When I was about four years old my father found himself able to buy the lease of a house on Herne Hill, a rustic eminence four miles south of the "Standard in Cornhill"; of which the leafy seclusion remains, in all essential points of character, unchanged to this day; certain Gothic splendours, lately indulged in by our wealthier neighbours, being the only serious innovations; and these are so graciously concealed by the fine trees of their grounds, that the passing viator remains unappalled by them; and I can still walk up and down the piece of road between the Fox tavern and the Herne Hill station, imagining myself four years old.

Our house was the northernmost of a group which stand accurately on the top or dome of the hill, where the ground is for a small space level, as the snows are (I understand), on the dome of Mont Blanc; presently falling, however, in what may be, in the London clay formation, considered a precipitous slope, to our valley of Chamouni (or of Dulwich) on the east; and with a softer descent into Cold Harbour Lane[1] on the west: on the south, no less beautifully declining to the dale of the Effra (doubtless shortened from Effrena, signifying the "Unbridled" river; recently, I regret to say, bricked over for the convenience of Mr. Biffin, chemist, and others); while on the north, prolonged indeed with slight depression some half mile or so, and receiving, in the parish of Lambeth, the chivalric title of "Champion Hill," it plunges down at last to efface itself in the plains of Peckham, and the rural barbarism of Goose Green.

The group, of which our house was the quarter, consisted of two precisely similar partner-couples of houses, gardens and all to match; still the two highest blocks of buildings seen from Norwood on the crest of the ridge; so that the house itself, three-storied, with garrets above, commanded, in those comparatively smokeless days, a very notable view from its garret windows, of the Norwood hills on one side, and the winter sunrise over them; and of the valley of the Thames on the other, with Windsor telescopically clear in the distance, and Harrow, conspicuous always in fine weather to open vision against the summer sunset. It had front and back garden in sufficient proportion

[1] Said in the *History of Croydon* to be a name which has long puzzled antiquaries, and nearly always found near Roman military stations.

to its size; the front, richly set with old evergreens, and well-grown lilac and laburnum; the back, seventy yards long by twenty wide, renowned over all the hill for its pears and apples, which had been chosen with extreme care by our predecessor (shame on me to forget the name of a man to whom I owe so much), and possessing also a strong old mulberry tree, a tall white-heart cherry tree, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge, all round, of alternate gooseberry and currant bush; decked, in due season (for the ground was wholly beneficent), with magical splendour of abundant fruit: fresh green, soft amber, and rough-bristled crimson bending the spinous branches; clustered pearl and pendent ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine.

The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden, and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, were, that, in this one, *all* the fruit was forbidden; and there were no companionable beasts: in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of paradise to me; and the climate, in that cycle of our years, allowed me to pass most of my life in it. My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learnt, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set; if it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it, and in general, even when Latin Grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least an hour before half-past one dinner, and for the rest of the afternoon.

My mother, herself finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me, at least if I chose to stay beside *her*. I never thought of doing anything behind her back which I would not have done before her face; and her presence was therefore no restraint to me; but, also, no particular pleasure, for, from having always been left so much alone, I had generally my own little affairs to see after; and, on the whole, by the time I was seven years old, was already getting too independent, mentally, even of my father and mother; and, having nobody else to be dependent upon, began to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited, Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life, in the central point which it appeared to me (as it must naturally appear to geometrical animals), that I occupied in the universe.

This was partly the fault of my father's modesty; and partly of his pride. He had so much more confidence in my mother's judgment as to such matters than in his own, that he never ventured even to help, much less to cross her, in the conduct of my education; on the other hand, in the fixed purpose of making an ecclesiastical gentleman of me, with the superfinest of manners, and access to the highest circles of fleshly and spiritual society, the visits to Croydon, where I entirely loved my aunt, and young baker-cousins, became rarer and more rare: the society of our neighbours on the hill could not be had without breaking up our regular and sweetly selfish manner of living; and on the whole, I had nothing animate to care for, in a childish way, but myself, some nests of ants, which the gardener would never leave undisturbed for me, and a sociable bird or two; though I never had the sense or perseverance to make one really tame. But that was partly because, if ever I managed to bring one to be the least trustful of me, the cats got it.

Under these circumstances, what powers of imagination I possessed, either fastened themselves on inanimate things, — the sky, the leaves, and pebbles, observable within the walls of Eden, — or caught at any opportunity of flight into regions of romance, compatible with the objective realities of existence in the nineteenth century, within a mile and a quarter of Camberwell Green.

Herein my father, happily, though with no definite intention other than of pleasing me, when he found he could do so without infringing any of my mother's rules, became my guide. I was particularly fond of watching him shave; and was always allowed to come into his room in the morning (under the one in which I am now writing), to be the motionless witness of that operation. Over his dressing-table hung one of his own water-colour drawings, made under the teaching of the elder Nasmyth; I believe, at the High School of Edinburgh. It was done in the early manner of tinting, which, just about the time when my father was at the High School, Dr. Munro was teaching Turner; namely, in gray under-tints of Prussian blue and British ink, washed with warm colour afterwards on the lights. It represented Conway Castle, with its Frith, and, in the foreground, a cottage, a fisherman, and a boat at the water's edge.[1]

When my father had finished shaving, he always told me a story about this picture. The custom began without any initial purpose of

[1] This drawing is still over the chimney-piece of my bedroom at Brantwood.

his, in consequence of my troublesome curiosity whether the fisherman lived in the cottage, and where he was going to in the boat. It being settled, for peace' sake, that he *did* live in the cottage, and was going in the boat to fish near the castle, the plot of the drama afterwards gradually thickened; and became, I believe, involved with that of the tragedy of Douglas, and of the Castle Spectre, in both of which pieces my father had performed in private theatricals, before my mother, and a select Edinburgh audience, when he was a boy of sixteen, and she, at grave twenty, a model housekeeper, and very scornful and religiously suspicious of theatricals. But she was never weary of telling me, in later years, how beautiful my father looked in his Highland dress, with the high black feathers.

In the afternoons, when my father returned (always punctually) from his business, he dined, at half-past four, in the front parlour, my mother sitting beside him to hear the events of the day, and give counsel and encouragement with respect to the same; — chiefly the last, for my father was apt to be vexed if orders for sherry fell the least short of their due standard, even for a day or two. I was never present at this time, however, and only avouch what I relate by hearsay and probable conjecture; for between four and six it would have been a grave misdemeanour in me if I so much as approached the parlour door. After that, in summer time, we were all in the garden as long as the day lasted; tea under the white-heart cherry tree; or in winter and rough weather, at six o'clock in the drawing-room, — I having my cup of milk, and slice of bread-and-butter, in a little recess, with a table in front of it, wholly sacred to me; and in which I remained in the evenings as an Idol in a niche, while my mother knitted, and my father read to her, — and to me, so far as I chose to listen.

The series of the Waverley novels, then drawing towards its close, was still the chief source of delight in all households caring for literature; and I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them than when I did not know the Bible; but I have still a vivid remembrance of my father's intense expression of sorrow mixed with scorn, as he threw down *Count Robert of Paris*, after reading three or four pages; and knew that the life of Scott was ended: the scorn being a very complex and bitter feeling in him, — partly, indeed, of the book itself, but chiefly of the wretches who were tormenting and selling the wrecked intellect, and not a little, deep down, of the subtle dishonesty

which had essentially caused the ruin. My father never could forgive Scott his concealment of the Ballantyne partnership.

Such being the salutary pleasures of Herne Hill, I have next with deeper gratitude to chronicle what I owe to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music, — yet in that familiarity reverenced, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.[1]

This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority; but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly, for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.

In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through, to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all: and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation, — if the chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience, — if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed, — none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs, — and none from any visitings or excursions, except real travelling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known; and, with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first word to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse; and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound.

It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive — the 119th Psalm — has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion

[1] Compare the 52d paragraph of chapter iii of Bible of Amiens.

of love for the Law of God, in opposition to the abuse of it by modern preachers of what they imagine to be His gospel.

But it is only by deliberate effort that I recall the long morning hours of toil, as regular as sunrise, — toil on both sides equal, — by which, year after year, my mother forced me to learn these paraphrases, and chapters (the eighth of 1st Kings being one — try it, good reader, in a leisure hour!), allowing not so much as a syllable to be missed or misplaced; while every sentence was required to be said over and over again till she was satisfied with the accent of it. I recollect a struggle between us of about three weeks, concerning the accent of the "of" in the lines

> Shall any following spring revive
> The ashes of the urn? —

I insisting, partly in childish obstinacy, and partly in true instinct for rhythm (being wholly careless on the subject both of urns and their contents), on reciting it with an accented *of*. It was not, I say, till after three weeks' labor, that my mother got the accent lightened on the "of" and laid on the "ashes," to her mind. But had it taken three years she would have done it, having once undertaken to do it. And, assuredly, had she not done it, — well, there's no knowing what would have happened; but I'm very thankful she *did*.

I have just opened my oldest (in use) Bible, — a small, closely, and very neatly printed volume it is, printed in Edinburgh by Sir D. Hunter Blair and J. Bruce, Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, in 1816. Yellow, now, with age, and flexible, but not unclean, with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at 8th of 1st Kings, and 32d Deuteronomy, are worn somewhat thin and dark, the learning of these two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother's list of the chapters with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life,[1] has just fallen out of it. I will take what indulgence the incurious reader can give me, for printing the list thus accidentally occurrent:

Exodus,	chapters 15th and 20th.
2 Samuel,	chapter 1st, from 17th verse to end.
1 Kings,	chapter 8th.

[1] This expression in *Fors* has naturally been supposed by some readers to mean that my mother at this time made me vitally and evangelically religious. The fact was far otherwise. I meant only that she gave me secure *ground* for all future life, practical or spiritual. See the paragraph next following.

Psalms,	chapters 23d, 32d, 90th, 91st, 103d, 112th, 119th, 139th.
Proverbs,	chapters 2d, 3d, 8th, 12th.
Isaiah,	chapter 58th.
Matthew,	chapters 5th, 6th, 7th.
Acts,	chapter 26th.
1 Corinthians,	chapters 13th, 15th.
James,	chapter 4th.
Revelation,	chapters 5th, 6th.

And, truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge, — in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life, — and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters, I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one *essential* part of all my education.

And it is perhaps already time to mark what advantage and mischief, by the chances of life up to seven years old, had been irrevocably determined for me.

I will first count my blessings (as a not unwise friend once recommended me to do, continually; whereas I have a bad trick of always numbering the thorns in my fingers and not the bones in them).

And for best and truest beginning of all blessings, I had been taught the perfect meaning of Peace, in thought, act, and word.

I never had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended, glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded; nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner, blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time. I had no conception of such a feeling as anxiety; my father's occasional vexation in the afternoons, when he had only got an order for twelve butts after expecting one for fifteen, as I have just stated, was never manifested to *me;* and itself related only to the question whether his name would be a step higher or lower in the year's list of sherry exporters; for he never spent more than half his income, and therefore found himself little incommoded by occasional variations in the total of it. I had never done any wrong that I knew of — beyond occasionally delaying the commitment to heart of some improving sentence, that I might watch a wasp on the window pane, or a bird in the cherry tree; and I had never seen any grief.

Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace, I had received the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith. I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother, simply as a ship her helm; not only without idea of resistance, but receiving the direction as a part of my own life and force, a helpful law, as necessary to me in every moral action as the law of gravity in leaping. And my practice in Faith was soon complete: nothing was ever promised me that was not given; nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told me that was not true.

Peace, obedience, faith; these three for chief good; next to these, the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind — on which I will not further enlarge at this moment, this being the main practical faculty of my life, causing Mazzini to say of me, in conversation authentically reported, a year or two before his death, that I had "the most analytic mind in Europe." An opinion in which, so far as I am acquainted with Europe, I am myself entirely disposed to concur.

Lastly, an extreme perfection in palate and all other bodily senses, given by the utter prohibition of cake, wine, comfits, or, except in carefulest restriction, fruit; and by fine preparation of what food was given me. Such I esteem the main blessings of my childhood; — next, let me count the equally dominant calamities.

First, that I had nothing to love.

My parents were — in a sort — visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon: only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out (how much, now, when both are darkened!); — still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear of Him; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His book, not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. Not a servant was ever allowed to do anything for me, but what it was their duty to do; and why should I have been grateful to the cook for cooking, or the gardener for gardening, — when the one dared not give me a baked potato without asking leave, and the other would not let my ants' nests alone, because they made the walks untidy? The evil consequence of all this was not, however, what might perhaps have been expected, that I grew up selfish or unaffectionate;

but that, when affection did come, it came with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me, who never before had anything to manage.

For (second of chief calamities) I had nothing to endure. Danger or pain of any kind I knew not: my strength was never exercised, my patience never tried, and my courage never fortified. Not that I was ever afraid of anything, — either ghosts, thunder, or beasts; and one of the nearest approaches to insubordination which I was ever tempted into as a child, was in passionate effort to get leave to play with the lion's cubs in Wombwell's menagerie.

Thirdly, I was taught no precision or etiquette of manners; it was enough if, in the little society we saw, I remained unobtrusive, and replied to a question without shyness: but the shyness came later, and increased as I grew conscious of the rudeness arising from the want of social discipline, and found it impossible to acquire, in advanced life, dexterity in any bodily exercise, skill in any pleasing accomplishment, or ease and tact in ordinary behaviour.

Lastly, and chief of evils. My judgment of right and wrong, and powers of independent action,[1] were left entirely undeveloped; because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off me. Children should have their times of being off duty, like soldiers; and when once the obedience, if required, is certain, the little creature should be very early put for periods of practice in complete command of itself; set on the bare-backed horse of its own will, and left to break it by its own strength. But the ceaseless authority exercised over my youth left me, when cast out at last into the world, unable for some time to do more than drift with its vortices.

My present verdict, therefore, on the general tenor of my education at that time, must be, that it was at once too formal and too luxurious; leaving my character, at the most important moment for its construction, cramped indeed, but not disciplined; and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous.

[1] *Action*, observe, I say here: in *thought* I was too independent, as I said above.

INTERPRETATIVE

3. WILSON [1]

FEBRUARY 4, 1924

God gave him a great vision.
The devil gave him an imperious heart.
The proud heart is still.
The vision lives.

4. JOHN BULL

Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look upon John's situation without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humors and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbors represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homebred, and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savors of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak, rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something, too, in the appearance of his old family mansion that is extremely poetical and picturesque; and, as long as it can be rendered comfortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with, during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects, that might be of service; but many, I fear, are mere levellers, who, when they had once got to work with their mattocks on this venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future; — that he may cease to distress his mind about other people's affairs;

[1] An editorial in the Emporia *Gazette*, by William Allen White; reprinted in *The Editor and His People* (p. 213), copyright 1924 by The Macmillan Company; by permission of Mr. White and the publishers.

that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbors, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home; gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; husband his income — if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order — if he can; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honorable, and a merry old age.

5. MRS. LITTLE

One of the mysterious things of life to me is, that men and women often unwittingly cheat themselves of the possession they most covet. Groping painfully about for happiness, they fail to grasp it, because of some fault or bias in themselves, which, strangely, they cannot perceive.

Such a woman was Mrs. Little. She never realized that the grim streak of penurious economy, which ran through and controlled all her actions, revolted and repelled those she longed to take to her heart and call friend; that these, whenever stirred to admire her for her unfailing honesty and steadfast loyalty, found themselves pursued by an insidious doubt of the possibility of largeness in a woman who invested a penny with such great importance; a kind of shrinking distaste for the affection of one, who felt it her duty to give rather more liberally to church and the poor than her neighbors, yet put her husband before so niggardly a fire that he had to burn his toes to keep his heels from freezing.

Her husband was not a meek man; but he had lived long and pondered much, and he understood that if he made a stand against her rigid ideas of economy, she had ready, always, a little battalion of reasons to march against what seemed to her reckless and foolish notions. These reasons glinted from her dark eyes; they bristled in her crinkly hair; and lay crouched in reserve in rigidly-held elbows and stiffened backbone. Sometimes — not often, for she was not a voluble woman — these reasons assailed him in a masterly, unanswerable flow of logic. Were they not matters of principle with her? Did she not have to be careful and saving so that her daughter should not be left penniless? Was it not because she loved him that she scrimped and saved? And these were times to avoid.

And so it came about that Mr. Little found it easier last winter to plan a trip South, without mentioning the matter to his wife until the day before he started; and when he departed blithely upon his little lark, she was utterly unable to understand her part in bringing about her great unhappiness.

By some strange twist of mind, her sordid economies assumed, to her, the face of virtues, and these were a perpetual and unpleasant rebuke to our unthriftiness. I burst into her library one day to show her a particularly delightful new gown. I felt it had cost more than one with my slender purse should enjoy; but I had planned to save in another direction, and was feeling entirely happy over my treasure.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she said; "but, child, it has cost a mint of money."

Robbed of my joy in a moment, I tucked the poor, gay thing under my arm, and trailed dejectedly from the house. By the time I reached my own door, however, my spirits had rebounded, and I rejoined the spendthrifts of my home with a new satisfaction. I was glad it was my happy chance to live where occasional extravagances — capers, if you like — were felt to be quite sane, — one way of keeping health and hope and joy in the daily routine.

Yet, withal, Mrs. Little was so loving and loyal in times of trouble, we felt we ought to love her, and we did; but we could never somehow manage to like her through it all. She could not fling herself into the current of the every-day interests of others; and living much alone, her one ugly trait held her firmer and firmer in its grip as time passed on, stamping itself on all she did, until she was almost stripped of the joys of friendships, and the happy give-and-take of life.

And when death was upon her she turned to her daughter and said, "Don't put my good voile skirt on for my burial; the every-day skirt will do just as well."

6. THE BOY

I never knew another so full of contradictions and inconsistencies as The Boy. His comrades called him a "good fellow" (whatever that may mean), and by the girls he is thought the most delightful member of his particular circle; but I am called upon to readjust my opinion of him so frequently, that I never attempt to put it into words. A certain generosity and sympathy run parallel with thoughtlessness and

indifference. He is exacting with others, yet he feels that he need render no one an account of himself. He is hurt if I fail to ask where he has been; yet when I do, I receive a laconic "Away."

The Boy possesses one peculiar quality which I have never been able to name. It's absorbent in its nature. He seems to take from my vitality. An interview which strengthens and refreshes him, leaves me exhausted and dejected. I accuse him of valuing his friends by their use to him, and then he says we are all alike and I criticise only because I have found him useless.

I don't know just what predominates in his character, but have always felt intuitively that it is the good. His impulses are all up and his actual accomplishments generally down; but his remorse and self-condemnation blot out of my mind his worst failures, and I have never really lost hope of making something of him. I speak of losing hope, because he refuses to take things into his own hands, and by his faculty of shifting the burden of a responsibility, he has made me feel that mine is the task of working out his salvation.

My own philosophy of life, bits of which I have given him in unguarded moments, reacts on me, and in order to seem consistent, I am forced to act as his confessor, and offer sage advice which is never heeded and encouragement which is never needed. He poses as a cynic and says he needs my "refreshing optimism." He has n't yet learned that a cynic is one who has never known real grief.

Although I have ample opportunity of studying him, I have to guard against the mistake of taking him at his own value, for one thing in his favor is that he underestimates his worth. I have to assure myself that the good predominates and the bad only seems to do so because when he comes to confession he insists that the bad really does. Sometimes I am unable to tell whether he is truly penitent, or whether he calls himself "a worm of the earth" for the purpose of being reassured that he belongs to the "chosen tribe of Israel."

I always try to encourage The Boy by telling him that some day he will grow up; but that time is so indefinitely remote and he is so engrossed with living in the "eternal now" (an expression he says he has learned from me), that I sometimes lose sight of his goal — the attaining of manhood — and I am sure he has wilfully shut his eyes to it.

His code of morals is mercurial and his standards vacillating. I'm never sure of my position and usually feel my way. He says unblush-

ingly, and in fact with the pride of one who is sacrificing himself to a good cause, that he would not hesitate to tell an untruth to save a friend from an inconvenience merely; and yet when I question one of his statements, he wears the expression of a martyr and tells me that "misunderstood" is the saddest word in the English language. The sacrificial lamb is his favorite pose.

For days at a time he will develop a genius for making excuses. He will do something thoughtlessly and impulsively; and when he discovers that it is all wrong and should have been left undone, he sets to work to find some explanation with which to satisfy me; and if nothing tenable shapes itself, he retreats behind what he would have pass as a modest silence and leaves me to infer some high and noble purpose. I was very much interested in a recent occurrence which is typical. He came with the air of one who had been sorely deceived. He told me that Val's ways were not his ways. Val is his bosom companion. He felt that he must lose Val as an associate partly to keep his own self-respect, but primarily, of course, for the sake of his other friends. He then disappeared for several weeks, and I learned that he was with Val constantly, indulging in the hilarious pastimes in which Val indulged and apparently enjoying himself thoroughly. I wondered how he would reconcile the inconsistency. When he came to confession, I found that he had received new light. The only way he could influence Val was by constant association with him and by doing the things Val did. The Boy told me solemnly that wonderful reforms could be effected by "agreeing with your adversary quickly while you were in the way with him." I didn't see the logic of this, but I forebore asking for an explanation which I knew he couldn't make. His application of Scriptural passages always bears the stamp of originality.

Fortunately, few persons see The Boy as I see him. Usually he is gay, light-hearted, and irresponsible. He loves the romantic, and tries to make every detail of his relations with others seem freighted with significance. By this trick of flattery he has won great popularity. After some season of unusual social activity, when he has been in great demand and has been living the life most natural to him, he comes to me to tell me how empty and meaningless it all is, and how isolated and alone he feels.

I think at heart he is a well-meaning youth; but he has held so

much of promise, and has been so disappointing, that it takes all the optimism I can get together to look into the future and feel that some day The Boy will become A Man.

7. MY SISTER

She is closer to me than any other human being, yet I never feel that she is really my sister. Indeed, I sometimes think she is a changeling child, and related to no one; surely to no one in our family.

The fairies took care that no one should guess her parentage, and gave her all the physical earmarks of a normal, human girl of nineteen. She is rather tall, and looks thinner than she is, because her face is long and narrow, and her neck as swanlike as Annie Laurie's. She has bright blue eyes that droop at the corners, — a supposed sign of shrewdness, — and long aquiline nose with wide, flexible nostrils, a large full-lipped mouth, prominent teeth, slightly protruding, a moderately low, smooth forehead, and a receding chin which bothers her when she thinks about it. Her blonde hair, parted demurely in the middle, is fine, perfectly straight, and given to stringiness; or what we call "horns." When studying or meditating, she twists these horns into fantastic shapes. She utterly refuses to pin them back, or to wear a net, so that they usually hang like whiskers on either side of her face.

I have never found anyone who would admit that Katherine in any respect fell short of perfection. Mother and father yield to her opinion as superior to their own. Her doting aunts worship her. Children and animals adore her. Strangers, seeing her leading me about town, subduing my excess exuberance in streetcars and other public places, judge her my senior, although she is three years younger. In spite of my frantic jealousy of my youthful sister, I gladly admit her virtues, and see no fault but perfection.

Her outstanding gift is tact. She manages everybody without letting them know it. This she can do through her uncanny knowledge of human nature. With a little training, she could be a mind-reader. My blackest thoughts are no secret to her, and if I smile to myself, she tells me the reason. This gift of omniscience renders human beings easy game for Katherine. She understands how to approach each one so as to coin his friendship. Her circle of friends includes every

variety, but she specializes in old women, and dirty little children. Most girls at some period in their lives lose their heads over "social service." To Katherine it is more than a fad; she really enjoys slumming. A handful of messy Italian or colored children delights her missionary soul. She wishes, by the way, to go as a missionary to some foreign field, the exact location being still unsettled. If it is Africa, she will succeed, I know, on account of her practice with our washwoman. Sophie and Katherine talk by the hour like pals. Every Christmas Katherine gives Sophie a present for her little grandchild. Frequently I have seen Sophie present a finger nail broken in the wash-tub, to Katherine to cut smooth, and Katherine never shrinks from the black, wet paw. As a result, Sophie would die for her; her present slavedom is more complete than that of her forefathers.

I suggested one phase of Katherine's character when I mentioned her desire to be a missionary. My sister is extremely religious. Entirely unurged, she joined church while very young, without forcing the minister to run her to earth. Ever since she was sixteen, she has taught a Sunday school class, for which she prepares by delving into myriads of big volumes, such as *Peloubet's Notes* and other scientific authorities.

On Sunday Katherine exasperates me especially. Unlike myself, she is never inspired to unholy mirth by some chance word of the preacher. In vain I signal her with discreet coughs; she sits, a cold statue of piety, and condemns me with her clear blue eyes.

The Puritan strain in my sister further reveals itself in a very quiet taste in dress. Grays and tans please her best, and mother and I can seldom inveigle her into wearing the brighter colors which most girls of her age like. She does not murmur if I wear them; she has no conscientious scruples against gaiety; but her eye faints before anything she considers "loud." In other ways, too, my sister is incurably respectable. She does not enjoy wild, Bohemian frolics, and a stolen lark does not attract her in the least. Her self-chosen mission in life is to keep me decently repressed in company.

If I have given the impression that my sister is a prude, I must hasten to correct it. Katherine laughs constantly. She can see a joke that is hidden from everyone else. She teases to the point of madness. I never feel my sense of humor so limited as when it is matched with hers, for she sees subtle distinctions that I miss.

From babyhood, Katherine has been the family "Pollyanna," though that is an unkind accusation. Her optimism and cheerful nature are infallible; indeed she sometimes forgets to stop laughing at the proper time. At the tender age of four, she drove her mother to desperation by persistently laughing while lying prone over the maternal knee, being spanked. Perhaps because the family saw the futility of disciplining a person who would not be squelched, but seemed actually to enjoy chastisement, Katherine has escaped many richly-deserved punishments. If she and I had been engaged in the same illicit enterprise, she invariably escaped by means of a radiant smile and a kiss aptly administered, while I, playing lawyer too combatively, usually received a double share of what was coming to me. Though these things still rankle, I have come to appreciate Katherine's genius for avoiding trouble. She simply will not talk back, and I have never heard her argue. She is the original, Simon-pure pacifist. In a tight situation, she clamps her mouth shut, and lets all those about her talk themselves into a passion, but never enters the arena herself. During one of those painful scenes known as a "family jar," Katherine sits in baffling silence, with meek, downcast eyes; what her thoughts are no one knows; I always feel that she reads us like books, and passes judgment on us, poor, weak creatures that we seem to her!

Though soft and gentle, Katherine has a sterner streak. She always deprecates her own lack of ability to take sides, to make up her mind. Yet, when she once sees an issue, she sticks to her ground with a silent stubbornness that nothing can shake. Let my sister but make up her mind, and gunpowder will not move her.

No one could call Katherine selfish, for she spends her days making others happier. Still, she always has her own way. She never worries about obeying mother and father, but they, blind mortals, never see when their will is being flatly disregarded. They make a law, Katherine breaks it, and they forthwith change the law, unsuspecting that they have been manipulated.

At college Katherine digs and grinds over her lessons, and stays up till midnight regularly. She manages to keep always at the head of her class, but she does not enjoy studying. It irks her fearfully. She can never learn to take the sportsman's attitude toward college work, — to take a chance now and then.

Although she has a reputation as a brilliant student, she prefers the domestic to the academic life. She is happiest when scrubbing the kitchen floor, dusting the sideboard, or making a cake. In an emergency, mother gives her the reins of the household, and she revels in her power. She cooks, sews, sprinkles the lawn, and feeds the chickens, Dad's special property. Because mother and I long ago rebelled against caring for the pesky, dirty birds, they have fallen to Katherine. I am sure she hates them too, but because of her graceful acceptance of this charge, Dad innocently believes she is a kindred spirit in chicken-worship.

Thus everyone imposes on Katherine. The lazy and the stupid keep the 'phone busy at night, to ask her an infinite number of questions about college work. She coaches them patiently, while her own precious time slips away. She has no time sense. I always wonder if she would ever make an appointment without my goading. She simply cannot be made to hurry.

Also, she has no instinctive feeling for special days; her calendar is not starred; to her, life is a continuous process, not a checkerboard of good days and bad days. Middle-aged persons sometimes seem to have attained this stage of perfect content; Katherine has always enjoyed it. I never knew a person more adaptable to circumstances. Like St. Paul, she is content in any situation; but he learned it after a long life of fighting, and she did not have to learn. No matter how bitter the disappointment, she never rebels at fate. By this gentle, conciliatory attitude toward destiny, she has avoided all of life's knocks. I believe she has never been really unhappy. She has never been scolded, she has never lost her temper, she has never been in serious trouble, has never had intellectual or religious doubts. Also I doubt if she has ever been supremely happy. If she has missed the depths, she has likewise missed the heights. I tell her she is like Gray's worthy peasants, who kept so well the "even tenor of their way." She hates no one, and while in her charming, open-hearted way she loves everyone, yet she loves no few passionately. She has never been afflicted with those mad adorations which seize most girls in their childhood and teens. If she should ever love, it might change her whole character; but I cannot imagine her ever in very desperate straits over love itself.

Sometimes I wonder if my sister deserves credit for being the angel she is. It is too easy for her to be good. She flirts with life, and it capitulates to her. Somehow, all things coöperate to give her her way.

If she wants a thing, she gets it because people feel that her wishes must be good, by reason of being hers. No one ever seriously resisted any of her desires. She never fights for what she wants, but sweetly presents her case and waits for everyone to see her point of view, and conform to it. And she is never thwarted.

What is my sister, after all? I never get far from my original fairy theory. I have bared my inmost heart to her; she knows me better than anyone except God, and I know nothing of her. I can only conjecture. She never analyzes herself aloud as most girls do. She is strangely objective in her view of life; she seems to have no personal self. Always the quiet spectator, smiling at the antics of the rest of us, reading our feeble motives, helping us out of difficulties, but never really mingling with us: that is my sister.

8. THE NEW YORKER

Certainly, in New York, we are too vain of our bustle to realize how mannerless and motiveless it is. The essence of life is movement, but so is the essence of epilepsy. Moreover the life of the New Yorker who chases street-cars, eats at a lunch counter, drinks what will "take hold" quickly at a bar he can quit instantly, reads only the head-lines of his newspaper, keeps abreast of the intellectual movement by inspecting the display of the Elevated Railway news-stands while he fumes at having to wait two minutes for his train, hastily buys his tardy ticket of sidewalk speculators, and leaves the theatre as if it were on fire — the life of such a man is, notwithstanding all its futile activity, varied by long spaces of absolute mental stagnation, of moral coma. . . . Owing to this lack of a real, a rational activity, our individual civilization, which seems when successful a scramble, and when unlucky a *sauve qui peut*, is, morally as well as spectacularly, not ill described in so far as its external aspect is concerned by the epithet *flat*. Enervation seems to menace those whom hyperæsthesia spares.

9. THE AUTHOR OF *TOM JONES*

I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding. Why hide his faults? Why conceal his weaknesses in a cloud of paraphrases? Why not show him, like him as he is, not robed in a marble toga, and

draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care, and wine? Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindliest of human beings: in the midst of all his imperfections, he respects female innocence and infantine tenderness as you would suppose such a great-hearted, courageous soul would respect and care for them. He could not be so brave, generous, truth-telling as he is, were he not infinitely merciful, pitiful, and tender. He will give any man his purse — he can't help kindness and profusion. He may have low tastes, but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no rancour, disdains all disloyal arts, does his public duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work.

10. CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

"I suppose you know," said President Eliot, "that the name of a college president is writ in water." The young professor to whom he said it checked himself from the obvious rejoinder. One does not compliment President Eliot.

The remark reveals that renunciation of personal ambition which is so rare in a man born to command. Forty years ago, when a young man of boundless energy, immense personal force, and revolutionary ideas, treated the presidency and governing boards of the University as it and they had never been treated before, people talked of Mr. Eliot as of a man who would be king. He was called by his opponents domineering, brutal, unscrupulous. When he put new blood into the teaching body, he was accused of filling the Faculty with young men to support him in outvoting the old ones and in shoving through his dangerous reforms. Though the reforms advanced personal liberty, though the young men opposed him to his face, it made no difference to his accusers.

And it made none to him. None, that is, which he permitted the public to see. Though his high purpose burned hot within, his self-command was such that people called him cold. When worsted in argument (for in his eagerness he sometimes "proved too much"), he had an exasperating way of not observing the fact, and of keeping straight on till his personal power prevailed.

It was not until he had been President for many years that the University world discovered his unselfishness and responded to the greatness of his heart. His presence, his voice, his supreme mastery of speech, his energy, his courage, his dwarfing of other college presidents assembled at academic ceremonies — these things had won recognition and had caused pride. Yet to the multitude he still seemed a cold and splendid Brahmin rather than a man among men. Gradually people awoke to the truth that the liberty he preached was not freedom from work and was least of all freedom for himself; that this lord of the College was her laborious servant, rejoicing in his labor; that his time, his thought, his whole life, were lavished on others — of whom many were unknown to him or personally distasteful to him; that men who opposed him in the Faculty were quite as often promoted as men who did not, and that men who disagreed with him felt disloyal if they failed to tell him so; that his life was a life of high enthusiasm controlled to efficiency by a commanding intellect and an inexorable good sense; that President Eliot was a man to be loved. Then, on the day when he was seventy, they plucked up courage to tell him, and learned with a pleased surprise that he cared.

For forty years he has not been President of Harvard University only; he has been President of all the colleges and all the schools in the United States. Incapable of working for his own selfish ends, he is likewise incapable of working for the selfish ends of his College, or, better, he is determined that neither he nor his College shall have selfish ends. It is the glory of Harvard University that she gives all she has to the service of the world, that she does her best to raise other institutions into rivalry with herself, that her greatest greatness is in teaching others to be great. This is the spirit she has caught from her leader.

President Eliot speaks of a certain loss in modern times from the disappearance of feudal devotion to "an idealized person"; but "better than devotion to an idealized person," he adds, "is devotion to a personified ideal." We may distrust the unchecked freedom of his

elective system; we may not love his three-year degree; we may condemn as unsound much of his reasoning on athletics; he remains beyond all men we have seen or shall see the personified ideal of an American University.

1908.

11. QUEEN ELIZABETH

England's one hope lay in the character of her queen. Elizabeth was now in her twenty-fifth year. Personally she had more than her mother's beauty; her figure was commanding, her face long but queenly and intelligent, her eyes quick and fine. She had grown up amidst the liberal culture of Henry's court a bold horsewoman, a good shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician, and an accomplished scholar. She studied every morning the Greek Testament, and followed this by the tragedies of Sophocles or orations of Demosthenes, and could "rub up her rusty Greek" at need to bandy pedantry with a Vice-Chancellor. But she was far from being a mere pedant. The new literature which was springing up around her found constant welcome in her court. She spoke Italian and French as fluently as her mother-tongue. She was familiar with Ariosto and Tasso. Even amidst the affectation and love of anagrams and puerilities which sullied her later years, she listened with delight to the "Faery Queen," and found a smile for "Master Spenser" when he appeared in her presence. Her moral temper recalled in its strange contrasts the mixed blood within her veins. She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage, and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, man-like voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break now and then into the gravest deliberations to swear at her ministers like a fishwife. But strangely in contrast with the violent outlines of her Tudor temper stood the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she derived from Anne Boleyn. Splendor and pleasure were with Elizabeth the very air she breathed. Her delight was to move in perpetual progresses from castle to castle through a series of gorgeous pageants, fanciful and extravagant as a caliph's dream. She loved

gaiety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to win her favor. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were innumerable. Her vanity remained, even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome for her, no flattery of her beauty too gross. "To see her was heaven," Hatton told her, "the lack of her was hell." She would play with her rings that her courtiers might note the delicacy of her hands; or dance a coranto that the French ambassador, hidden dexterously behind a curtain, might report her sprightliness to his master. Her levity, her frivolous laughter, her unwomanly jests gave color to a thousand scandals. Her character, in fact, like her portraits, was utterly without shade. Of womanly reserve or self-restraint she knew nothing. No instinct of delicacy veiled the voluptuous temper which had broken out in the romps of her girlhood and showed itself almost ostentatiously throughout her later life. Personal beauty in a man was a sure passport to her liking. She patted handsome young squires on the neck when they knelt to kiss her hand, and fondled her "sweet Robin," Lord Leicester, in the face of the court.

It was no wonder that the statesmen whom she outwitted held Elizabeth almost to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman, or that Philip of Spain wondered how "a wanton" could hold in check the policy of the Escurial. But the Elizabeth whom they saw was far from being all of Elizabeth. The wilfulness of Henry, the triviality of Anne Boleyn played over the surface of a nature hard as steel, a temper purely intellectual, the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion. Luxurious and pleasure-loving as she seemed, Elizabeth lived simply and frugally, and she worked hard. Her vanity and caprice had no weight whatever with her in state affairs. The coquette of the presence-chamber became the coolest and hardest of politicians at the council-board. Fresh from the flattery of her courtiers, she would tolerate no flattery in the closet; she was herself plain and downright of speech with her counselors, and she looked for a corresponding plainness of speech in return. If any trace of her sex lingered in her actual statesmanship, it was seen in the simplicity and tenacity of purpose that often underlies a woman's fluctuations of feeling. It was this in part which gave her her marked superiority over the statesmen of her time. No nobler group of ministers ever gathered round a council-board than those who gathered round the

council-board of Elizabeth. But she was the instrument of none. She listened, she weighed, she used or put by the counsels of each in turn, but her policy as a whole was her own. It was a policy, not of genius, but of good sense. Her aims were simple and obvious: to preserve her throne, to keep England out of war, to restore civil and religious order. Something of womanly caution and timidity perhaps backed the passionless indifference with which she set aside the larger schemes of ambition which were ever opening before her eyes. She was resolute in her refusal of the Low Countries. She rejected with a laugh the offers of the Protestants to make her "head of the religion" and "mistress of the seas." But her amazing success in the end sprang mainly from this wise limitation of her aims. She had a finer sense than any of her counselors of her real resources; she knew instinctively how far she could go, and what she could do. Her cold, critical intellect was never swayed by enthusiasm or by panic either to exaggerate or to underestimate her risks or her power.

Of political wisdom indeed in its larger and more generous sense Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over the keyboard, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Her nature was essentially practical and of the present. She distrusted a plan in fact just in proportion to its speculative range or its outlook into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources and the transitional character of its religious and political belief, but it was one eminently suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise. "No War, my Lords," the queen used to cry imperiously at the council-board, "No War!" But her hatred of war sprang less from her aversion to blood or to expense, real as was her aversion to both, than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic maneuvers and intrigues in which she excelled. Her delight in the consciousness of her ingenuity broke out in a thousand puckish freaks, freaks in which one can hardly see any purpose beyond the purpose of sheer mystification. She reveled in "by-ways" and

"crooked ways." She played with grave Cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of mystifying foreign statesmen, she turned to find fresh sport in mystifying her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign, she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe, during fifty years. Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, inexpressibly wearisome as the Queen's diplomacy seems to us now, tracing it as we do through a thousand dispatches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth's strength. Nothing is more revolting in the queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty; and the ease with which she asserted or denied whatever suited her purpose was equaled only by the cynical indifference with which she met the exposure of her lies as soon as their purpose was answered. The same purely intellectual view of things showed itself in the dexterous use she made of her very faults. Her levity carried her gaily over moments of detection and embarrassment where better women would have died of shame. She screened her tentative and hesitating statesmanship under the natural timidity and vacillation of her sex. She turned her very luxury and sports to good account. There were moments of grave danger in her reign when the country remained indifferent to its perils, as it saw the queen give her days to hawking and hunting, and her nights to dancing and plays. Her vanity and affectation, her womanly fickleness and caprice, all had their part in the diplomatic comedies she played with the successive candidates for her hand. If political necessities made her life a lonely one, she had at any rate the satisfaction of averting war and conspiracies by love sonnets and romantic interviews, or of gaining a year of tranquillity by the dexterous spinning out of a flirtation.

As we track Elizabeth through her tortuous mazes of lying and intrigue, the sense of her greatness is almost lost in a sense of contempt. But wrapped as they were in a cloud of mystery, the aims of her policy

were throughout temperate and simple, and they were pursued with a singular tenacity. The sudden acts of energy which from time to time broke her habitual hesitation proved that it was no hesitation of weakness. Elizabeth could wait and finesse; but when the hour was come she could strike, and strike hard. Her natural temper indeed tended to a rash self-confidence rather than to self-distrust. She had, as strong natures always have, an unbounded confidence in her luck. "Her Majesty counts much on Fortune," Walsingham wrote bitterly; "I wish she would trust more in Almighty God." The diplomatists who censured at one moment her irresolution, her delay, her changes of front, censured at the next her "obstinacy," her iron will, her defiance of what seemed to them inevitable ruin. "This woman," Philip's envoy wrote after a wasted remonstrance, "this woman is possessed by a hundred thousand devils." To her own subjects, indeed, who knew nothing of her maneuvers and retreats, of her "by-ways" and "crooked ways," she seemed the embodiment of dauntless resolution. Brave as they were, the men who swept the Spanish Main or glided between the icebergs of Baffin's Bay never doubted that the palm of bravery lay with their queen. Her steadiness and courage in the pursuit of her aims was equaled by the wisdom with which she chose the men to accomplish them. She had a quick eye for merit of any sort, and a wonderful power of enlisting its whole energy in her service. The sagacity which chose Cecil and Walsingham was just as unerring in its choice of the meanest of her agents. Her success indeed in securing from the beginning of her reign to its end, with the single exception of Leicester, precisely the right men for the work she set them to do sprang in great measure from the noblest characteristic of her intellect. If in loftiness of aim her temper fell below many of the tempers of her time, in the breadth of its range, in the universality of its sympathy it stood far above them all. Elizabeth could talk poetry with Spenser and philosophy with Bruno; she could discuss Euphuism with Lyly, and enjoy the chivalry of Essex; she could turn from talk of the last fashions to pore with Cecil over dispatches and treasury books; she could pass from tracking traitors with Walsingham to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher the chances of a northwest passage to the Indies. The versatility and the many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movement of her day, and to fix by a sort of instinct on its

higher representatives. But the greatness of the queen rests above all on her power over her people. We have had grander and nobler rulers, but none so popular as Elizabeth. The passion of love, of loyalty, of admiration which finds its most perfect expression in the "Faery Queen," throbbed as intensely through the veins of her meanest subjects. To England, during her reign of half a century, she was a virgin and a Protestant queen; and her immorality, her absolute want of religious enthusiasm, failed utterly to blur the brightness of the national ideal. Her worst acts broke fruitlessly against the general devotion. A Puritan, whose hand she cut off in a freak of tyrannous resentment, waved his hat with the hand that was left, and shouted "God save Queen Elizabeth!" Of her faults, indeed, England beyond the circle of her court knew little or nothing. The shiftings of her diplomacy were never seen outside the royal closet. The nation at large could judge her foreign policy only by its main outlines, by its temperance and good sense, and above all by its success. But every Englishman was able to judge Elizabeth in her rule at home, in her love of peace, her instinct of order, the firmness and moderation of her government, the judicious spirit of conciliation and compromise among warring factions which gave the country an unexampled tranquillity at a time when almost every other country in Europe was torn with civil war. . . . Her finger was always on the public pulse. She knew exactly when she could resist the feeling of her people, and when she must give way before the new sentiment of freedom which her policy unconsciously fostered. But when she retreated, her defeat had all the grace of victory; and the frankness and unreserve of her surrender won back at once the love that her resistance had lost. Her attitude at home in fact was that of a woman whose pride in the well-being of her subjects, and whose longing for their favor, was the one warm touch in the coldness of her natural temper. If Elizabeth could be said to love anything, she loved England. "Nothing," she said to her first Parliament in words of unwonted fire, "nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and good-will of my subjects." And the love and good-will which were so dear to her she fully won.

PERSUASIVE WRITING

Purpose. Argumentative writing has a very much more ambitious purpose than expository writing: given the set of facts which exposition merely seeks to make clear, argument goes on to influence *belief* that certain action should be taken on the basis of those facts, and in spite of equally strong belief held by others in favor of different action. Here is a purpose of clearness *plus conviction:* to reach through the mind in order to influence will and conduct. Argumentation primarily recognizes that conviction and assertion are not convincing; that evidence forms the only basis on which a reasonable person can decide a debatable question.

Informal argument. Most argumentative writing and speech is "informal": that is, in its naturalness and ease of manner it is very like any other thoughtful prose. Such informal arguing is illustrated by all the following models but one. Yet if its purpose is really earnest and important, the writing must be preceded by a special care, precision, and intensity of *thinking:* facts collected and analyzed, testimony called in and weighed, logical statements arranged step by step, convincingness built up to an unescapable climax. The great "Conciliation with the American Colonies" will remain an unsurpassed example of such "formal" thinking developed into a great model of persuasive writing. In other words, formal argumentative work is only the preliminary planning and outlining that here seems specially necessary as the means of accomplishing the real end: persuasive prose. When such planning or mapping is fully set forth, the result is called a "brief."

Formal argument. The steps of formal argumentative work reveal a tangibility that is particularly satisfying to the analytical, scientific type of mind. These steps are normally seven:

1. Choosing the subject — single but two-sided, debatable, manageable, interesting;
2. Phrasing the "proposition" — affirmatively (or interrogatively), simply, unmistakably;
3. Gathering and sorting the material — getting facts and opinions from all sources, but discriminating very carefully the sources, and classifying the testimony according to whether the witness is or is not *competent* and *unprejudiced;*
4. Analyzing the proposition — to discover what is the origin of the dispute, its progress and present status, to define the terms of the proposition as they are to be understood in the discussion, to eliminate agreed or unrelated matters, to discover the special questions involved;
5. Writing out the "Introduction of the Brief" — a purely expository statement of the facts discovered in step 4, and accepted as facts by both sides; written out in the formal and explicit phrasing of the Brief, — with every heading one complete sentence;
6. Writing out the rest of the Brief — the "Proof," affirmative or negative, with all statements to be offered in support of that view, and all witnesses called, and all references to those authorities supplied; with the "Conclusion," which merely states in formal phrasing the "special issues" as discovered in the "Introduction" and proved in the "Proof," and closes the Brief with the proposition as proved;

7. Writing the "Argument" — in which all the notation, indention, and headings of the Brief disappear, and the illustrations and persuasive phrasing of expressive literary style appear.

Teamwork. Steps 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 are best done in teams, with both partners working vigorously and closely; 6 should be done separately, one partner working out the affirmative proof and the other the negative, but with constant oral discussion and argument; 7 will then remain to be done privately, of course, as all final writing must be.

Briefing. The Brief, then, has three distinct parts: Introduction, Proof, Conclusion. These rules apply to all three parts: —

1. The complete Brief is preceded by the proposition, — phrased as an affirmative statement or as a question.

2. Every heading is a single, complete sentence.

3. Every heading is preceded by a figure or letter to show its relation to every other heading.

4. Every successively subordinate heading is indented farther to the right.

These rules apply to the Introduction: —

1. The Introduction contains all the facts needed for the understanding of the Proof.

2. The Introduction is purely expository; that is, it contains only those matters accepted as true by both arguers.

3. In the Introduction even the manner of contention is avoided; and "for" and "because" are not used.

4. The Introduction sets forth the history of the dispute; the definitions of all terms involved, as they are to be understood and used by both arguers; the related questions that are not to be discussed, because they are unessential or admitted by either arguer; the "clash in opinions," or main arguments for and against; the "special issues" into which the proposition has thus been resolved, whose truth or falsity will demonstrate the truth or falsity of the proposition.

These rules apply to the Proof: —

1. The affirmative Proof is immediately preceded by the affirmative statement of the proposition, the negative Proof by the negative statement.

2. Each main heading in the Proof is a "special issue," quoted exactly from the Introduction, and reading as direct support of the affirmative (or negative) proposition.

3. Each subheading in the Proof reads as direct support of the heading to which it is subordinate.

4. Since the Proof is *deductively* phrased, each statement therein introduces its supporting statement not by "hence" or "therefore," but by "for" or "because."

5. Every statement to be refuted is so phrased as to be included entirely within the statement which denies its truth.

6. Refutation ordinarily appears nearest the affirmative arguments to which it is related.

These rules apply to the Conclusion: —

1. The Conclusion never contains new argument or evidence.

2. The Conclusion, phrased *inductively*, repeats verbatim the "special issues" as phrased at the end of the Introduction, and as proved successively in the Proof.

3. The Conclusion closes with the original proposition as proved, — affirmatively stated for the affirmative Proof, negatively for the negative Proof.

*Logic. In*ductive reasoning moves from the particular *to* the general: from a number of observed examples to the conclusion which may be drawn up about them. Its connectives are, accordingly, "hence" and "therefore."

*De*ductive reasoning moves *from* the general to the particular: asserts that the disputed case is true because it is included in the truth of a general or accepted fact. Its connectives are "for" and "because." It is the form used in the Proof of the Brief.

Fallacies are examples of false reasoning. The commonest are: (1) mistaking the cause (as in superstitions); (2) hasty generalization ("One swallow does not make a summer"); (3) ignoring the question, arguing beside the point ("If you owe a man money, slander his parents"); (4) begging the question, arguing in a circle ("Cultured people consider football brutal, because those who do not are really not cultured").

Subjects. Here, too, stay within reasonable and familiar boundaries. International questions, even national questions, or those where a large number of examples must be examined, are unsatisfactory. Questions need to be simple enough to be demonstrable: avoid the old, impossible disputes between gold and iron, pen and sword, man and woman, heredity and environment. All questions briefed or argued in books are of course out of the question. Therefore, turn to your nearest local problems, — in your college (student or administrative), in your community (schools, public service departments, housing, commerce, transportation), in your studies (literature, science, economics), in your vacation pleasures, — wherever a good debatable question can be so phrased as to have two well-balanced sides. For example:

1. Is football, as played at ——— College, brutal?
2. Should our baseball players play summer baseball for money?
3. Should engineering students at ——— College be required to take second-year literature?
4. Was the failure of Brutus's conspiracy Brutus's fault?
5. Should police salaries in the city of ——— be raised ten per cent?
6. For the ordinary college student, a summer motor tour across the country is better than a summer at camp.

EXERCISES

1. Make a generous list of feasible topics.

2. Phrase these topics in debatable propositions — questions or statements.

3. For three different kinds of question, define the terms as you think they should apply in the discussion, so that there could be no misunderstanding on either side.

4. Collect from conversation, from advertisements, and from your reading of other sorts, ten examples of fallacious reasoning.

5. Write out the analysis of six of these fallacies.

6. Study "Who Has Found the North Pole?" for the use of testimony and evidence. What of the tone and partisanship of that argument?

7. Analyze the logic of "Useless Universities."

PERSUASIVE

1. SPECIMEN BRIEF: STEAM *VERSUS* GASOLINE

RESOLVED: That as a motive power for automobiles, the steam power plant is better than the internal combustion engine, as exemplified in the Stanley steam automobile and the average automobile using an internal combustion engine for motive power.

INTRODUCTION

I. The question arises from the following facts.
   A. In the development of the automobile, two main types of motive power have been developed: the steam power plant and the internal combustion engine.
   B. The competition between the interests controlling these two motive powers has resulted in a clash of opinion as to which motive power is more adapted to use in an automobile.

II. To simplify the argument it is agreed that
   A. "Better" is to mean that the automobile produced fulfills to a greater and larger degree those requirements by which an automobile is judged.
   B. The points by which an automobile is judged are to be divided under three heads, as follows:
      1. Economy, to include all points bearing on the expense incurred in operating the car.
      2. Reliability, the ability of the car to serve the purpose for which it is designed; namely, that of transportation of passengers on the highway.
      3. Comfort, under which are to be included all points affecting the comfort, pleasure, or convenience of the driver or passengers.

III. The affirmative maintains that the use of the steam power plant produces an automobile which better fulfills the requirements by which an automobile is judged, in that

A. It is more economical.
B. It is more reliable.
C. It is more comfortable.

IV. The negative maintains that the steam power plant is no better than the internal combustion engine as a motive power for automobiles, in that
A. It is not more economical.
B. It is not more reliable.
C. The automobile it operates is not necessarily more comfortable.

V. The special issues are, therefore:
A. Does the use of the steam power plant produce a more economical automobile than the internal combustion engine?
B. Is the steam power plant more reliable than the internal combustion engine?
C. Does the use of the steam power plant produce a more comfortable automobile than the internal combustion engine?

PROOF

As a motive power for automobiles, the steam power plant is better than the internal combustion engine, because

I. As concerns economy, the steam power plant is better than the internal combustion engine for use in automobiles as a motive power, for
A. The initial investment is less, for
1. The steam power plant is cheaper to produce, because
a. It has fewer parts, and
b. The parts are of simpler construction, for
(1) There are fewer of them.
c. It is made of lower-priced materials, for
(1) No parts are subjected to vibrational stresses and high temperatures.
(2) Wearing surfaces are not subjected to high temperatures.
B. The depreciation or wear and tear on the chassis and body is less, for
1. The steam engine minimizes the vibration and jerking of the automobile, for
a. The flow of power from the steam engine is continuous and smooth, and

b. There is no break in the application of power in going from lowest to highest speed.

2. The automobile is driven with more care over bad roads, for
   a. The driver can control the speed of the car more minutely, without undue physical or nervous strain, because
      (1) The speed of the car is regulated by one control, the throttle, which regulates the flow of steam.
      (2) There are no gears to shift, and no clutch.
3. There is less wearing of parts, for
   a. There are fewer parts to wear.
   b. There is less vibration.
   c. There are better conditions for lubrication, for
      (1) The lubricating oil is at no place subject to high temperatures.
      (2) The surface speed on all wearing parts is slow.

C. The tire mileage is greater, for
1. There is less wear on the tires, for
   a. The power is applied to the rear wheels smoothly and without sudden jerks.
   b. The driver will drive with more consideration for his tires, for
      (1) He has reserve power for the hills at his control.
      (2) He can suit the speed of the car to road conditions without undue physical or nervous strain.
      (3) There is no gear shifting on the hills to interrupt the flow of power and perhaps "skid" the wheels.

D. The maintenance cost is less, for
1. There is less wear and tear on the car, for
   a. The automobile is driven with more care over bad roads.
   b. The steam engine lessens the vibration and jerking of the automobile.
2. The repair charges are less, for
   a. There is less expense from neglected lubrication, for
      (1) There are fewer parts requiring frequent lubrication.
      (2) The parts requiring lubrication are more accessible.
   b. There is less expense in disassembling and reassembling in the repair shop, for
      (1) There are fewer parts to handle.
      (2) The parts requiring repairs are more easily accessible.

E. The fuel and oil expense is less, for
1. The cheaper fuels, namely, kerosene and low distillates, can be used, for
   a. The fuel is vaporized by heat in a burner.
   b. Perfect combustion is not affected by weather conditions or temperature.
   c. The fuel is burned with a steady flame, and not in a series of separate explosions.
2. The fuel may be bought and stored in large quantities with less expense, for
   a. It can be stored without expensive safety containers in the private garage.
   b. There is less danger from fire, for
      (1) The low-grade fuels do not form inflammable vapors at ordinary temperatures.
3. The cheaper grades of lubricating oil are used, for
   a. The oil is not required to stand high temperatures and hold its lubricating properties at the same time.
   b. The heavier grades of oil are used, because
      (1) The bearing speeds are lower, and
      (2) A heavy oil is suited to the steam engine.
4. The oil lasts longer, for
   a. It may be used for a longer time without losing its lubricating properties, for
      (1) It is not diluted with unburned fuel.
      (2) It is not subjected to high temperatures.
   b. There is no waste due to the oil being burned or carried out of the engine with the exhaust gases.

II. As a motive power, the steam power plant is more reliable than the internal combustion engine, for

A. It is more flexible than any other motive power, for
1. Sufficient power is available for use at any speed, without interruption of the flow of power to the wheels, for
   a. The power is generated independently of the car speed, for
      (1) The generation of steam in the boiler is a continuous process by itself.
   b. Reserve power is stored in the boiler, because

(1) Surplus steam generated at a moment of light load is stored in the boiler for use when the load is heavy.

c. The driver can at any speed control the power applied, by movement of the throttle control only, for

(1) The power of the engine is controlled from zero to maximum by throttling the steam, and

(2) The engine is always connected to the rear wheels.

2. The steam power plant provides faster pickup, or acceleration, for

a. The maximum torque of the engine is obtainable at all speeds, for

(1) The supply of steam in the boiler is adequate for all demands of the engine at any speed.

(2) The torque of the engine is not dependent on its speed.

b. The speed of the car can be increased from zero to maximum without interrupting the flow of power, for

(1) There are no gears to shift.

(2) There is no clutch.

3. The steam power is better adapted to bad road conditions, for

a. It has ample power at any speed for sand or snow conditions.

b. The application of power is smoother.

c. The driver has minute control of the speed of the car, for

(1) He has only to move the throttle to regulate the power.

B. The steam power plant is a more dependable mechanism, for

1. The ability of the engine to keep going is not dependent on the proper functioning of many small parts, for

a. There are no small, delicate parts in the line of the flow of power, in the steam power plant, and

b. The path of the flow of power from the boiler to the rear wheels is interrupted only by the throttle.

2. The application of power is unfailing, for

a. There is always a reserve of power, because

(1) Steam is stored in advance in the boiler.

b. There is no possibility of stalling the engine, without the breakage of some large part, for

(1) The path of the flow of power is interrupted only by the throttle.

(2) There is always a reserve of power stored in the boiler.

3. The car is less liable to be neglected, for

a. The owner will, on the average, give more attention to the car, for

(1) The upkeep operations are simple, and

(2) There are fewer things to do regularly in the maintenance of the car, and

(3) The upkeep operations can be performed satisfactorily by a layman.

C. As a motive power, the steam power plant produces a safer automobile than the internal combustion engine, for

1. There is less liability of road accidents, for

a. The driver has better control of the car in emergencies, for

(1) He always has reserve power at his command for quick acceleration, and

(2) There are but two controls, the throttle and the brake.

b. There is no danger from stalling, for

(1) Power is always stored in advance, and

(2) The flow of power is interrupted only by the throttle, and

(3) The generation of power is not dependent upon the proper manipulation of the controls by the driver.

c. The driver will drive more carefully, for

(1) He does not have to get a "run" for the hills, and

(2) He does not have to shift gears.

2. There is less danger from fire, for

a. The fuels used do not form inflammable vapors at ordinary temperatures, and

b. There is no possibility of backfiring, for

(1) The fuel and air mixture is always too rich to explode, and

(2) The fuel is always burned the instant it comes in contact with the atmosphere, and

(3) The fuel is burned, not exploded.

c. The fuel is never exposed to the air in the liquid state, for

(1) It is vaporized inside the vaporizing coils.

3. There is less danger from breaking vital parts, for

a. There is less wear and tear on the car, for

(1) The application of power is more smooth, and
(2) The driver will drive more carefully.
b. The vital parts are stronger, for
(1) They are fewer and simpler.

III. As a motive power, the steam power plant produces a more comfortable automobile than the internal combustion engine, for
A. An easier riding car is produced, for
1. The power is applied more gently, because
a. There is no interruption of the flow of power due to changing gears, and
b. The power is transmitted through a very elastic material, by the action of the steam.
2. The driver can pick his way more carefully over the bad roads, for
a. He can suit the speed of the car to road conditions without continually changing gears, and
b. He does not have to get a "run" for the hills, and
c. The speed of the car is controlled by one motion only, the moving of the throttle.
B. The automobile is easier to drive, for
1. There are fewer motions to perform in driving the car, for
a. The speed of the car is controlled by the throttle only, and
b. There are no gears to shift, and
c. The generation of power is entirely automatic.
2. The driver can give more attention to the wheel, for
a. He has only to move the throttle and the brake to control the car.
b. The power plant does not require the attention of the driver when he is driving, for
(1) The generation of power is automatic.
C. The mechanism is more accessible for adjustment, attention, and repairs, for
1. The power plant is of more open construction, for
a. It is divided into units, the burner, boiler, and engine.
2. The parts are easier to get at, for
a. There are fewer parts, and
b. They are of more simple construction.

CONCLUSION

I. Since the use of the steam power plant produces a more economical automobile than the internal combustion engine;

II. Since the steam power plant is more reliable than the internal combustion engine;

III. Since the use of the steam power plant produces a more comfortable automobile than the internal combustion engine;

Therefore, as a motive power for automobiles, the steam power plant is better than the internal combustion engine, as exemplified in the Stanley steam automobile and the average automobile using an internal combustion engine for motive power.

2. CLEARING THE ISSUES

Executive Mansion, Washington, February 3, 1862

Major-General McClellan:

My dear Sir: You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac — yours to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across land to the terminus of the railroad on the York River; mine to move directly to a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas.

If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions, I shall gladly yield my plan to yours.

First. Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine?

Second. Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?

Third. Wherein is a victory more valuable by your plan than mine?

Fourth. In fact, would it not be less valuable in this, that it would break no great line of the enemy's communications, while mine would?

Fifth. In case of disaster, would not a retreat be more difficult by your plan than mine?

Yours truly,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

3. USELESS UNIVERSITIES

I extend my skepticism about schools to universities, and particularly to what one might call the universities for juveniles like Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, and Yale, — the annual cricket, boat-race, baseball, and football universities, — where every sort of intellectual activity

is subordinated to a main business of attracting, boarding, and amusing our adolescents. I think that we who deal with the world's affairs have been very negligent about the things that have been done to our sons and daughters in these institutions, and that we need to give them more attention than we have shown hitherto. In England they are not giving value for the money and respect they get — less even than public schools — and in America I have a suspicion they are worse even than in England. . . .

I believe that the day of Oxford and Cambridge as the main nuclei of the general education of a great empire, draws to an end. Since the war this has become very evident. These universities fail to do any adequate educational work on the larger part of the youngsters who spend what are perhaps the cardinal years of their lives in their colleges. Only a minority do sound work. They do it against the current of opinion. Much of it they could do far better in closer touch with London or in any other habitable town. Both Oxford and Cambridge lie in low river valleys; the heavy air demands much time out of every day for exercise, and a vast industry of games has grown up to overshadow all intellectual activities. In spite of such exertions, there is a prevailing slackness. There is a tradition of irrelevance, which only the most resolute workers escape. . . . There is no effective supervision by the tutors who are supposed to guide the mental growth of the undergraduates, and a considerable number of these youngsters waste their time in little musical and dramatic societies that lead neither to musical nor to dramatic achievement, and in similar forms of amateurism. Such opportunities for frittering away time are endless.

Few of the dons are of a quality to grip the undergraduate imagination. Many of the most conspicuous seem to be wilful "freaks" who set out to be talked about. Nowadays these dons seem more disposed to carry on the traditions of discouragement and suppression that dominate the great English public schools than to excite a new generation to vigorous thought and effort. Cambridge University earned an unenviable notoriety during the war by its treatment of Bertrand Russell, and it has recently done its best to dismiss a great teacher of biology because he was corespondent in a divorce suit. Oxford, I see, proposes to send down all youthful communists. By such tokens these places put the repressive training of the young above knowledge and freedom of thought.

I encounter a growing discontent with Oxford and Cambridge among many of my friends who have had undergraduate sons. I know three or four who have been bitterly disappointed in reasonable hopes. They send their boys trustfully and hopefully to these overrated centres. They find themselves confronted with pleasant, easy-going, evasive young men, up to nothing in particular and schooled out of faith, passion, or ambition.

I think we must be prepared to cut out this three- or four-year holiday at Oxford or Cambridge, and their American compeers, from the lives of the young men we hope to see playing leading parts in the affairs of the world. It is too grave a loss of time at a critical period; it establishes the defensive attitude too firmly in the face of the forcible needs of life. I offer no suggestions about the education of girls because I know very little about it, but the conviction has grown upon me in the last few years that as early as fifteen or sixteen, a youth should be brought into contact with realities and kept in contact with realities from that age on. That does not mean that he will make an end of learning then, but only that henceforth he will go on learning — and continue learning for the rest of his life — in relation not to the "subjects" of a curriculum, but to the realities he is attacking. We are parting from the old delusion that learning is a mere phase in life. And all the antiquated nonsense of calling people bachelors and masters and doctors of arts and science might very well go, with the gowns and hoods that recall some medieval alchemist or inquisitor, to limbo. They mean nothing. There is no presumption that a man who has the diploma, or whatever they call it, of M.A., is even a moderately educated man. The only good thing I have ever heard in defence of a university gown is that it is better than a tail coat for cleaning chalk off a blackboard. And even for that a pad of velvet is better.

One may argue that to clear out the colleges and disperse the crowds of spoiled and motiveless youth that now, under a pretence of some high and conclusive educational benefit, constitute the physical bulk of Oxford, Cambridge, Yale, and Harvard, is not to put an end to universities; but the value of that argument depends upon the meaning we assign to the word university. No doubt the modern world requires an increasing number of institutions conducting research, gathering and presenting knowledge, affording opportunities for discussions and decisions between keenly interested men, working perpetually upon

the perpetually renewed myriads of interrogations with which the intelligent adult faces existence; but are such institutions, without teaching pretensions, really universities in the commonly accepted sense of the word at all? A whole book might be written about the varying uses of that word. In one sense the Royal Society of London might be called a university, but it seems to me that in ordinary speech "university" conjures up first and foremost a vision of undergraduates engaged in graduation, a scene of caps and gowns, brightly coloured hoods and scarlet robes, of learned doctors who are supposed to have imparted their precious accumulations to the receptive youth at their feet, and of candidates, shaken and examined when full, certified to "know all that there is to be knowed" and sent into the world, in need of no further intellectual process for the rest of their lives except perhaps a little caulking. That is the current idea of a university, embalming the artless assumptions of an age that passes. It seems to me that age may very well take its universities with it — into history.

The new institutions, the research and postgraduate colleges if you cling to the word, will offer no general education at all, no graduation in arts or science or wisdom. The only students who will come to them will be young people who are specially attracted and who want to work in close relation as assistants, secretaries, special pupils, collateral investigators, with the devoted and distinguished men whose results are teaching all the world. These men will teach when they feel disposed to teach. They will write, they will communicate what they have to say by means of conferences and special demonstrations, and their utterance will be world-wide. There is no need whatever now for anyone to suffer and inflict an ordinary course of lectures again. The new institutions for the increase of knowledge will become the constituent ganglia of one single world university, and a special press and a literature of explanation and summary will make the general consequences of their activities accessible everywhere. The modern university, as Carlyle said long ago, is a university of books. So far as general education is concerned I agree entirely with that.

There it is that we to whom power is happening are still most negligent. It is not merely that we have great possibilities of endowment; we have also great opportunities of organisation. As the prestige of tradition and traditional institutions fades, an immense desire for knowledge and for new sustaining ideas spreads through the world.

There are millions of people, half educated and uneducated, vividly aware that they are ill-informed and undirected, passionately eager to learn and to acquire a sense of purpose and validity. This new demand for information, for suggestion and inspiration, is perceptible now not only in the Atlantic communities but increasingly in India, in China, in Russia, and in the Near East. We make no concerted effort to cope with it. We allow it to be exploited meanly for immediate profits. Much absolute rubbish is fed to this great hunger, and still more adulterated food. This appetite, which should grow with what it feeds on, is thwarted and perverted.

It rests with us, the people with capital and enterprise, to treat this phase of opportunity with a better respect, to show a larger generosity in the promotion and distribution of publications, to use the great new possibilities of intellectual dissemination that arise worthily and fruitfully. The world university must be a great literature. We cannot have our able teachers wasting and wearying their voices any longer in the lecture theatres of provincial towns; we want them to speak to all the world. And it must be a literature made accessible by translation into every prevalent language. Each language and people will still produce its own literature, expressive of its own æsthetic spirit and developing its own distinctive possibilities, but the literature of ideas must be a world-wide literature sustaining one world-wide civilisation.

To this sustaining contemporary literature in its variety and abundance our young people of all classes must go for their general conception of life, and throughout all their subsequent lives they will follow it and react to it and develop mentally in relation to it. Such personal teaching of adolescents as will remain in the world will direct their attention to what is being written and said, and will advise and assist in study and selection. That in effect is the real upper education of today; that is how we are being kept alive as a thinking community now. Apart from the modicum of technical instruction they impart, the upper schools and universities of our world already betray themselves for an imposture, rather delaying, wasting, and misleading good intentions, rather using their great prestige and influence in sustaining prejudice in favour of outworn institutions and traditions that endanger and dwarf human life, than in any real sense educating. They are the most powerful bulwarks, necessarily and inseparably a part —

a most vital and combative part — of that declining order which our revolution seeks to replace from the foundations upward.

Here, as with monarchy and militant nationalism, we do not need so much to attack as to disregard and neglect, to supersede and efface, through the steadfast development of a new world-wide organism of education and intercourse, press, books, encyclopædias, organised translations, conferences, research institutions.

A time must come when Oxford and Cambridge will signify no more in the current intellectual life of the world than the monastery of Mount Athos or the lamaseries of Tibet do now; when their colleges will stand empty and clean for the amateur of architecture and the sightseeing tourist.

Perhaps effigies wearing gowns and robes will be arranged in the Senate House to recall the quaint formalities of the ancient days. Or perhaps a residue of undivorced, soundly orthodox, and conservative dons will by that time have ossified into suitable effigies.

4. THE GAME OF FOOTBALL

More than half a century ago Princeton and Rutgers played the first intercollegiate football contest in America. Little significance was attached to this game at the time it was played. However, it marked the beginning of the most highly successful form of athletic competition in our educational institutions. No other game in the category of sports has been the target of more yearly adverse criticism, and likewise no other game has withstood the onslaughts of its enemies more successfully than football.

In the beginning football was attacked because many regarded it as a brutal game. Those were the days of the flying wedge and other mass plays which are no longer in vogue. After these features were eliminated the sport continued to be attacked because it was argued that too many players were injured. To offset these attacks, our modern football uniforms and equipment were devised to protect the players from injury. Today the injuries in football are negligible when consideration is taken of the large number of boys and young men who are playing the game.

Greater interest in football was manifested last fall than ever before. This interest is undoubtedly the result of the steps which have been

taken by the colleges and schools to keep the game clean and above suspicion. It signifies also that the public has a high regard for contests which place a high premium upon the athletic type of manhood. There are persons today who are willing to condemn football because it is a strenuous game. However, the great majority of our citizens look upon the athletes who like football as the physical standard after which more of our youth should be trained. Under modern conditions of living and industry there is more likelihood of our youth growing into manhood as soft and flabby individuals rather than that they will become too rugged.

Practically all of the arguments used today by the opponents of football are established on false premises, and most of them are illogical. One may therefore safely conclude that these charges will have little effect upon the future of the game when they have been weighed against the facts.

One of the leading arguments voiced by the opponents of the gridiron sport is that it invites too much interest on the part of the undergraduates. The critics who hold this view overlook important forces in human nature that must be taken into consideration if we are to judge the merits and evils of the game fairly. This argument is generally advanced upon the assumption that if football were abolished the students would automatically show greater aptitude and interest in the academic courses. It is also advanced in spite of the fact that the scholarship in our educational institutions ranks higher today than formerly when football was not so popular. It is not reasonable to expect that from five hundred to ten thousand and upwards of young men can be assembled at an institution and that they will devote their entire time to studies and nothing else. In practically all of our schools and colleges the representatives of the athletic teams must maintain a high scholastic standing in order to be eligible to compete on the teams. This is as it should be. Furthermore, investigations have shown that the varsity athletes have a higher scholarship average than the non-athletes. Therefore, the students who are on the athletic teams cannot be the ones at whom this criticism is primarily aimed. As long as we have had educational institutions there have always been drones, and it is reasonable to expect that there always will be. If all of the extra-curricular activities of our students were as healthy and clean as athletics, I am inclined to feel that there would be fewer drones. The

very small minority who hold that student interest in inter-institutional athletics has a lowering effect upon the scholarship standing of the institutions overlook all of the other non-curricular activities that invite student attention, and do not take into consideration a great many habits and conditions which have a bearing upon scholarship attainment.

Football is a dramatic spectacle and satisfies the great majority of students with that craving for excitement and thrills which is natural in youth. This most certainly is not to be condemned. One might ask the question: How could this love for excitement and the spectacular be answered in a better and more beneficial way than by inter-institutional athletics? The lessons displayed on the athletic field are good, clean, manly lessons. Various activities of a debasing character might hold the interest of the students during their leisure time if athletics were not so highly regarded by them. The habits of the students in our colleges are better today on the average than they were formerly. Conditions in this respect have been improving steadily each year, and perhaps the increased interest in football and other forms of athletics has been a contributing factor. . . .

Many of the enemies of football attack the game because of the great interest manifested in it by the public. These critics claim that they do not condemn the principle of the public patronizing the games, but they condemn the game for allowing this public interest to become too big. It is estimated that the receipts from the football games in our schools and colleges last season totalled twelve million dollars. Football would not be enjoying this phenomenal patronage if it had not been for the efforts which have been expended to keep the game clean and above suspicion. During the twenty years that the writer has been associated with college football as a coach and official he has never seen nor heard of a player who tried to throw a football game. In the annals of college football there may have been players who deliberately did not give their best at all times, but the writer does not know of one. The public appreciates the spirit of the football players and is as anxious to see this form of drama as it is the drama of the stage. I believe in making our college football games available to the largest number of individuals because the public is much interested in witnessing these performances and is eager to proffer its support. These games have a tremendous and far-reaching influence upon our

people and the influence is good. Each year we find the code of the athletic field creeping more and more into business. The code of the sportsman, based upon the principle of the Golden Rule, is one that no person should be ashamed to hold or to pass on to his fellow men. When business men speak of sportsmanship ethics in business, they are most likely to describe it in the language of the athletic field, "fair play." This tendency would seem to indicate the field from which the lesson was learned.

There are individuals with socialistic tendencies who are willing to condemn anything that is successful, in other words, anything that is too big. This is not the spirit of America, where success is applauded if it is attained honestly. The mere fact that the gate receipts at our football games have increased yearly is no cause for alarm. The receiving or expending of large sums of money constitutes no menace. In all forms of business administration society demands two tests: is the income secured by honorable means, and how is it used? If it can be shown that the money expended in our colleges for intercollegiate athletics was obtained by dishonorable methods or that it was unwisely expended, then we would have a just basis for criticism. However, neither of these conditions does apply. The colleges keep a strict accounting of all moneys received and expended and these statements are open to public inspection. The profits from the football games are being used to finance the other sports, to make possible field houses, gymnasiums, swimming pools, playing fields, the maintenance of physical education departments, intra-mural athletic programs, and facilities to accommodate the masses of students.

The one-time theory that a school or college could not have good varsity teams and maintain a comprehensive intra-mural athletic program at the same time has long since been exploded. Although "Red" Grange has received more publicity during the past three years than any other football player, one hundred per cent of the men enrolled at the University of Illinois are provided athletic training. This condition applies in practically all of the larger universities in the Middle West. Last fall Princeton University had one of the best football teams in America, yet it is a fact that the majority of the Princeton students are receiving athletic training. Two years ago Notre Dame's football team was recognized as the champion of the country, and most of the men at this university are actively taking

part in sports. Practically all of the colleges which maintain comprehensive intra-mural athletic programs have outstanding representative teams. On the other hand, I do not know of any college not having good representative teams, which has gained prominence in providing athletic training and athletic facilities for the rank and file of its students.

One of the greatest mistakes and one most commonly made is that of believing that the coaches are paid fabulous salaries. At a meeting of a number of the coaches who are nationally prominent, they were asked to name the coaches who are known to receive a salary of $10,000 a year; and these men were unable to name ten men who could be classed in this group, out of the total number of more than fifteen thousand school and college coaches. The writer has yet to learn of a coach who has amassed enough money by coaching to enable him to retire and live on his income. Dr. P. E. Belting, Director of Athletics at the University of Iowa, conducted a study which disclosed that the average salary paid physical education teachers,—and most of these men were coaches in the Middle Western high schools,—was $1,885 per year. It is common for these men to act as instructors in academic subjects in addition to their coaching duties. The salary for the college coaches is somewhat higher, but the fact remains that in the Western Conference, which boasts of coaches who rank with the best, none of these men receives an income that even approximates that of lawyers or doctors who are equally successful in their professions. Anyone who is familiar with modern coaching methods and conditions realizes that the present-day coach must be a particularly capable man, with unusual ability as an organizer and leader. The schools and colleges are also quite advisably demanding that those who act in this capacity be men of the highest ideals who will exert a beneficial influence upon the students at all times. The fact is that the coaches and athletic directors in our educational institutions are not over-paid, although they may be receiving somewhat higher salaries than instructors in other departments. Many professors are under-paid for their services, but this condition would not be corrected by lowering the scale of salaries paid the coaches.

Some of the critics who condemn football do so because the students and the public shout louder over athletic achievement than they do over intellectual accomplishment. Hero worship is a natural force in

human nature. It is likewise natural that, in youth, this hero worship falls to the physical rather than to the spiritual or intellectual leader. The mere fact that the public does not cheer the student who wins individual honors in scholarship, is no indication that it does not appreciate the value of scholarship, or that it has not a higher regard for intellectual attainment than athletic prowess. If there were no athletics, the chances are that the public would shout no more forcibly than at present over scholastic victories. The winning of classroom awards is less dramatic than athletic contests. The students and the public are not to blame for this. It is merely a condition which has existed for ages, and which we may reasonably expect to exist in the future. If our schools and colleges did not have athletic teams, the students undoubtedly would continue to sing the praises of those who showed physical prowess and spectacular activity, even if they were the campus bullies or the most daring actors against the laws of society. This is human nature as it pertains to youth, and it is not a threat to intellectual attainment. The athletic activities and interests of college boys cannot be placed in the same category with their intellectual training, either by comparison or for computing college totals. They are merely different. As the editor of one of our foremost newspapers recently remarked: "You can't add two squashes and an evening at the theater and make the result three dollars." Thus it is with student interest in athletics. The mere fact that the boys are interested in the intercollegiate contests is no indication that they are not highly appreciative of the weightier matters of educational life.

When the Almighty created man, He implanted deep in his soul the spirit of contest and a great love for virile deeds well and heroically done. What other phase of school or college life is doing more than athletics to develop the spirit of unity and the spirit to conquer, and to engender a high enthusiasm in life and the things of life — all factors in the winning of great success? What else is doing so much to develop state and school pride and institution loyalty, upon which rests the whole superstructure of national patriotism? So long as the athletic games in our schools and colleges are conducted on their present high plane, we need have no fear of their serving a useful purpose.

October, 1926

5. WHO HAS FOUND THE NORTH POLE?

I. Admiral Peary's Claims

It is usually supposed that the question of the discovery of the North Pole is settled; that Dr. Cook's claim of discovery in 1908 is fiction, and that Rear Admiral Peary's claim of discovery in 1909 is fact. The National Geographic Society, the Royal Geographical Society, and the Société de Géographie of Paris openly acclaimed Peary as the discoverer and either openly or silently turned down Cook. At first, without investigating Peary's records, I accepted the verdicts of these leading geographical societies that Peary reached the Pole, but I could not accept their decisions about Cook. And in a little book, *The North Pole and Bradley Land* (Philadelphia: Allen, Lane, and Scott, 1913), I tried to show that if Peary reached the Pole, the similarity of his narrative to that of Cook showed that Cook must have reached there first.

Some years later, a copy of Capt. Thomas F. Hall's *Has the North Pole Been Discovered?* (Boston: Richard S. Badger, 1917) fell into my hands. I have never seen any review of or reference to this book, which has generally escaped notice. It is too verbose, but, probably partly for this reason, it is a mine of information and in time will be turned to by students of Arctic exploration. Captain Hall touches on and discusses practically every phase of the North Pole question — marches, observations, drift, and so forth. He also analyzes and gives long extracts from some of the papers relating to the subject published up to that time. His final conclusions are adverse to Peary and favorable to Cook.

On June 30, 1922, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* published an anonymous article entitled, "Prince of Monaco Denied Peary's Discovery of the Pole." In this it was stated that "the celebrated oceanographer," the Prince of Monaco, always maintained that "Peary never reached the Pole"; that "the scientific data reported by Peary as of the Pole itself was fiction and based on real observations made eighty miles away and very plausibly reasoned out from these observations"; and that "the entire scientific and geographic world knew the secret, but out of respect for the personality of Peary and in regard for American feelings their beliefs were never made public."

Mr. William E. Shea, in an article, "Is the North Pole Still Undiscovered?" published in the *Independent* of August 22, 1925, keeps the ball rolling. He discusses some of the geographical inconsistencies in

Peary's reports, but he dwells especially on the many contradictions between the statements of Peary in his book, *The North Pole*, and before the Congressional Committee. He concludes "that the evidence does not support Peary's claims; that, in fact, it refutes them"; and, therefore, that the question should be reopened while "many witnesses who can offer first-hand evidence are still alive." For, "as the case stands at present, succeeding generations will certainly not take Peary seriously."

Captain Hall's book led me into making, in a desultory way for several years, further investigations of my own into the North Pole question. These investigations altered materially my original views in the matter. Then came the statements attributed to the Prince of Monaco and the article by Mr. Shea which only strengthened my present convictions, and these I am now embodying in this paper.

The two most vitally important points in connection with Peary's claims of reaching the North Pole are, in my opinion: First, Peary's marches as contrasted with Bartlett's marches after they parted company at 87° 47′ N. Lat. on their journey of 1909; second, the drift of the ice in the neighborhood of 85° N. Lat. during Peary's journey of 1906, and the lack of drift of the ice during Peary's entire journey of 1909. All the figures and statements in this paper relating to these two points in Peary's journeys are taken from Peary's own two books describing those journeys: *Nearest the Pole* (Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1907), and *The North Pole* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1910). I turn to these two books only because they are the final utterances of Peary himself on the matter, and it is only fair to him to assume that they are therefore the most revised and accurate statements he could make of his movements and observations.

Admiral Peary says that the distance between the *Roosevelt's* winter quarters and Cape Columbia was 90 miles.[1] Whether these were geographical miles or statute miles, I do not know. In a comparison of Bartlett's and Peary's journeys, however, this does not matter, since they both covered this stretch on their return. The latitude of Cape Columbia as near as can be gathered is 83° 7′ N. Lat., and from there to the Pole the mileage is absolutely fixed, since each minute of latitude is one geographical mile. From Cape Columbia to 87° 47′ N. Lat. is

[1] *The North Pole*, pp. 193, 317.

four degrees and forty minutes of latitude — that is, 280 geographical miles; and from 87° 47′ to the Pole is two degrees and thirteen minutes of latitude — that is, 133 geographical miles, a total of 413 geographical miles. Of course, in any journey over the Arctic pack some extra mileage must be added to the mileage of the direct line on account of the necessity of circumventing occasional open leads or pressure ridges, or to make up for any mileage lost through the drift. This extra mileage, however, need not be considered here because both Bartlett and Peary had to make some extra mileage, and we may assume that in each case this was about the same relatively to the length of their journeys.

Now at 87° 47′, Bartlett and Peary part company. Bartlett is a very strong man just approaching middle age. He leaves Peary [1] April 1 and returns, over the already broken trail, 280 miles to Cape Columbia and 90 miles to the *Roosevelt*, which he reaches on April 24.[2] He takes, therefore, exactly 24 days to cover 370 miles, an average of a little over 15.4 miles a day.

Peary, also, is a very strong man, but nearly past middle age and having lost some of his toes from frostbite. He leaves 87° 47′ on April 2.[3] He marches, over an unbroken trail, 133 miles to the Pole. There he marches in one direction for 10 miles over an unbroken trail and 10 miles back;[4] then in another direction he marches 8 miles over an unbroken trail and 8 miles back.[5] Then he marches 413 miles over a broken trail to Cape Columbia and 90 miles to the *Roosevelt*, which he reaches on April 26.[6] He therefore takes exactly 25 days to cover 672 miles, 151 miles thereof over an unbroken trail — an average of 26.88 miles a day.

In judging such a phenomenal performance there must be taken into account Peary's positive statements that there is no smooth and very little level ice between Cape Columbia and the North Pole[7] (statements in absolute agreement with the observations of Nares, Melville, Nansen, the Duke of the Abruzzi, and others about the rest of the known Arctic Ocean); and also Peary's equally positive statements about the necessity of breaking a trail and the imperative need of the supporting parties keeping "the trail open for the rapid return of the main party . . . so that when the main party came back it would

[1] *The North Pole*, pp. 264–269. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 325. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 274.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 289. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 290. [6] *Ibid.*, p. 317. [7] *Ibid.*, p. 194.

simply follow the track of the supporting party, and not have to scout for a trail."[1] And if the utterances of Peary and those of other explorers about the roughness of surface of the Arctic pack are accepted at their face value, one may well ask how it was possible for Peary to make 672 miles in 25 days, while Bartlett, who was marching over a broken trail as fast as he could lest there be a break-up of the pack, could make only 370 miles in 24 days. How was it possible for Peary thus to make 302 miles more in 25 days than Bartlett made in 24 days, especially considering that 151 of these miles were over an unbroken trail? How was it possible for Peary, an older and slightly crippled man, to average a trifle over 5 miles for every 3 miles made by Bartlett? But these are the exact results obtained if one foots up the figures given by Peary himself in his book *The North Pole.*

Turning to the question of the drift, it must be noted first that "drift" is the name applied to the movements of the ice on the Polar Sea. Much about this has been learned from the voyages of the *Karluk*, the *Jeannette*, the *Fram*, and from several sledge journeys which show that there is an almost constant movement in that ice. This is not very strong — perhaps one mile or occasionally more a day. Nor is it continuously in one direction, but it is rather a sort of zigzag motion, sometimes forward, sometimes backward, sometimes sidewise. It seems to be due to the winds and not to a permanent current, although the general movement is from the Canadian Arctic shores steadily westward along the Alaskan and Siberian shores, until between Greenland and Spitsbergen the ice flows south at a speed of perhaps three miles a day.

In regard to the drift, Peary tells us that in 1906, as he was approaching the "big lead," the northern ice was moving west.[2] After he was across the big lead, he was caught in a terrific storm coming from the west, which kept him in a snow igloo for some seven or eight days in about 85° 30′ N. Lat.[3] All this time there was "no detectable disturbance in the ice,"[4] but from his map and his next observation, which gave his "longitude but slightly west of the ship at Sheridan,"[5] he seems to have drifted some 10 degrees of longitude to the east, something over 40 miles. Pushing on north, he says he reached 87° 6′ N. Lat. and then turned south. He had drifted so far to the east that

[1] *The North Pole*, pp. 205–208. [2] *Nearest the Pole*, pp. 115–117.
[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 125–128. [4] *Ibid.*, pp. 126, 127. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 129.

his "salvation now lay in the direction of the Greenland coast,"[1] where he eventually landed at Cape Newmayer, way to the east of his point of departure in Grant Land.

In his book, *The North Pole*, Peary republishes the plan for reaching the Pole he published early in May, 1908.[2] In this plan, among other things, he states that on the return march in his coming expedition (1909) he will probably do voluntarily what he did involuntarily in his expedition in 1906; that is, retreat upon the north coast of Greenland instead of attempting to come back to the north coast of Grant Land — an adjunct of this program being probably the establishment of a depot well up the north coast of Greenland.[3] But later in the same book he gives a brief *résumé* of the "Peary-system" in which he italicizes one paragraph only, to show how imperative it is "*to return by the same route followed on the upward march, using the beaten trail and the already constructed igloos to save the time and strength that would have been expended in constructing new igloos and in trail-breaking.*"[4] And this he claims to have done in 1909, marching straight from Cape Columbia to the Pole, returning in his very footprints, and sleeping a second time in the snow houses awaiting him at convenient distances.

These various statements about the drift certainly conflict in many ways. In 1909, between March 1, when Peary left Cape Columbia,[5] and April 23, when he returned there,[6] for a period of 54 days there was absolutely no drift of any account of the ice either east or west. This conflicts, for one thing, with the reports of Parry, Melville, Nansen, Stefánsson, Storkerson,[7] and indeed of all explorers of the Arctic Ocean, since more or less drift has been invariably noticed by all of them. This conflicts, also, with Peary's own experience in 1906 when the ice first moved westward, then tore eastward at full 4 miles a day. Despite Peary's own experience in 1906, however, and although in 1908 he published a plan saying he would probably do voluntarily in 1909 what he did involuntarily in 1906, he based his journey of 1909 on the intention of returning "by the same route followed on the upward march," implying, of course, an absence of any drift!

[1] *Nearest the Pole*, p. 142. [2] *The North Pole*, p. 4. [3] *Ibid.*, pp. 5, 6.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 203. [5] *Ibid.*, pp. 215, 216. [6] *Ibid.*, p. 316.
[7] Vilhjálmur Stefánsson: *The Friendly Arctic*, 1921, p. 700.

II. Cook's Claims

The claims of Cook[1] to have reached the North Pole take on a very different complexion according to whether one does or does not eliminate Peary's journey of 1909 as a means of verification. If one does leave Peary's reports aside, Cook's journey beyond 84° N. Lat. at present can neither be proved nor disproved. But there are five existing or nonexisting occurrences in the Arctic which eventually will prove or disprove Cook's claims. *Seriatim* these are: the Fay Islands, Crocker Land mirage, Bradley Land, Cook's land ice, and the icy sea at the Pole.

The Fay Islands are a group of islets southeast of and close to Meighen Island. The latter Cook must have passed near by when coming south between it and Axel Heiberg Island. He did not see it, however, doubtless owing to the constant heavy fogs. This is only one of many such oversights in the polar regions. For, as any student of things polar knows, in the Arctic an explorer may be within a couple of miles of a coast and be unaware of its proximity. For instance, Payer and Weyprecht were frozen in for days immediately south of Franz-Josef Land before the rising mists permitted them to see it,[2] and Larsen almost went aground on Nordenskjold Land, West Antarctica, yet thought it was icy sea.[3]

Cook finally got an observation at 79° 32′ N. Lat., 101° 22′ W. Long. His latitude, which is probably correct, placed him south of Meighen Island. His longitude almost certainly placed him too far west. But this error is only in accord with what always happens on a reconnoitring journey, especially in high polar latitudes. Longitudes must necessarily be only approximate, and cannot be obtained by explorers as accurately as the longitudes of places like Paris or Washington or Tokyo have been obtained by astronomers through years of telegraphic coöperation with Greenwich. At 79° 32′ N. Lat., 101° 22′ W. Long., Cook says he was cut off by fifty miles of open pack from Axel Heiberg Island. This estimate of distance, however, does not mean much. For estimates of distance over water are notoriously incorrect: they are not much more than guesses, and frequently they are exaggerated

[1] *New York Herald*, September 2, 1909. "The Conquest of the Pole," *New York Herald*, September 15, 1909, to October 7, 1909. *My Attainment of the Pole*, New York, 1911. *My Attainment of the Pole*, Press Edition, New York and London, 1913.

[2] Julius Payer: *New Lands within the Arctic Circle*, 1876, Vol. I, pp. 277–279.

[3] *Mittheilungen der Geographischen Gesellschaft in Hamburg*, 1891–92, Heft II, 1895, pp. 245–298. Edwin Swift Balch: *Antarctica*, 1902, pp. 199, 200.

guesses. From the same position he also says: "On each side there was a low ice-sheeted island, beyond the larger islands which Sverdrup had named Ellef Ringnes Land and Amund Ringnes Land."[1] Now these two low ice-sheeted islands correspond almost exactly in their position with the little group charted as "Fay Is." on Stefansson's maps,[2] and it seems, therefore, almost certain that they are the Fay Islands.

A mirage, christened by Peary "Crocker Land," is the second of these occurrences. That there is no such land as Crocker Land was proved by Cook. For he passed fairly close to where Peary had located this nonexistent land, but was unable to see it.[3] He was unwilling to assert positively its nonexistence, however, because there were mists when he went by. MacMillan later reached a spot situated well within the imaginary Crocker Land and found only sea ice.[4] Nothing has so injured Peary in popular estimation as this discovery that Crocker Land was a myth. And yet, his error was based on genuine, if mistaken, observation. He certainly saw a mirage which looked like land from the western shores of Grant Land, for MacMillan and his companions also saw this mirage. Peary was warranted in his belief. But Cook was also warranted in his statements. And although MacMillan is entitled to the credit of finally dispelling Peary's illusion, Cook must be credited as the first to recognize that Crocker Land did not exist, and the early part of his journey, from Axel Heiberg Island as far as 84° N. Lat., is thus already verified.

Bradley Land, the third of these occurrences, according to Cook's report, is an island or archipelago, which extends for some fifty miles between about 84° 20′ N. Lat. and 85° 10′ N. Lat., and which may rise in places to about 2,000 feet in altitude.[5] Its longitude he estimates at about 102° W., but as degrees of longitude are very small at 85° N. Lat., and as Cook sighted Bradley Land only in the distance over an icy sea, it might easily be five degrees or more of longitude distant from where he located it. Now a land of such magnitude, if it exists, will remain in existence. Nothing can destroy it. Earthquakes, tidal waves, Arctic blizzards, and all other destructive natural phenomena

[1] *My Attainment of the Pole*, p. 329.
[2] Vilhjálmur Stefánsson: *The Friendly Arctic*, 1921.
[3] *My Attainment of the Pole*, p. 226.
[4] Donald B. MacMillan: *Four Years in the White North*, 1918.
[5] *My Attainment of the Pole*, pp. 243–247, 571.

will act in vain against its rocky shores. If Bradley Land is a reality, in due time someone is bound to reach it, and then perforce it will be recognized as a fact.

Bradley Land is the most important point in proof or disproof of Cook's journey. I pointed this out in 1913,[1] and it is most satisfactory to quote Lieut. J. M. Wordie's opinion, since it coincides closely with mine. Wordie is an Englishman, he is a disinterested witness, he has a fine war record, he has been to the Arctic, and he was third in command of Shackleton's expedition to the Weddell Sea. In a matter-of-fact article, speaking of Amundsen's expedition, he says: "If the latter situation should arise, it is to be hoped that he will be able to sledge across to Grant Land (where a depot of provisions has been laid for him) either via the Pole itself or via 'Bradley Land.' Of the two journeys, the latter is the more desirable from the geographical point of view. The existence or nonexistence of 'Bradley Land' is the touchstone for testing Dr. Cook's claims to have reached the North Pole. If land does not exist, his case is demolished forever. A photograph of what is undoubtedly high mountainous land is given in Dr. Cook's book and is labeled 'Bradley Land'; and the letterpress is equally unambiguous. Judgment on Cook should therefore be reserved till his statements have been confirmed or refuted."[2]

Cook's land ice or glacial island, so-called, is the fourth of these occurrences. This name designates an area extending from about 87° N. Lat. to 88° N. Lat. Here Cook sledged over old ice without pressure lines or hummocks, but with the hard, wavering surface of glacial ice with only superficial crevasses.[3] He could not determine whether he was on land or sea ice, but he was inclined to put it down as ice on low or submerged land. If, therefore, this ice overlies a shoal, it will probably remain at that place: but if it is only an unusual form of sea ice, it may move away. And further, therefore, if some future explorer reaches that locality and does not find that unusual form of ice, its disappearance would not be absolute disproof of Cook's journey. But if he does find that ice, it would be exceedingly strong proof in favor of Cook; in fact, provided there is an icy sea at the Pole and even if Bradley Land should turn out to be a mirage like Crocker Land, it would be overwhelming proof in favor of Cook.

[1] *The North Pole and Bradley Land, passim.*
[2] J. M. Wordie, M.A.: *The Undiscovered North,* "Discovery," 1921, pp. 88–91.
[3] *My Attainment of the Pole,* pp. 265, 266.

The ice-covered sea at the North Pole is the fifth and last of these occurrences. That there is an ocean covered with floating ice at the North Pole, Cook was the first to announce to the world. He did so from the Shetland Islands in a cablegram, which was published in the *New York Herald*, September 2, 1909. This is a fact which cannot be controverted and which anyone can verify for himself in the files of the *Herald*. And if it turns out that there is an icy sea at the Pole, Cook's cablegram will inevitably go down in history as the first published record of this sea as a fact.

The situation in regard to the discovery of the North Pole apparently narrows down to this. At present we cannot say whether the North Pole has been discovered or not. The majority of the public, including many scientific men, without examining the evidence, accept on faith the assertions that Peary reached the Pole and that Cook did not. But all scientific questions are decided finally not by beliefs, but by facts. Therefore, in this case, also, the facts and the evidence will eventually win out.

The evidence shows that undoubtedly Peary and Bartlett went very far north, the former almost surely beyond 88° N. Lat. But the evidence is distinctly against Peary's having reached the Pole. The evidence also shows that Cook passed well beyond the Crocker Land mirage and therefore that he reached at least 84° N. Lat. Beyond that his journey needs confirmation. But the three as yet unverified occurrences he mentions are evidences, whether they are or are not realities. In the fullness of time they will either be proved or disproved. If the icy sea at the Pole is found, Cook's claims will be on the road toward recognition; if the glacial island is also found, his claims will be immensely strengthened; if Bradley Land is likewise found, his claims will be absolutely proved.

From the time Cook reported the existence of Bradley Land up to now, only one attempt to reach it has been made. In June, 1914, Rudolph Franke, who wintered with Cook in 1907–1908 at Annoatok,[1] came to see me and told me he was going north with the Canadian Arctic explorer and fur trader, Captain Bernier. They planned to stop at Etah, pick up some Eskimos and dogs, and with these Franke was to be left at the entrance of Jones Sound. Thence, in the following

[1] Rudolph Franke: *Erlebnisse eines Deutschen im hohen Norden*, Alfred Janssen, Hamburg, 1914.

February, he proposed to start for Axel Heiberg Island and thence follow Cook's tracks to Bradley Land. But he lacked instruments and certain other paraphernalia, and he asked me to help him get them, which I did. Bernier and Franke sailed from Quebec on Bernier's steamship, *Guide*, on July 4, 1914. But the ice proved so bad they could not reach Etah, and hence they could get neither Eskimos nor dogs. Nor could they approach Jones Sound, but instead they got nipped off the mouth of Lancaster Sound, where they were unwillingly forced to winter. Then in 1915 they returned to Quebec, where Franke became a prisoner of war, an unique termination to an Arctic voyage.

How and when the secrets of the unknown Arctic will be cleared up cannot be foretold. Amundsen's narrow escape and Commander Byrd's experiences go to show that airplanes, as at present made, are unjustifiably dangerous; doubtless, however, they can be improved to meet the special conditions. Dirigibles remain to be tried. There are three possibilities in this unexplored area: it may be wholly land; it may be wholly ice-covered sea; it may be a combination of both, and the last seems the most probable. Only one thing is certain: no continent will be found in the unknown Arctic, for this is only about the size of Greenland and, therefore, there is no room for a continent.

At present there is nothing to do except to await the results of future exploration. No one can say whether the North Pole has or has not been discovered until some traveler in days to come reaches the North Pole and the locations of the glacial island or of Bradley Land. This trio is one of the few remaining plums in geographical discovery. It will be difficult to reach and will cost much money and effort and perhaps some lives. But someone will certainly pluck it, either by dirigible or by improved airplane or by Eskimo dog team. Let us hope this will be soon!

PICTORIAL WRITING

Purpose. Exposition and argument appeal primarily to the mind, and have been notably defined as the "literature of thought." Description and narration appeal, through the mind, to the emotions, and hence have been defined as the "literature of feeling." Description is concerned with feeling, because all objects seen or imaginable stir in us some emotional reaction of attraction or repulsion, pleasure or displeasure; or at least they did so in the writer, who then passes on his feeling to us. Description is clear, accurate seeing followed by vivid, faithful reporting. *Faithfulness* is almost the whole story. For by

his faithfulness a skilful describer may stir immeasurably our feelings, because he can set us breathingly in the very presence of moving scenes.

The essentials that concern the descriptive writer are, mainly, these six: clear point of view; dominant tone; selection of significant details; true order of those details; swiftness of effect; and vividness.

Point of view.[1] Every picture must be thought of as seen by some creature who is necessarily at one spot at any one moment: these are the physical conditions. They mean, then, that the writer has selected the person who is to do the seeing, knows where he is standing, knows the time of year and week and day; and by a word here and another there, quickly lets us know also. He knows too whenever these places or times change, — and lets us know. Since our moods color and change the objects we see, the describer knows the mood of his particular picture; and lets us know it if we ought to. Every piece of description, then, illustrates and demonstrates point of view, — personal, physical, chronological, or emotional: perhaps all. Point of view really gives a description its essential unity; for a changed point of view means a different picture. And point of view determines what is included in any picture. Therefore it has the greatest importance to a faithful describer.

Dominant tone. It follows that every picture will bring its own mood and "impression" to the observer, or he will force his own mood upon it; in either case the result is the "dominant tone" that picture has for him, and that report is what the writer faithfully reproduces. This result may confirm moods and pictures we have familiarly associated, as in "December" (p. 451); or it may be a new, surprising combination, as in "Elephant-Back" (p. 427), "The Chinese Theater" (pp. 441 f.), or "On the Iceberg" (pp. 442 f.). "Dominant tone" is merely another name for emotional point of view: it is the point in our *emotional* range or spectrum from which we are shown the picture.

Selection of details. Exposition is photographic; but description is impressionistic. The lens of a camera receives everything in its range; the eye of an artist sees only what keys with his picture. Even from his physical point of view, he selects merely the more striking details; from his emotional point of view, he is capable of seeing — and selecting — only those details which fit his mood. In exposition he made lists, inventories: here he selects only those details which will enforce upon us the impression he felt.

Order of details. In what order shall he put these selected details? He takes them from space (three dimensions), but must arrange them in a single line (one dimension): how? where does he begin? He begins where his experience began, — with the most conspicuous object or sensation. His impressions came to him very swiftly, but not in a mass; they came *in the order of their forcibleness*. This is his complete answer. Let him go back into the experience, or his most vivid memory of it; recall what really happened to him as these impressions struck him; and then faithfully report them in their true

[1] Prefer "point of view" or "standpoint" — "viewpoint" is not yet the best English.

order. Here again "from obvious to less obvious, from near to remote" is his experience, and must be his method.

Swiftness. Not only is the descriptive writer translating objects from a three-dimensional world to a one-dimensional, but he is also competing in words with the speed of light. Hence, partly, his need of selecting rigidly — he has no time for any details but the most important. His railway is single-track; hence he must "travel light" — have no idle or useless luggage of words, but make every word count in piling up his desired effect. He must pack his sentences into clauses; telescope his clauses into phrases; reduce his phrases to single words; and load the burden of three words on one. Here, as perhaps in no other sort of writing, compression is power. Particularly is this true, he finds, of verbs; always these are the key-words of sentences, and in the best description they do the work of verb, noun, and adjective rolled into one.

Vividness. All these requirements culminate in the supreme and all-important one of vividness; they all work to make an unescapable effect of lifelikeness. Good description is actually truer than reality itself; because it can eliminate the discords, the irrelevancies, the details which the artistic photographer tries to get rid of, to hide, to spot out, or print out, from his finished picture. The describer of course tries also to get the vividness of life by all *positive* means: by choosing the most pungent words, adding expressive figures of speech, compacting all he says into the smallest compass, and so on. Study the power of the italicized verbs and figures of speech in this description:

> The branches *closed* over his head again, and Kala Nag began to go down into the valley — not quietly this time, but *as a runaway gun goes down a steep bank* — in one *rush*. The huge limbs moved *as steadily as pistons*, eight feet to each stride, and the wrinkled skin of the elbow-points *rustled*. The undergrowth on either side of him *ripped* with a noise like torn canvas, and the saplings that he *heaved* away right and left with his shoulders *sprang* back again, and *banged* him on the flank, and great trails of creepers, all *matted* together, hung from his tusks as he *threw* his head from side to side and *plowed* out his pathway (p. 427).

Without the verbs and figures, not only would the sense of this as an intelligible statement disappear, but also all its color and life as a vivid picture of a reality: it would be as dead as a mummy.

Says a great artist, Joseph Conrad: "My task . . . is, by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel — it is, before all, to make you *see*. That — and no more, and it is everything" (*The Nigger of the Narcissus*, preface).

EXERCISES

1. Study "The Express Train" and "A Sight-Seeing Bus" for the great difference between exposition and description in purpose, method, and effect: the *photographic* as opposed to the *impressionistic*.

2. Make for yourself a similar contrast in explanatory and pictorial effect, by treating some one concrete object first to *explain* it and then to *picture* it.

3. For stationary point of view, study "The Roof Garden," "Ether," "Morning," "The Trench," "On the Iceberg."

4. For moving point of view, study "A Trial Heat with Barney," "Through the Devil's Nose," "The Bookshop," "A Breton Village," "The Swamp," "The Black Fog," "Skyscraper."

5. For emotional point of view, study "Ether," "Life" and "Death" (contrast the two pictures), "Salisbury Sunset," "The Black Fog," "The Chinese Theater," "On the Iceberg," "December," "Imperial Rome."

6. For selection of significant detail, determined by point of view, scrutinize "The Roof Garden," "Life" and "Death," "Morning," "A Trial Heat with Barney," "Waiting," "Sophomore," "Sirius," "December," "The March," "Carriage for One," "Morpheus," "Skyscraper."

7. For truth of arrangement in details, examine "The Roof Garden," "Life" and "Death," "December," "Carriage for One," "Morpheus."

8. For swift compression and compactness, study "Ether," "Longshore," "A Trial Heat with Barney," "Waiting," "Charity Begins," "Sophomore," "Carriage for One," "The Canyon of the Colorado," "Morpheus," "Skyscraper."

9. For all-round vividness, especially as achieved by selection of detail and phrase, examine "The Roof Garden," "Ether," "Life" and "Death," "The Trench," "Experiences of a Pug Nose," "A Trial Heat with Barney," "Through the Devil's Nose," "Sophomore," "Dante," "Investigation," "On the Iceberg," "The March," "Morpheus," "Skyscraper."

10. Examine the trite descriptive phrases on pages 34 f., and add to them such others as you have noticed and wish to avoid.

11. Begin in your Notebook the listing of all the useful descriptive verbs and adjectives you can recall, under these heads: (1) size; (2) color and light; (3) form and outline; (4) sound; (5) movement; (6) odor; (7) taste; (8) temperature; (9) tactile — touch, surface, substance; (10) mood. Add to this list ten good words every other day for as long a period as you can.

12. Study, in immediate and constant connection with your descriptive writing, the section on "Figurative Language," pp. 29 ff., and start an active list of the best descriptive figures of speech that come to you.

PICTORIAL

EXPOSITION *versus* DESCRIPTION

1. THE EXPRESS TRAIN

I

An express train, flyer, or limited, is a train which moves faster than the ordinary suburban train, and makes few stops between its starting-place and its destination. It is made up, usually, of a train of several cars. These cars are made of steel and painted a dull color and numbered. They also bear the initials or name of the railroad to which they belong. There are, in the express train, cars serving many different purposes. There are the day-coaches, containing about forty-eight plush-covered seats, built to accommodate two passengers each.

These seats are arranged so that there are twenty-four on each side of a center aisle. The Pullman coach is similar, but it provides more comfort for its passengers in that its seats are arm-chairs and its aisles are wider. Then there are cars for dining, sleeping, baggage, and mail. Drawing this train is a large black, dirty, iron locomotive. This locomotive is in charge of two men, — the engineer and the fireman: the engineer drives the train; the fireman keeps up the fire.

II

A thundering, rumbling noise, far away, but every second growing nearer, disturbed the midnight silence. A spot of light appeared, small and faint at first, but ever growing larger and brighter. The ground quivered; the roar of the approaching train increased. With nerve-racking suddenness a despairing-sounding whistle screeched, was about to subside, then broke forth again with three quick, gasping screams. The inanimate rails groaned. Like a huge reptile with a single, fiery, glaring eye, it swept down the tracks, belching smoke and steam, roaring and creaking, as with tremendous suction it plunged headlong into the dark. So quickly it passed, that faint lights twinkling through scores of dusty windows seemed like one short blur. Down the still reverberating rails it swayed and reeled, leaving a trail of fiery smoke in the air, and, swinging recklessly around a curve and out of sight, it bellowed its farewell with three blasts of its whistle.

2. A SIGHT-SEEING BUS

I

A sight-seeing bus is nothing more nor less than a large auto truck equipped with rows of seats. They run, like benches, across the body of the truck; there are generally eight rows, each with room for about five passengers. The seats are reached by steps running the length of the car on either side.

Most sight-seeing autos have tops which may be put up or left down. The sides, of course, are always open.

Two men are generally in charge of these sight-seeing cars; a chauffeur and a guide. The chauffeur's place, as in all automobiles, is in front; the guide, whose business it is to announce the points of interest en route, has his place next the chauffeur's.

These cars, generally painted some dull, durable color, are made festive with flags and pennants and signs announcing the course of the trip to be taken.

II

There it stands, waiting, now, for passengers — the good old "rubber-neck wagon"! There is invitation — broad, urgent invitation — in every line of its solid, ample body; in every row of wide, empty seats; in every gayly flapping pennant!

Bold signs on its broad back flare forth in crimson letters the scenic wonders to be viewed on every trip. And as proof of these enticing statements there are upon its sides the marks of many a road: mud from some grimy factory street, oil from some tree-lined suburban highway, fine white dust from some exclusive parkway.

And now the seats are filled, — a pair of lovers in the corner; a distracted mother with three small, wiggling, peanut-eating boys in tow; a testy old gentleman with a most obtrusive cane; a pair of old folks on their second honeymoon; schoolteachers armed with guidebooks; a group of giggling, candy-eating girls; — every corner packed, every creature eager to be off!

And as if in haste to comply, the guide, megaphone in hand, jumps to his post; the engine starts a frenzied chugging; the great car shakes and rumbles on its wheels; then, with one last, mighty jerk, plunges forward on its way — a happy jumble of excited voices, fluttering flags, and rising dust.

Point of View

3. THE ROOF GARDEN

Across the low parapet of the roof garden the lights of the city shone out of a deep indigo haze. In long lines, by twos, in oddly shaped groups, — some cold white, some almost green, a few of a warm, mellow tint, — they burned steadily on, — stray globules of light in a dull and silent sea. Here a window, with blinds drawn back to catch the slightest whiff of air, glowed a square patch of warmer light. There the corner of a house, rising in white relief, stood out, every detail ghastly clear in the path of an unseen light. To the left, where the moonbeams falling the brightest paled the haze to a luminous smoky-

as I climbed the long slope of the Alban Mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outlines of the domes of Albano, and graceful darkness of its ilex grove, rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber; the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the grey walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock — dark though flushed with scarlet lichen — casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and over all — the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illume, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.

8. DEATH

Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses

feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple, poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests like dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave.

9. SALISBURY SUNSET

It was pretty late in the autumn of the year, when the declining sun, struggling through the mist which had obscured it all day, looked brightly down upon a little Wiltshire village, within an easy journey of the fair old town of Salisbury.

Like a sudden flash of memory or spirit kindling up the mind of an old man, it shed a glory upon the scene, in which its departed youth and freshness seemed to live again. The wet grass sparkled in the light; the scanty patches of verdure in the hedges — where a few green twigs yet stood together bravely, resisting to the last the tyranny of nipping winds and early frosts — took heart and brightened up; the stream, which had been dull and sullen all day long, broke out into a cheerful smile; the birds began to chirp and twitter on the naked boughs, as though the hopeful creatures half believed that winter had gone by, and spring had come already. The vane upon the tapering spire of the old church glistened from its lofty station in sympathy with the general gladness; and from the ivy-shaded windows such gleams of light shone back upon the glowing sky, that it seemed as if the quiet building were the hoarding-place of twenty summers, and all their ruddiness and warmth were stored within.

Even those tokens of the season which emphatically whispered of the coming winter, graced the landscape, and, for the moment, tinged

its livelier features with no oppressive air of sadness. The fallen leaves, with which the ground was strewn, gave forth a pleasant fragrance, and subduing all harsh sounds of distant feet and wheels, created a repose in gentle unison with the light scattering of seed hither and thither by the distant husbandman, and with the noiseless passage of the plough as it turned up the rich brown earth, and wrought a graceful pattern in the stubbled fields. On the motionless branches of some trees, autumn berries hung like clusters of coral beads, as in those fabled orchards where the fruits were jewels; others, stripped of all their garniture, stood, each the centre of its little heap of bright red leaves, watching their slow decay; others again, still wearing theirs, had them all crunched and crackled up, as though they had been burnt; about the stems of some were piled, in ruddy mounds, the apples they had borne that year; while others (hardy evergreens this class) showed somewhat stern and gloomy in their vigour, as charged by nature with the admonition that it is not to her more sensitive and joyous favourites she grants the longest term of life. Still athwart their darker boughs, the sunbeams struck out paths of deeper gold; and the red light, mantling in among their swarthy branches, used them as foils to set its brightness off, and aid the lustre of the dying day.

A moment, and its glory was no more. The sun went down beneath the long dark lines of hill and cloud which piled up in the west an air city, wall heaped on wall, and battlement on battlement; the light was all withdrawn; the shining church turned cold and dark; the stream forgot to smile; the birds were silent; and the gloom of winter dwelt on everything.

SOUND

10. BEFORE THE CONCERT

We had reached our seats in the vast, dim sea of faces which rose in waves around the hall. We became a part of that great film of sound which, for the time, covered everything: the heavy, subdued hum of many voices softly chatting. Here and there single fragments of sound rose and fell in a breath — the sharp staccato of a woman's sudden laugh, the low tones of a man's voice close at our elbow, the click of a cane against a seat, a step stumbling in the darkness of the aisle.

And now the musicians sauntered upon the stage, each with his own particular instrument. Then, in another minute, mingling with, yet rising above the voice of the waiting audience, the tuning began, — a happy jumble of all the instruments together, yet each distinct from the others: the high, sharp sawing of the violins, the richer thrums of the 'cellos and violas, the deep wail of the bass viols, the liquid trilling of a flute, like many dropping pearls, a plaintive, yodling note or two from the melancholy oboe, the lilting throb of harp strings; — all gossiping together like people in a market-place.

At last there was the tap of the conductor's baton, and the final wave of sound trailed into a moment of deep, expectant silence, through which quivered the breath of the music soon to rise.

11. SPEAKING OF COLDS

This morning the priest is late in reaching the little Carmelite chapel, and behind the spiked iron grating at the left of the altar the nuns are chanting a litany. Their pure, clear voices rise high above the banging doors and rattling benches, as the people hurry in and settle themselves with much shuffling of feet and swishing of garments.

The nuns finish the litany as the tardy priest mounts the altar steps — mass has begun. Enters a late comer coughing nervously; and then rise the opening notes of a great Catarrhal Chorus which starts softly with a gentle clearing of throats, and swells into an agonizing crescendo of whoops, rasps, and barks. Somewhere a man blows his nose violently; across the aisle a woman coughs in a thick, choking fashion from the depths of her inflamed lungs; she is answered by a hoarse wheeze from the next pew; three people cough simultaneously in sympathy; some children snuffle disgustingly; and at minute intervals, comes the most irritating sound of all, — the sharp, dry, nervous hack of a bronchitis sufferer.

During a momentary lull the priest's grave, steady murmur and the acolyte's fresh boyish responses can be heard; a gong clangs softly, the people rustle to their knees. Suddenly, a series of staccato sneezes drowns all other sound, and the noisy chorus is in full swing again. It ceases only when the door has banged behind the last asthmatic victim of our unventilated churches and our accursed New England winters.

12. MORNING

She woke with a start. The blind, slung by an early morning breeze, had banged against the window sill. It was yet too dark to see. Sleep was impossible, so she lay listening. The nurse in the cot across the room stirred uneasily, roused, and went to the window; she could hear the fumbling with the catch on the blind and a solicitous creak at the foot of her bed; silence: then the soft rustling of the sheets of the cot.

A fly began a playful, circling hum above her head; then stopped — abruptly. She wondered, with an inward chuckle, if there were spider-webs in the sick-room. The chuckle proved to her conclusively that she was getting well. Silence for a long time, except for the quiet, even breathing of the nurse, and gusty attacks of the wind on the blind, secured against a bang, but not against a hoarse little rattle. The quick flare of light on the ceiling, the clank of many bottles, steps grating on the gravel of the back yard: the milkman with his lantern. The slam of the back door, and running steps along the gravel; a hasty chirrup to his horses; the busy man was gone.

From the kitchen she could hear the rough, hollow sound of coal pouring from the scuttle. Day and breakfast were coming apace. The light was struggling in through the blinds now, but it hurt her eyes, so she feigned sleep. The nurse was softly moving about preparing for the day.

A quick little, skippy step going down the stairs outside her room. The door was a crack open. She heard the step plainly. It was Jim going down to study the hated spelling lesson. The swing and creak of the front door — opening. She could almost feel the rush of the cool air into the sleepy, dark house. Then she heard Jim whistling under her window, hunting in the lilac bushes for the morning paper slung there daily by the hasty newsboy.

"Baseball scores, — instead of deceive, receive, believe," she thought, and chuckled again.

The twittering of birds was noisy now. A lazy village horse clumped by in the street. Day had come. She heard the clank of dishes below stairs; her mother's gentle "Breakfast now"; the cavalcade of feet to the dining-room. Then silence; she could almost hear the crunch of the breakfast toast.

"Clickety-clack, clickety-clack" — the sound of a stick drawn across

a picket fence; the singing swing of the gate, and then "Jim!" in a clear round voice, "aren't you going to school? It's late!" A rush from the dining-room, a sulky, querulous "O darn, where's my spelling book?" — a gentle silencing "Sh!" with the spelling book, evidently, for the front door banged vehemently, and the clickety-clacking began again.

There, a soft step on the stair. Mother come to bid her daughter a good morning. She must wake now.

13. THE TRENCH

Silence indescribable! Not even the customary movement of rats on their midnight forages rustled the oppressive black atmosphere. They seemed to be listening. Between slow, easy breaths that whistled through my nose like a gale in the rigging of a ship, I heard my eyelids clap together as they winked sleepily against my will. The heavy woolen blanket I had thrown over me as a protection from the dew scraped against my web-woven equipment at the slightest movement of a muscle. The black smudge of the horizon against the sky was as silent as the rest of the world about it, but I shrieked and clamored with sound at every pretense of a move. I was afraid! Occasionally a single star lifted itself suddenly in the air, silent as a thought, as it arched and fell far out in "no man's land," dazzlingly bright.

But the hour grew late. My imagination swelled and enveloped me; I shivered shamefully, pitifully. The moon rose and crouched on a far-away hill, scowling balefully across the desolate land in front of me and casting long shadows here and there; waking whole regiments of rats to the task of procuring food and frightening rookie soldiers almost to insanity. A tin-can on the barbed-wire jerked and rang like a cracked fire-gong. In the twinkling of an eye a tall shadow slipped into the black background without a sound; a second later a twig snapped with the startling sharpness of an unexpected fire-cracker; and before I could settle my nerves a bit, the whole world split in two with such tremendous force of sound that I fell forward on my face. But following came the familiar whine of a shell, hurrying on an errand to the enemy, and soon many more, until the day broke with the air alive, crackling, whistling, and rumbling with a heavy barrage that brought relief to my overwrought nerves.

Odor

14. 'LONGSHORE

Captain Peleg sits by the door of his shack, puffing at a big pipe. The salt air mingles with the odor of "Lucky Strike," and the result is a smell which is truly "skipper." From a can on the ground comes an unmistakable scent of bait which is no longer young, and from a basket near by the somewhat fresher odor of clams. A newly painted dory is drawn up from the water, and freshly tarred ropes are drying near it. And dominating all other odors are whiffs of the Captain's dinner, preparing within doors, — corned beef and cabbage.

15. EXPERIENCES OF A PUG NOSE

The gong strikes, and I go to my fourth class. The air in the room smells stale and lifeless. Would that I dared face the janitor's wrath and open a window! As the class files in, I shudder silently. Mildred has done it again. She has anointed her rosy self, copiously, with Woolworth's perfume. I edge away from her, but thereby make a bad matter worse. I have taken my stand beside Sam, whose family, I am convinced, uses the bath-tub to store coal in. I wander about the room. Just as I reach her seat, down-hearted Rebecca sighs. Ugh! She had onions, or maybe garlic, for breakfast. I stop for a moment by the seat of immaculate Erva. She radiates cleanliness attained by scented soap, but I pronounce the odor "Good." Through the open transom steals the smell of "hot dogs" and boiling chocolate, foretelling the day's luncheon menu. The whole class sniffs and smiles. When the gong begins to ring, they rush forth to make the ephemeral odor a substantial reality. I quietly slip to the cloak room and thence to the front steps, to take deep whiffs of the forty-mile-an-hour gale straight from the Atlantic.

Movement

16. INVESTIGATION

Whatever it was that had wakened me had wakened Funny, too. She opened one eye, then closed it, but very soon opened both her eyes and lifted her head. She stood up and stretched, arching her back, opening her mouth, and spreading her toes. Then she stretched the

other way, reaching out in front and extending first one hind leg and then the other. Having satisfied herself that all her muscles and bones were in working order, she started out to find something to do. She dropped lightly to the floor and strolled over to the piano. With incredible ease, she stood up and lengthened out to reach the keyboard. Not satisfied, she dropped back and sprang upward. One sharp discordant cry from the instrument, and she was on top, smelling at an empty vase. She walked among the knick-knacks and pictures without upsetting the most unsteady. Each object was sniffed at, patted, and dismissed. When she came to the end of the shelf, she sat upon her haunches and surveyed the room. Then she turned and picked her way across to the far corner. There, behind the autoharp, she found a space perhaps seven inches across, and there she settled the same body which had a moment before surprised me by its size. One last look around, and she buried her nose under her tail and went to sleep.

17. A TRIAL HEAT WITH BARNEY

The twelve-cylinder engine was making more noise than a machine gun. "Tud" Mason (Barney's mechanician) was wiping sweat from his face with a bunch of waste. Barney, already at the wheel, was winking at "Tud" and coaxing me to hop in. I was on to his tricks, — the old "diabolic," — he was itching to "let her out." They were testing my nerve — I had enough to hop in. But before my feet touched the floor I thought that hot, noisy bunch of iron, oil, and rubber, which they called the "speed merchant," had jumped out from under me. I was slammed into the seat, glued there in fact, by the headlong rush of "The Pet." Barney "slipped her into high." I waited for the explosion. I felt as though the engine was standing on my chest. I had only one of my senses left, — the rest of them must have gone over the back with my hat, — I could smell the engine. I grew dizzy, then we seemed to stop in mid-air, and the scenery went streaking past us in the opposite direction, faster than I had ever imagined scenery could travel. The road looked like a white post before us, which we were leaning against. We stopped, Barney pushed me out, I walked twice around in a circle, "came to," offered up a silent prayer, and "cussed" Barney.

18. ELEPHANT-BACK

The elephant turned without a sound, took three strides back to the boy in the moonlight, put down his trunk, swung him up to his neck, and almost before Little Toomai had settled his knees, slipped into the forest.

There was one blast of furious trumpeting from the lines, and then the silence shut down on everything, and Kala Nag began to move. Sometimes a tuft of high grass washed along his sides as a wave washes along the sides of a ship, and sometimes a cluster of wild-pepper vines would scrape along his back, or a bamboo would creak where his shoulder touched it; but between those times he moved absolutely without any sound, drifting through the thick Garo forest as though it had been smoke. He was going up-hill, but though Little Toomai watched the stars in the rifts of the trees, he could not tell in what direction.

Then Kala Nag reached the crest of the ascent and stopped for a minute, and Little Toomai could see the tops of the trees lying all speckled and furry under the moonlight for miles and miles, and the blue-white mist over the river in the hollow. Toomai leaned forward and looked, and he felt that the forest was awake below him — awake and alive and crowded. A big brown fruit-eating bat brushed past his ear; a porcupine's quills rattled in the thicket; and in the darkness between the tree-stems he heard a hog-bear digging hard in the moist, warm earth, and snuffing as it digged.

Then the branches closed over his head again, and Kala Nag began to go down into the valley — not quietly this time, but as a runaway gun goes down a steep bank — in one rush. The huge limbs moved as steadily as pistons, eight feet to each stride, and the wrinkled skin of the elbow-points rustled. The undergrowth on either side of him ripped with a noise like torn canvas, and the saplings that he heaved away right and left with his shoulders sprang back again, and banged him on the flank, and great trails of creepers, all matted together, hung from his tusks as he threw his head from side to side and plowed out his pathway. Then Little Toomai laid himself down close to the great neck, lest a swinging bough should sweep him to the ground, and he wished that he were back in the lines again.

19. THROUGH THE DEVIL'S NOSE[1]

To get well, he made straight for the country. More than once in childhood his father had told him if ever he should visit England, he must go search out a little old village near the sea.

"Our people came from there, or close by," nis father had said. "We 'll have to see the Devil's Nose together, and pass through it for luck, my boy. We need to freshen ours. A couple of centuries gone, I daresay, since one of us did it. Some day we 'll go there on pilgrimage."

. . . . . .

"This is a good time," he reflected lazily, "to try father's project. We 'll walk through the thirles, and freshen our family luck."

But the sea, when he climbed round its barrier crag at the river mouth, did not favor this plan. The lonely curve of yellow sand was narrowed, as if drawn taut, by incoming tide; a great azure pool, fordable, yet holding infinitely deep reflections of summer cloud, poured smooth across it into the river; and though everywhere alongshore the water line lapped nearer in tiny waves that glittered and sank almost foamless, white-caps were bursting round the rocks beyond. A hundred yards out, black, ugly, pierced by two fantastic arches, towered the Devil's Nose.

"No walking through that for a while."

The dark surf-worn pinnacle stood ringed with spray, which gleamed as it came surging through the two holes, veiled their shadows half-way up, fell, and spouted landward into sunlight again. The rock sneered at this peaceful shore, thought Leonard, like a reminder of evil fury hidden and disguised.

"You might swim through it." Basking on warm sand, he dallied with the notion. "Why not? Rather fun."

No breath of air stirred, but the waves in the thirles maintained a hissing roar, continuous, like winds tearing through a forest. The longer he heard, the less he liked it.

"Well, by George!" He sat up, angry. "Where's your nerve gone? Turning invalidical, eh? We 'll see about that!"

The beach was then, as on all his former visits, deserted. He pulled off his clothes, and ran down naked into the sea.

[1] Reprinted from *Fern Seed*, pp. 14–32, by Henry Milner Rideout, by arrangement with and special permission of Duffield and Company, Publishers.

"Here goes for luck."

After his first plunge, the water seemed glorious. He shot forth into a region of fresh life, with body and mind rejoicing, the world growing young to eyesight cleared by sea magic. A good swimmer, Corsant put his power into a few strokes, found it all there again ready at call, and then went romping forward, burying his face for mere wantonness, and staring down through the cool green void where sunshine faded into quivering mist and network shadows. A cold streak suddenly checked this play. He roused, and glanced ahead. It was not a streak: he had left the tempered surface water behind, and now swam in a chill ocean current, near the rock. Green hollows round him began to seethe white.

"Roughening up a bit," he said. "Right. Now we come to the pretty part."

Viewed at close range from sea level, the rock drew aloft, magnified itself, and became wonderfully grim. The splintered spire, jagged from top to bottom with lumps and crockets; the two wild arches that dripped, yawned, sucked in wave after wave to fling it out like snow and thunder; the base, carved by ages of storm: all these details and the gloomy color gave Corsant a strange uneasiness while he gathered himself for the tussle and steered cautiously into the foam. No wonder this thing bore the devil's name. It resembled the stump of some Gothic ruin, some unholy church blasted and driven into the sea.

"Well, Old Man," cried the swimmer, "if this is your belfry, I'm going plumb through like a bat."

It seemed to lurch and rush toward him, roaring an answer. Leonard chose his moment, whirled into the right-hand arch on a retreating slope, was deafened with bestial throaty noises, dove under the next wave, and came up treading water in the sunlight. He caught breath, shook the brine from his eyes, and saw looming above him the seaward front of the rock, uglier than its back. He had performed half his journey; but that swift, violent passage had beaten out of him all the fun, all the high spirits, all desire to boast. He dreaded the return. Those booming, wallowing holes were loathsome.

"Get it over with."

A ridge of surf slapped him across the face, left him blind, choking; and even while he fought for air and light, another ridge heaved him up, coiled round him, and flung him sidelong. As through green glass that suddenly blew up into lather, the central column of the rock rushed by

like a prow. It grazed his left side. Then came darkness, a prolonged hissing, the cough and spew of a glutted abyss, in which malignant forces mauled him, churned him round and round; and then a hollow crash, with a flare of soft light inside his head.

"Busted!"

How long he remained half stunned, Corsant never knew. He must have gone on swimming, for he woke to find his limbs in motion, the water still and warm, the shore not far away. Water, sands, hill-tops, and sky reeled in a colorless glare. His skull ached.

"Wah! Sounded like the sea-serpent gargling!"

He crawled up the beach, to lie by his clothes. Forty winks and a sun bath would restore him. As the pain gradually left his head, he dozed and began to smile.

"Wonder what dad would think of that performance? — We 've been through, anyhow. First time in a couple of hundred years. Did our part. Now bring on your good fortune."

Sitting up, no worse but for a lump over one ear, Corsant grinned at the Devil's Nose. It looked quite harmless and romantic, refined by distance. The foam in the thirles murmured like a summer breeze.

"Oh, yes, very sweet, my friend. Playing the *Cathédrale Engloutie*, are n't you? No go, no can do. You 're an old Gargling Gargoyle, and a fraud. Now bring on your luck."

Exteriors and Interiors

20. THE PEASANTS IN THE HOUSE

The Sunday after his arrival, he summoned the steward and all the *métayers* to the great house, of which I knew only the kitchen. But on that day we were taken into a fine room with such a well-waxed floor that we could scarcely stand up. Old Moulin, of Plat-Mizot, was nearly stretched on the floor, which made us laugh finely; only we dared not burst out laughing, for fear of annoying someone. On the contrary, we kept near the door, upright and silent, and looked long and with astonishment at all the fine things we were able to see. There were arm-chairs and sofas covered with stuff which had a pattern of blue flowers and were trimmed with fringes, and they seemed surprisingly soft. A little table in front of the fireplace was covered with

a cloth which matched the arm-chairs, and presently I saw that the wall-paper had the same blue flowers. On the mantelpiece of pink marble veined with red stood a beautiful yellow clock under a globe; there were also candlesticks in each of which was a pink candle. These objects were repeated in a great glass that had its frame veiled with gauze, and which rested on the chimney-piece. On each side, in *jardinières* with painted flowers and supported by delicate round tables, were plants with green leaves, like some which grew in the ditch in my large meadow. One of the corners was occupied by a whatnot of pretty wood; it was covered with knick-knacks of all kinds: statuettes, little vases, and photographs. The only large piece of furniture besides the table was a big object in a kind of dark red wood, of which I could not guess the use. In a low voice I asked M. Parent what it was, and he said it was a piano. That beautiful room contained, in fact, only useless things; I did not see one object which responded to a real need. I thought of our dark kitchen with its dilapidated concrete, our room with the holes in the floor, and I wondered if it was just that one should be so good and the other so bad.

21. BLEAK HOUSE

It was one of those delightfully irregular houses where you go up and down steps out of one room into another, and where you come upon more rooms when you think you have seen all there are, and where there is a bountiful provision of little halls and passages, and where you find still older cottage-rooms in unexpected places, with lattice windows and green growth pressing through them. Mine, which we entered first, was of this kind, with an up-and-down roof, that had more corners in it than I ever counted afterwards, and a chimney (there was a wood-fire on the hearth) paved all round with pure white tiles, in every one of which a bright miniature of the fire was blazing. Out of this room, you went down two steps, into a charming little sitting-room, looking down upon a flower-garden, which room was henceforth to belong to Ada and me. Out of this you went up three steps, into Ada's bed-room, which had a fine broad window, commanding a beautiful view (we saw a great expanse of darkness lying underneath the stars), to which there was a hollow window-seat, in which, with a spring-lock, three dear Adas might have been lost at once. Out of this room, you passed into a little gallery, with which the other best rooms

(only two) communicated, and so, by a little staircase of shallow steps, with a number of corner stairs in it, considering its length, down into the hall. But if, instead of going out at Ada's door, you came back into my room, and went out at the door by which you had entered it, and turned up a few crooked steps that branched off in an unexpected manner from the stairs, you lost yourself in passages, with mangles in them, and three-cornered tables, and a Native-Hindoo chair, which was also a sofa, a box, and a bedstead, and looked, in every form, something between a bamboo skeleton and a great bird-cage, and had been brought from India nobody knew by whom or when. From these, you came on Richard's room, which was part library, part sitting-room, part bed-room, and seemed indeed a comfortable compound of many rooms. Out of that, you went straight, with a little interval of passage, to the plain room where Mr. Jarndyce slept, all the year round, with his window open, his bedstead without any furniture standing in the middle of the floor for more air, and his cold-bath gaping for him in a smaller room adjoining. Out of that, you came into another passage, where there were back-stairs, and where you could hear the horses being rubbed down, outside the stable, and being told to "Hold up," and "Get over," as they slipped about very much on the uneven stones. Or you might, if you came out at another door (every room had at least two doors), go straight down to the hall again by half-a-dozen steps and a low archway, wondering how you got back there, or had ever got out of it.

The furniture, old-fashioned rather than old, like the house, was as pleasantly irregular. Ada's sleeping-room was all flowers — in chintz and paper, in velvet, in needlework, in the brocade of two stiff courtly chairs, which stood, each attended by a little page of a stool for greater state, on either side of the fireplace. Our sitting-room was green; and had, framed and glazed, upon the walls, numbers of surprising and surprised birds, staring out of pictures at a real trout in a case, as brown and shining as if it had been served with gravy; at the death of Captain Cook; and at the whole process of preparing tea in China, as depicted by Chinese artists. In my room there were oval engravings of the months — ladies haymaking, in short waists, and large hats tied under the chin, for June — smooth-legged noblemen, pointing, with cocked-hats, to village steeples, for October. Half-length portraits, in crayons, abounded all through the house; but were so dispersed that

I found the brother of a youthful officer of mine in the china-closet, and the grey old age of my pretty young bride, with a flower in her bodice, in the breakfast-room. As substitutes, I had four angels, of Queen Anne's reign, taking a complacent gentleman to heaven, in festoons, with some difficulty; and a composition in needlework, representing fruit, a kettle, and an alphabet. All the movables, from the wardrobes to the chairs and tables, hangings, glasses, even to the pincushions and scent-bottles on the dressing-tables, displayed the same quaint variety. They agreed in nothing but their perfect neatness, their display of the whitest linen, and their storing-up, wheresoever the existence of a drawer, small or large, rendered it possible, of quantities of rose-leaves and sweet lavender.

Such, with its illuminated windows, softened here and there by shadows of curtains, shining out upon the star-light night; with its light, and warmth, and comfort; with its hospitable jingle, at a distance, of preparations for dinner; with the face of its generous master brightening everything we saw; and just wind enough without to sound a low accompaniment to everything we heard; were our first impressions of Bleak House.

22. ST. MARK'S

Through the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through the narrow apertures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colours along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual

succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapped round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms, and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisle and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her, "Mother of God," she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always, burning in the centre of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment.

23. THE CHÂTEAU

The château, which we reached toward evening, carrying with us our friend Urbain, who had a bullet wound in his breast, had suffered but little from the battle. Some shells had smashed the roofs and damaged the portico — the result of a short but violent encounter in the park and the adjoining woods. Our zouaves had driven out of the building the staff of a German division. But the Bavarians, the night before, had hastily removed all the rich and costly furniture. We wandered through the empty rooms, and finally I gave orders to set up the stretcher in a salon on the first floor.

It was a vast salon, done in white, with three tall windows, whose window panes were broken, but whose inside shutters could be closed to keep out the cool air of the night. Bullets had shattered, here and there, the fine Louis XIV mouldings; and bits of plaster littered the floor. Nevertheless, the proportions of the room, of its chimney piece and of all its ornamental details, were so just and harmonious, and the whiteness was of so soft an ivory shade, that one felt in it a

sensation of tranquillity, especially after escaping into it from the storm and tumult without.

In the middle of the room — the single piece of furniture left intact by some miracle — stood a piano, a grand piano, isolated in this white silence like a huge sarcophagus in ebony. The brutes had neither carried it away nor demolished it. Seeing it, my heart jumped. I thought of those coffins draped in black which are left in the middle of a room before the body is to be taken away, and I cast a strange glance at poor Lieutenant Urbain, my brother in arms, whom our comrades had deposited in a corner, arranging his improvised couch by the light of a dull lantern. He was livid. His shirt was stained with blood. And I felt myself assailed by a nameless fear as I turned my eyes from the wounded man to the huge instrument in the middle of the room, which looked for all the world like a gloomy, glittering sepulchre.

PEOPLE

24. MABLE

She is the incarnation of thin milk. Pale blue eyes that never snap, pale brown hair which always straggles, pale cheeks that never color. . . . Emotions are foreign to her. She sits immobile, with the same negative blank stare, through a class in Education, an hour of modern drama, or a "pep meeting." If she is called upon to venture an opinion, she pipes faintly in a lifeless voice that she "does n't know." To smile, she seems unable; to speak of her own accord, she seems ashamed; mere existence seems to be her only ambition. Some day she may cease to be, but I do not think she will realize it.

25. WAITING

I gradually became aware that some one was waiting to be waited on. I turned and found a man standing, meekly waiting. He wore a dark sack suit, dark felt hat, and black shoes. His necktie was black, and so were the fine stripes of his shirt. His chin seemed to retire into his collar; his forehead retired gradually, from a modest nose, into his hat. His eyes seemed to be retiring toward the back of his head. His voice barely passed his lips. He murmured in a meek tone, "I 'll take this one." I wrapped the very modest shirt, and he retired into the crowd.

26. VIGNETTE

He was a tall, hawk-nosed man with a high, bald-domed head and impatient hands; quick, jerky black eyes, as bright and inscrutable as a bird's; and a nasally metallic voice that seemed to be strained through the wiry moustache of gray thatching the thin, tight mouth.

27. CHARITY BEGINS

There had been a fire and we were soliciting for the family, who had lost almost everything.

We called on Mrs. B., a thin little woman with sharp features and hair drawn back so tightly that it kept her eyes wide open; she raised the window shade half an inch, and carefully piloted us by the arms to chairs in one of the darkest rooms I was ever in; then she seated herself and her scanty white dressing sacque between us and the little bit of light; and after lecturing us for half an hour on the carelessness of people in general, gave us ten cents.

28. CANDIED

She was a dumpling of a woman, slightly overdone, whose saccharine nature glistened from plump cheeks and chin, wherein deep dimples were imbedded. Careful crimps, white as spun sugar, scalloped her forehead, from under which peered little, black, raisin-like eyes. A liquid-fitting dress, determinedly anchored to a sharp V at the waist, seemed barely able to prevent her from popping open and filling the air with warm, spicy odors.

29. THE CALVINIST

My campaign commenced at Birmingham; and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall, dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundry poker. O that face! . . . I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, . . . cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eyebrows, that looked like a scorched aftermath from a last week's shaving. His coat collar behind in perfect unison, both of color

and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage, which I suppose he called his hair, and which with a bend inward at the nape of the neck, — the only approach to flexure in his whole figure, — slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance lank, dark, very hard, and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a used gridiron, all soot, grease, and iron!

30. THE RECTOR

A tall, bleached man sitting at a writing-table, very erect, austere, and absorbed; like an old eighteenth-century print of d'Alembert, Diderot, or some such erudite wigged gentleman. . . . He had a tall head and a meditative eye; but there was something of the sheep in his appearance, too. If he had had the close curled wig that went with his type, he would, Alix thought, have looked very like a silent, dignified sheep that may, in the meadow, as it looks at you, emit once or twice a formal baa.

31. SOPHOMORE

As the Huron Avenue car slowly rounded the curve near Harvard Square this morning I saw a student, — a sophomore, to judge by his attitude of suave benevolence, — with superb, unhurried calm approach a gate. At his heels waddled a grotesque bulldog. In the shelter of the wall the student drew a pipe from the pocket of his plaid coat, lighted it, and with a hitch of trousers that revealed a purple flash below, lounged through the entrance, under the motto, "Enter to grow in wisdom."

32. CHARLES DICKENS

There never was a man so unlike a professional writer: of tall, wiry, energetic figure; brisk in movement; a head well set on; a face rather bronzed or sunburnt; keen, bright, searching eyes, and a mouth which was full of expression, though hidden behind a wiry mustache and grizzled beard. Thus the French painter's remark that "he was more like one of the old Dutch admirals we see in the picture galleries, than a man of letters," conveyed an admirably true idea to his friends. He had, indeed, much of the quiet, resolute manner of command of a captain of a ship. He trod along briskly as he walked; as he listened, his searching eye rested on you, and the nerves in his face quivered,

much like those in the delicately formed nostrils of a finely bred dog. There was a curl or two in his hair at each side which was characteristic; and the jaunty way he wore his little morning hat, rather on one side, added to the effect. But when there was anything droll suggested, a delightful sparkle of lurking humor began to kindle and spread to his mouth, so that, even before he uttered anything, you felt that something irresistibly droll was at hand.

33. DANTE

To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also death; — significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfulest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud, hopeless pain. A soft, ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain, too, a silent, scornful one; the lip is curled in a godlike disdain of the thing that is eating out his heart, — as if it were withal a mean, insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and lifelong unsurrendering battle against the world. Affection all converted into indignation: an implacable indignation; slow, equable, silent, like that of a god! The eye, too, it looks out as in a kind of *surprise*, a kind of inquiry, Why the world was of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this "voice of ten silent centuries," and sings us "his mystic, unfathomable song."

34. SAVONAROLA

The tone was not that of imperious command, but of quiet self-possession and assurance of the right, blended with benignity. Romola, vibrating to the sound, looked round at the figure on the opposite side of the bed. His face was hardly discernible under the shadow of the cowl; and her eyes fell at once on his hands, which were folded across his breast and lay in relief on the edge of his black mantle. They had

a marked physiognomy which enforced the influence of the voice; they were very beautiful and almost of transparent delicacy. Romola's disposition to rebel against command, doubly active in the presence of monks, whom she had been taught to despise, would have fixed itself on any repulsive detail as a point of support. But the face was hidden, and the hands seemed to have an appeal in them against all hardness. The next moment the right hand took the crucifix to relieve the fatigued grasp of Fra Luca, and the left touched his lips with a wet sponge which lay near. In the act of bending, the cowl was pushed back, and the features of the monk had the full light of the tapers on them. They were very marked features, such as lend themselves to popular description. There was the high arched nose, the prominent under-lip, the coronet of thick dark hair above the brow, all seeming to tell of energy and passion; there were the blue-gray eyes, shining mildly under auburn eyelashes, seeming, like the hands, to tell of acute sensitiveness. Romola felt certain they were the features of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, the prior of San Marco, whom she had chiefly thought of as more offensive than other monks, because he was more noisy. Her rebellion was rising against the first impression, which had almost forced her to bend her knees.

"Kneel, my daughter," the penetrating voice said again; "the pride of the body is a barrier against the gifts that purify the soul."

35. VISION

It was twilight in the street, and the home-comers climbed wearily the long flights of steps. Here a café, there a corner drugstore, between long rows of houses, drew the tired bread-winners. At one place the horses of a liveried coach champed impatiently, looking polished and new in the homely street. Near by a bootblack shuffled along, and across the way a dirty harper and a pale child violinist were playing a plaintive air.

Suddenly the door of the house where the horses waited was flung hastily open, and a woman swept down the steps, into the coach, and was gone. Only a flash of brightness and a glint of color beneath the long, dark cloak, but the bootblack, dropping on a nearby step, was lost in the land of dreams. Into the little player's face came a faint tinge of color while in his eyes shone a bright new light, and the sorrowful melody changed to music that was light and merry and glad. And

the ancient harper, playing the chords that would suit any air, smiled as he played. Here and there a man stood motionless on the sidewalk, gazing at the corner where the coach had disappeared; while along the street, the café proprietor, leaning leisurely in his doorway, exclaimed softly,

"Mon Dieu! *there* was a woman!"

Mood

36. THE BOOKSHOP

Is there any pleasure quite like that of poking about in old bookshops with the pungent smell of musty leather in your nostrils and the quiet color of faded bindings to soothe your eyes?

I remember a bookshop in Edinburgh. It was on the Mound in the twist of an old street below one of the gaunt, black churches. Shelves of tattered magazines and pamphlets crowded against each side of the slanting doorway, overhung by a balcony filled with tawny marigolds. I took down a thin volume of poems of uncertain date and by an obscure writer. The verses were indifferent enough, but on the title-page was written, "For deare Robert Hunter from his frende, Jean Trevor," — and instantly a thin fragrance of romance stole from between the leaves, and I could picture a shy young woman who cared nothing for books choosing this one for a healthy young man who cared less. For there are times when you may give your friends what you will and what is reasonably sure to please them, but there are other occasions when nothing is suitable except a book of verse of the kind printed one stanza to a page and enclosed in lavender covers.

I went from shelf to shelf, finding now and again an old wood-cut, or a bit of fine verse. I remember a Dante printed unevenly on wrinkled paper, and a Greek testament wherefrom the petals of a rose crumbled into my hand.

Through the dusty window I caught a sight of sapphire sky and an edge of cloud, and the glittering street below. The musty odor and the dulness of the bindings were becoming oppressive. Besides, the books were beginning to resent the intrusion of a barbarian from the living world who scrutinized them so closely. They joined forces with the sagging rafters, and with a concerted effort pushed me up the narrow steps and thrust me blinking and dazzled into the keen air of the street.

37. THE CHINESE THEATER

Shortly after we had entered the dark, narrow street, my companion paused before the door of a large, dismal, uninviting house. We had to stoop to enter the feebly-lighted corridor, and I felt as though I were descending into a shamefaced world of shut-in sounds and impure air. A faint, unpleasant twanging on stringed instruments and a muffled beating of drums came toward us, seeming to increase in discord as we neared them, and crowding out all other impressions in a mad clamor as we reached the final entrance to the theater. After that, the music stopped suddenly, and a pulsing silence took its place. We edged close to the door, and peered inside.

It was like a scene in a dream. A heavy, gray-blue smoke floated over everything, making it difficult at first to discern any of the objects before us. When we were able to see through the cloud, we could make out two rows of benches stretching across the room, separated by a narrow aisle. Many of the seats were empty, but here and there a silent, dark-gowned shape loomed up through the haze.

In one corner, in the front of the room, elevated but a step from the floor, was the stage. There were no footlights. I don't know what gave to this spot its air of brightness. Perhaps the smoke was thinner here, or perhaps a radiance shone from the brilliant costumes of the players. But all the room was filled with the same even half-light that came from the plain gas jets, high up along the walls. The only striving for effect was in the costumes. Rouge, wigs, curtain, scenery, were absent. The actors emerged from a door in the opposite corner, walked unaffectedly across the front space, bare of benches, stepped stolidly to the platform, and spoke their parts.

The men of the orchestra crouched upon the floor close to the stage, and at irregular intervals recommenced their strumming and their beating. They seemed to have no leader and no set time to begin. When one of them decided to have a bit of music, he nodded to the others, and they set to work. Sometimes the din they made transformed their efforts into mere pantomime. Sometimes it filled the heavy air with tuneless whisperings that suggested plots and mysteries.

At a moment when all sound and action were suspended, I looked around at the silent figures in the audience. They sat on the backs of the benches, with their feet on the seats. All smoked their pipes and kept their faces toward the front in unenthusiastic movelessness. One

of them moved occasionally to beckon to a vendor who walked up and down the aisle. He carried a small shop upon his head, in a peculiar three-story wire basket. Heaped on its top floor were fruits of all kinds, and his long arms darted up and reached in easily. He did n't come close enough to show me what the lower floors contained — crackers and sweetmeats, perhaps, or fuel for the little pipes.

As I looked upon the cheerless picture, and breathed the strange odor of the place, a feeling of unsafeness began to replace the curiosity I had felt at first. The music murmured ominously, the actors seemed unfriendly, the players in the orchestra resembled crouching animals. Those silent, mysterious figures huddled on the benches suggested smouldering hatred and hidden wickedness. The feeble gas flames, veiled in smoke, seemed trying to encourage evil deeds.

I clasped my companion's hand. It was good to feel the nearness of an honest, confidence-inspiring American. We turned and left the place and neighborhood, our footsteps all that broke the silence of the ugly, crooked street.

38. MEMORY

Through the mellowness of an early Fall twilight I see a maple with bare branches that brush the windows of a house on the hill.

In thought I see the glint of firelight upon a brass bowl filled with garden chrysanthemums, and a book lying half open on the hearth rug. I hear the rustle of a dress, and see for an instant the kindliness of a divine, half-forgotten face.

A door slams and I go down stairs. I hear jarring, inharmonious voices, and I climb the stairs again.

Through the chill of an early Fall twilight I see a maple with bare branches that brush the windows of a house on the hill.

39. ON THE ICEBERG

With difficulty I climbed to a ledge midway up the lower peak of the vast mass of ice. To the left the ice sloped sharply to the base, where so far below as to be almost indistinguishable the waves washed and slid back, foaming and green, into the blue. From the right the highest peak cast a shadow athwart the little chasm where I stood, and afforded unspeakable comfort to my eyes, tortured and half-blinded as they were by the incessant glitter and sparkle of sea and ice,— cold emerald

and blue that cut like a knife and made me press my forehead against the snow for relief.

In the dear blue shadow, however, I could once more look out across the sea for a few minutes at a time and search the horizon where the sky met the indigo sea in a sharp, cold line.

As the day advanced and the shadow broadened, I could walk back and forth along the entire distance of the little ledge and watch the sea without the intolerable pain in my eyes. The ice about me creaked and snapped as the cold grew more intense with the setting of the sun. As the sun sank lower and lower, the mass of peaks dulled to opaque white, and rose seemingly twice as large as before, against the grayness of sky and sea.

The dark settled down, and soon I could barely discern the ice a dozen yards away. With my eyes upon the narrow beam of saffron that still banded the west, I saw a thin line of smoke trail over the horizon. I waited. Presently darkness shut it out altogether.

When, about three hours later, a thin row of lights pierced the darkness, I gripped the icy wall to keep from falling; and knowing that the miles that lay between me and the ship made all hope of rescue impossible, I watched the little stream of light, and thought of my own free fellow-men there, as long as it was distinguishable; and with death in my heart I closed my eyes to pray for dawn.

40. A BRETON VILLAGE

When she approached Yann's village this secluded spot took more and more a desolate aspect. The sea winds, which gave vigor to men, made the plants low, dwarfish, stunted and flattened down on the hard soil. All kinds of seaweed dragged over the paths, indicating that another world was hard by. They spread in the air their salty odor.

Now and then Gaud met passers-by — sea-going men, who could be seen a long way off in this bare country, outlined, magnified against the high, distant water-line, pilots and fishermen, who seemed to be watching the sea. When she met them they greeted her. They had faces all sunburnt, and a manly and determined expression under their sailors' caps. . . .

She arrived at a chapel built on a height, which could be seen from a distance. It was a melancholy place, very small, and very old. A group of trees, gray and leafless, were like tresses of hair in

the midst of the surrounding baldness, as if thrown on one side by an invisible hand.

And it was this same hand that wrecked the fishermen's boats, — the eternal hand of the west wind, that twists and bends all the branches of the shore trees, away from the waves and the surge. They had grown tangled and disheveled, those old trees, curving their trunks under the pristine strength of this hand. . . .

A small dilapidated wall ran around an enclosure strewn over with crosses. The chapel, the trees, and the graves were all of the same color. The whole place seemed uniformly blackened and eaten into by the winds from the sea; the same grayish lichen with spots of pale sulphur-yellow covered the stones, the knotty branches, and the granite saints placed in the niches of the wall.

The Open Air

41. THE BLACK FOG

The black fog has come. Over all the city it lies intact and deep. An absolute midnight reigns. Almost material, almost tangible, almost massive, seems this envelope of sulphurous gloom. It invests the city like a flood; within the streets, within the houses, and within the lungs of all its denizens, it lies intrenched and pitiless. The chimneys pour forth their smoke, but the leaden air oppresses and repels it, and it sinks to the ground, making the darkness denser. The gloom seems to have risen from the shores of those streams of wailing and lamentation, baleful Acheron and Cocytus environing Tartarus, where the thin shades cluster and move, like those who are now pent in this city on the Thames.

The darkness is not black, but of a deep brown. It is as though one walked at the bottom of a muddy sea. The farther wall of this chamber is almost invisible — at ten o'clock in the morning. Above this dreadful pall that hides his rays, the life-giving sun, bursting with useless fire, now beats upon the surface of the sea of shadow, but his baffled light is repelled or smothered in the misty deeps. Difficult is it for him who walks in an unlifted night to believe that the sun still shines.

Let us forth into the streets so still and sorrowful. With our hands we grope our way past garden-railings, feeling with adventurous foot

for the steps or curbs. A glowing patch appears above us; it seems incredibly far away. We put forth our hand and touch the dank iron of a lamp-post. Not even fire and light avail against the almighty fog. Footsteps resound about us, but they are the footsteps of ghosts, for one beholds no body. Now and then some human being brushes by — a woman, announced, perhaps, by rustling skirts or by some perfume cast from her clothes; perhaps a man, declared by the thud of a cane on the flagstones or the dull glow of a cigar.

Upon the main thoroughfares, a weird and muffled pandemonium prevails. From out the heart of the yellow-reddish murk resounds the beat of horses' hoofs; now and then a spark flies close from their iron shoes. Hoarse warning cries are heard from everywhere, and sometimes, where the fog for a moment is thinned, exaggerated shapes and monstrous figures loom up and creep along, great trucks, wains, and omnibuses with lanterns lit and the drivers leading the horses. Then again strange man-shaped spots appear, like demons come from infernal corridors; they swell out of the darkness surrounded by faint red haloes. These are pedestrians preceded by link-boys, bearing their flaming torches to guide their patrons on their way. The lofty and powerful electric arc-lights, so keenly radiant when the air is clear, now sputter dismally, invisible save at a few yards. From directly below the iron standards, the fierce white arc is dimmed to the luminosity of a red-hot ember. Before some of the railway stations wave great gasoline flambeaux, and fires in iron cressets struggle with the fog — like beacons before the sea-castle of some medieval robber-lord. The detonators, placed upon the railway tracks in place of light signals, incessantly rend the air. The curbs are cumbered with useless hackney and hansom cabs, the horses unharnessed, the drivers disconsolate. The crawling omnibuses, blundering along the indistinguishable streets, often meet or mount upon the sidewalks amidst cries and wild confusion, and there they remain, like ships becalmed at night. Those huge Behemoths and cars of Juggernaut, the gigantic, double-decked motor-omnibuses, with their two lurid yellow eyes and little sparks of red and green, stand trembling and snorting with impatience, immersed and obliterated in the fog. Universal night enthralls the world-metropolis; its currents of commerce stagnate in its veins, its mighty plans and purposes are frustrated or delayed, and this central heart of the trade of the whole earth is standing still in a dark paralysis.

Onward into the night, into the mists, into the unknown! We see not and are not seen. We pass and repass, all of us shrouded in the all-enveloping gloom, along the daily walks where life roared in the sunlight of yesterday; we pass, — lovers may almost touch each other, each unknown to each, wives may pass their husbands and mothers their sons, mortal enemies may walk side by side and feel no stir of rage, the outcast and pariah may jostle with the peer of golden millions, for all are blind, helplessly blind! Eerie is this fog-life; London lies beneath its spectral pall like a doomed state whose hope and whose daylight are wrecked by the thick shadows of war or insurrection.

Swiftly we move along beside a stone wall surmounted by an iron rail which serves as a guide. We recoil as a vast apparition looms up before us and our hands touch its cold, graven sides. It is the Marble Arch, rising like a pale transparent stain out of the dunnest blankness of the fog. One might imagine it the vision of a cyclopean tomb of some long-buried Cæsar lifted up out of the vistas of fading time.

A great policeman stands before us not a yard away, yet ghostly and insubstantial to the eye. To him there comes a little girl, terror-stricken and in tears, who, straying from her mother, has been swallowed up in the mists.

"I 've lost my mother! where is my mother?" she cries.

"Where do you live, little girl?" asks the tall specter of the constable.

"I live in Fulham, sir," she replies. "Please, sir, which is the way to Fulham?"

The policeman points into the darkening wastes.

"You cannot find it now," he says. "Better wait here, then come to the station with me."

"Where are you, little girl?" says a voice, and a bent figure with outstretched hands emerges through the walls of obscurity. "Where are you? I'll show you the way to Fulham. Come with me."

It is an old man; his beard is white as snow; a placard glimmers faintly on his breast. He is blind. The little maid places her hand in his; they make two steps and the next instant are effaced in the fog. Only the blind know the way through this city that is blind.

Does the sun still move on overhead and the hours with him, or are time and the earth standing still? After a long time we at last wander along the Strand, which is smitten with an unusual silence. The close

current of its traffic is stayed and disorganized; its thousands of pedestrians have shrunk to hundreds groping through the choking miasma and the channels of tenebrous smoke.

How in the blindness that encompasses them do these dark-flitting shapes of men and women hurry on! They are as shadows lost and dissolved in night. They are the searchers and the symbols of the never-ending quest for light, for happiness, for peace. Something of the same feeling comes upon me as once came upon me when I walked through the empty streets of the dead Pompeii and only my footfall echoed on its sunswept stones. Here each is by and to himself complete, a little animated fire in the heart, a little light in the brain, in the veins a little warm red blood that keeps the breathing mechanism astir so long as the fire burns. Out of the darkness they came, in darkness they walk, into the darkness they shall go. The Black Fog, like Death itself, is a great leveler. All these beings are but phantoms to the eye, phantoms of human lives, dusky moths storm-driven to and fro on the gusts of existence, each on its own quest, which is that dream of the unattainable that will not come to pass.

Now we are close to Saint Paul's Churchyard. Here the mausolean night is lifted for a space, and out of the blankness of an umber-tinted vast swells forth a vague and mystic bulk of gray, a shadow without shading or relief. It is the immense cupola of the cathedral rising like a mountain above the streets. The sun does battle with the flying mists about the dome and melts them to a dull and sullen gold, wherein the star of day hangs like a quivering globe of blood. It is a spectacle of soft yet somber sublimity, such as only the towering imaginations of a Turner, a Doré, or a John Martin, expressed by brushes of opulent wealth and daring power, could conceive or execute. The drifting scud grows thinner and ever thinner in the upper air, and unfolds to him who gazes upward from the deep streets the gilded symbol of Christianity glowing softly in the golden haze, invested with a mild irradiance from the feeble light of the sun. There it lifts and gleams above the shadows like the sweet smile of the gentle Galilean whose sorrow and burthen it was and whose symbol it has remained. Below rolls the world, swart-black with its crime and misery; above, the titanic cross stretches wide its golden arms as with an imploring appeal from the Son of Man to the Love of Man. Pillars and cornices and angles of carven stone emerge faintly from the turbid chaos, like dim suggestions

in a dream, or half-heard whispers out of midnight, all under the towering rood throbbing to the sky. It is high noon; a burst of bells suddenly breaks forth from the gossamer towers, a clanging chorus, loud, vibrant, and metallic. These violent voices are the chimes that utter every day with their iron tongues the beloved national hymn, "God Save the King." Now the strong glooms darken about the dome once more; the luster fades, and the great cross blurs dimly back into the crowding ocean of fog that overpowers it. Few of the thousands pressing along the paves have seen it, and had their eyes beheld it for a space, this apparition of the sign of human love, it would but have called forth ideas of the olden agony or a slight, subconscious tremble of reverence in those of religious blood. We repeat again the eternal interrogations: What is Truth? and — Where may Peace be found?

Is it here, perchance, where we now stand, upon the cold stone arches of London Bridge, above the ghostly rushing Thames whose clashing waves lap and swish against the stolid stone? Whence comes or goes this river, plunging out of darkness into darkness, broad and vast with the mystery of existence, and the constant cry of ever-recurrent life? . . .

Darkly the waters gurgle through this murky night-in-day. Perhaps Peace is there, upon their bosom or within their depths, to be borne onward in some oarless, rudderless boat, past the muffled thunder of the metropolis, past fields filled with the mystery of things that live and grow and die, past the river's mouth where its lips of land speak a great farewell, out into the wastes of the infinite sea. Lovingly its breast would open and merge one again into the elements of its mighty vase, to be formed anew in the unceasing ferment of processes of creation.

Over the bridge the breathing specters move; below, indistinct and long-drawn shapes fare by, silent and immense, past all the pride of the city, — bearing what burthens? steered by what ghostly helmsman? So the barge of dolor must cross the lamenting currents of the infernal river. The shadow of another boat, with sweeps groaning in their locks, glides by beneath. Within its ribs lie piled

> What merchandise? whence, whither, and for whom?
> Perchance it is a fate-appointed hearse,
> Bearing away to some mysterious tomb
> Or Limbo of the scornful universe
> The joy, the peace, the life-hope, the abortions
> Of all things good which should have been our portions
> But have been strangled by that City's curse.

42. THE STORM

The clouds managed to enshroud the heavens, and still issuing from the west, piled in layers, hurrying on swiftly and darkening everything. Only a few yellow patches were left uncovered, through which the sun streamed down its last sheaves of rays, and the water, almost green, was gradually striped in white foam. . . .

All was steeped in darkness overhead; a close, crushing vault with some coal-black, shapeless spots spread over it, looking like a dome almost immovable; and it was necessary to watch it sharply to ascertain that, on the contrary, it was in a full swing of motion, — endless gray sheets hastening to pass on, and ceaselessly replaced by others issuing forth from the depths of the horizon, — draperies of darkness unwinding as from a never-ending roll. . . .

The *Marie* was flying before the wind, faster and faster; and the wind itself was flying before something mysterious and terrible. The gale, the sea, the *Marie*, and the clouds, all alike, possessed by the same madness, were flying swiftly in the same direction. The wind hurried the quickest, next the surging billows rising slowly and heavily ran after it, last the *Marie* was carried along by this general movement. Wavelets, with their pallid crests, rolling in a perpetual tumble, were fast pursuing her; and she, always overtaken and outrun, managed to escape by means of the deep furrows left in her wake, upon whose eddies their fury was spent. . . .

Yann and Sylvestre were at the helm, fastened by the waist. . . .

Generally speaking, nothing was possible to see very far around them; a few hundred meters away everything took on an aspect of vague fright; pallid crests were frothing, obstructing the view. One would imagine himself to be in the midst of a narrow, but constantly changing, scene; and, moreover, objects were sunk in a sort of watery smoke, fleeting like a cloud, with great swiftness over the entire surface of the sea.

But, at intervals, a cleft was opened in the northwest, whence a sudden veering of the wind might come; then a shivering light would gleam over the horizon, a languishing reflection play on the white turbulent waves, making the vault of the heavens seem covered with duskier shadows. And these open spots in the sky were sad to behold; these distant glimpses filled the heart with dismay; for it made them see that the same chaos and the same fury were everywhere, — even

behind the wide, empty horizon, and infinitely beyond. The terror was unlimited; and one felt alone in the midst of all! . . .

A heavy rain was now pouring down in torrents slantingly, almost horizontally; and all in a mass hissed, slashed, and wounded like thongs. . . .

Nailed to the helm like two marble buttresses, they made all the necessary movements with their shriveled and blue hands, almost without thinking, by the sheer habit of muscles. With their hair streaming and mouths contracted, they had an outlandish look, all the primitive savagery of man reappearing.

They could no longer see each other! They were conscious only of being there side by side. In moments of greatest danger, every time that a new mountain, overhanging from behind, came roaring to knock their boat with a dull crash, one of their hands would move mechanically to make the sign of the cross. . . . They were but two pillars of stiffened flesh clinging to that helm; only two strong beasts cramped there by instinct, determined not to die.

Temperature

43. SIRIUS

It was high noon, and the rays of the sun, that hung poised directly overhead in an intolerable white glory, fell straight as plummets upon the roofs and streets of Guadalajara. The adobe walls and sparse brick sidewalks of the drowsing town radiated the heat in an oily, quivering shimmer. The leaves of the eucalyptus trees around the Plaza drooped motionless, limp and relaxed under the scorching, searching blaze. The shadows of these trees had shrunk to their smallest circumference, contracting close about the trunks. The shade had dwindled to the breadth of a mere line. The sun was everywhere. The heat exhaling from brick and plaster and metal met the heat that steadily descended blanketwise and smothering, from the pale, scorched sky. Only the lizards — they lived in chinks of the crumbling adobe and in interstices of the sidewalk — remained without, motionless, as if stuffed, their eyes closed to mere slits, basking, stupefied with heat. At long intervals the prolonged drone of an insect developed out of the silence, vibrated a moment in a soothing, somnolent, long note, then trailed

slowly into the quiet again. Somewhere in the interior of one of the 'dobe houses a guitar snored and hummed sleepily. On the roof of the hotel a group of pigeons cooed incessantly with subdued, liquid murmurs, very plaintive; a cat, perfectly white, with a pink nose and thin, pink lips, dozed complacently on a fence rail, full in the sun. In a corner of the Plaza three hens wallowed in the baking hot dust, their wings fluttering, clucking comfortably.

44. DECEMBER

The old gray house, battered and blackened by the storms of many winters, stands dark and alone on the bleak hillside. Indolent gray smoke from its crumbling chimney expands itself into the darker gray of the bitter air. A group of gaunt old maples, dead at the top, stand mute, their naked limbs traced in stiffened outlines on the leaden sky. A chill of unfallen snow caught in the grip of the silent cold, pervades the moveless air. A pale, yellow sun, darkly encircled, hangs moodily in the sullen sky.

The door of the house opens on its creaking hinges. Across its worn threshold moves the bowed figure of an old man. With stiffened fingers he draws his threadbare coat around his shrunken frame. His thin breath, congealed, floats like a white mist in the dull air, or fastens in slender icicles on his snowy beard. His features are thin and sharpened; the tardy blood of age, checked in its course, shows a blue tracery on his wasted temples. With feeble steps he picks his way along the road, where the mud is stiffened into rock on which his staff strikes harshly.

"It will snow before night," murmurs the old man. "I shall see one more white Christmas."

COMBINATION

45. THE MARCH

A few hours' rest after an all-morning march found the troops again forming to take the road. As the soldiers marched forth, the warm summer sun glistened on bugle and bayonet hilt; the music of the band resounded through the little village. Out in the country the road wound, hard and firm, among low hills, their green fields fenced with

gray and weather-beaten rails. An occasional magnolia wafted its fragrance across the column. The afternoon sun illumined a mass of white clouds in the east. As the sun sank lower, the clouds seemed to follow his retreat, growing each moment darker and bolder. A breath of air with a chill hidden in its softness sprang from the east. The clouds spread and thickened and darkened. The sun, throwing his last rays against the darkening clouds, hastened behind the western hills. A few big raindrops slanted down, and lent to the breeze a damp, cool smell. Along the column appeared an occasional poncho; the men quickened their pace and closed the gaps between the ranks. As the rain increased, gloom settled over the command, and showed itself in bowed heads and shoulders hunched under brown shirts darkened by the chilling drops. The hard road became soft and slippery, and often disappeared under brown water, ankle deep. The twilight merged into a cold darkness which blotted out the world, and left only the sound of falling rain and the sludgy splashing of many feet.

46. CARRIAGE FOR ONE

The hearse drew up before the silent mansion. The rubber-packed shoes of the sleek horses made no sound upon the pavement, the driver sat stiff and silent in his seat, and the hearse stood slim and glossy in the sunshine, its stately plumes tossing in the wind like the tips of pine trees nodding to a midnight sky. Within, the shining glass was curtained by draped brocades, tasselled and stiff with a kind of solemn beauty; and the fragrance of floral tributes to earlier passengers hung about their folds. The floor of this still chamber was of marble, tinged with the rosy glow of Paros. The subdued light fell upon the casket in this breathless chamber, it glinted on the silver mountings and lost itself in the thick folds of black which covered all, and the carriage for one went through the street as silent as the death it symbolized.

47. THE PALANQUIN

At one end of a long gallery in the Museum stands a Kago or Japanese palanquin bearing the crest of the Daimio of Sendai. It is lacquered and gilded with chrysanthemums and soft round birds, beak to beak. Tarnished chrysanthemums redden the roof of it and bronze

the long carrying-pole from end to end. Behind the slats at the sides are drawn curtains of dull blue silk, thin with age. The sliding door, half-opened, shows the panelling inside. On one panel, against sombre gold, gleam coppery chrysanthemums and saffron daisies; on another is a blue wave, dark in the hollow, translucent at the crest, toppling with white; on still another a purple peak and boles of pines, — all exquisite and jewel-like, the work of some Japanese Vernis Martin.

As you look, you may think of pungent perfumes and sumptuous embroideries, purple and blue and scarlet; of the narrow-eyed wife of the Daimio of Sendai, borne in the lacquered palanquin with the gilded crest, part of his possessions, as she goes to some lichened temple rooted, pine-bound, on a shelf of rock, or as she returns, redolent with incense, to be borne, glittering, sumptuous, and captive, in the lacquered palanquin gilded with the crest of the Daimio of Sendai.

48. THE CANYON OF THE COLORADO

The Grand Canyon is the supreme epic of erosion; there water has perpetuated its sublimest masterpiece in stone. "The Grand Canyon fills me with awe," wrote Roosevelt. "It is beyond comparison — beyond description; absolutely unparalleled throughout the wide world." "Wilderness so Godful, cosmic, primeval, bestows a new sense of the earth's beauty and size," said John Muir. "By far the most sublime of all earthly spectacles," is the opinion of world travelers who have studied its grandeur.

The Grand Canyon may be described as a vast and intricate range of sunken mountains cut through a hundred miles of high plateau, "a mountain chain reversed." Usually it is pictured as a colossal chasm, two hundred and twenty miles long, a mile deep, and some twelve miles wide; but it is more precisely a measureless labyrinth of canyons with an infinite array of magnificent architectural forms upthrust from their depths. Deep down in the uttermost gorge of granite, the Colorado, "the rushingest, roaringest" river in the land, grinds ceaselessly at the rocks.

Numberless rich and vivid tones of gray, green, blue, red, and mauve tint its mighty walls and temples, and independent of these, the sunlight pours daily into the chasm a shifting color parade of exquisite blues and purples, glowing reds and golds.

49. THE SWAMP

The season was so mild that only one or two light windless frosts had singed the foliage of oaks and beeches, and gilded the roadsides with a smooth carpeting of maple leaves. The morning haze rose like smoke from burnt-out pyres of sumac and sugar maple; a silver bloom lay on the furrows of the ploughed fields; and now and then, as they drove on, the wooded road showed at its end a tarnished disk of light, where sea and sky were merged.

At length they left the road for a winding track through scrub-oaks and glossy thickets of mountain-laurel; the track died out at the foot of a wooded knoll, and clambering along its base, they came upon the swamp. There it lay in charmed solitude, shut in by a tawny growth of larch and swamp-maple, its edges burnt out to smouldering shades of russet, ember-red and ashen gray, while the quaking centre still preserved a jewel-like green, where hidden lanes of moisture wound between islets tufted with swamp-cranberry and with the charred browns of fern and wild rose and bay. Sodden earth and decaying branches gave forth a strange sweet odour, as of the aromatic essences embalming a dead summer; and the air charged with this scent was so still that the snapping of witch-hazel pods, the drop of a nut, the leap of a startled frog, pricked the silence with separate points of sound.

50. IMPERIAL ROME

"I come from Rome," said the Moon. "In the midst of the city, upon one of the seven hills, lie the ruins of the imperial palace. The wild fig-tree grows in the clefts of the wall, and covers the nakedness thereof with its broad grey-green leaves; trampling among heaps of rubbish, the ass treads upon green laurels, and rejoices over the rank thistles. From this spot, whence the eagles of Rome once flew abroad, whence they 'came, saw, and conquered,' a door leads into a little mean house, built of clay between two broken marble pillars; the wild vine hangs like a mourning garland over the crooked window. An old woman and her little granddaughter live there: they rule now in the palace of the Cæsars, and show to strangers the remains of its past glories. Of the splendid throne-room only a naked wall yet stands, and a black cypress throws its dark shadow on the spot where the throne once stood. The earth lies several feet deep on the broken pave-

ment; and the little maiden, now the daughter of the imperial palace, often sits there on her stool when the evening bells ring. The keyhole of the door close by she calls her turret window; through this she can see half Rome, as far as the mighty cupola of St. Peter's.

"On this evening, as usual, stillness reigned around; and in the full beam of my light came the little granddaughter. On her head she carried an earthen pitcher of antique shape filled with water. Her feet were bare, her short frock and her white sleeves were torn. I kissed her pretty round shoulders, her dark eyes, and black shining hair. She mounted the stairs; they were steep, having been made up of rough blocks of broken marble and the capital of a fallen pillar. The coloured lizards slipped away, startled, from before her feet, but she was not frightened at them. Already she lifted her hand to pull the door-bell — a hare's foot fastened to a string formed the bell-handle of the imperial palace. She paused for a moment — of what might she be thinking? Perhaps of the beautiful Christ-child, dressed in gold and silver, which was down below in the chapel, where the silver candlesticks gleamed so bright, and where her little friends sang the hymns in which she also could join? I know not. Presently she moved again — she stumbled; the earthen vessel fell from her head, and broke on the marble steps. She burst into tears. The beautiful daughter of the imperial palace wept over the worthless broken pitcher; with her bare feet she stood there weeping, and dared not pull the string, the bell-rope of the imperial palace!"

51. MORPHEUS

"Close by the high road," said the Moon, "is an inn, and opposite is a great wagon-shed, whose straw roof was just being re-thatched. I looked down between the bare rafters and through the open loft into the comfortless space below. The turkey-cock slept on the beam, and the saddle rested in the empty crib. In the middle of the shed stood a travelling carriage; the proprietor was inside, fast asleep, while the horses were being watered. The coachman stretched himself, though I am very sure that he had been most comfortably asleep half the last stage. The door of the servants' room stood open, and the bed looked as if it had been turned over and over; the candle stood on the floor, and had burned deep down into the socket. The wind blew cold through the shed: it was nearer to the dawn than to midnight. In the

stall, on the ground, slept a wandering family of musicians. The father and mother seemed to be dreaming of the burning liquor that remained in the bottle. The little pale daughter was dreaming too, for her eyes were wet with tears. The harp stood at their heads, and the dog lay stretched at their feet."

52. SKYSCRAPER

The old brick building had vanished before the wreckers in a cloud of broken brick and plaster. From my window I could look down into the cavity which had held it. Already the muddy floor was dotted with the toadstool tents of the excavators, and day and night unceasingly wagon-loads of sticky clay and mud dragged up the incline to the street. Far down in the stifling air of the caissons the concrete roots were being planted, tied with cement and steel to the very core of the world.

The foundations were finished and the first thin steel columns stretched upward. In a day they multiplied. A hundred black shoots pierced the soil; a hundred sprouting shoots, in even rows, like a well-planted garden. In ordered plan the crossbeams fell into their places, and the great lattice of the substructure shaped itself. Then, above the uproar and vibration of the street, rose the angry clatter of the pneumatic riveters, steel against steel in a shattering reverberation.

With incredible rapidity the gaunt frame piled upward. On the topmost story the derricks crouched like giant spiders, thin legs firmly braced against post and I-beam, casting their threads of steel softly to the distant street to take a dozen tons of girders in their grasp and lift them, gently turning, to the top. Against the pale sky the black ribs of the building surged higher. As through prison bars I saw the distant blue of the harbor; the familiar view had vanished; a miracle had transformed it. Untiring, hour after hour, the derricks lifted bales of steel to swing into their destined place; and as each new story was bolted down the derricks lifted themselves heavily to the new level, clean cut against the sky, above the highest towers of the city.

Like beetles the steel-workers clambered surefooted over the empty frame. Far out on the end of narrow beams they hung above the void; on the tops of slender columns they clung, waiting to swing into place a ton of steel. Braced against nothing but empty space, they pounded

red-hot rivets with their clattering hammers; like flies they caught the slim-spun threads of the derricks and swung up to some inaccessible height. On flimsy platforms the glow of their forges blinked red in the twilight.

I am thinking also of other workers: of men who measured this tall tower on their slide-rules, of grimy workers who followed their mystic blue-prints and made each piece with such fine precision that the great masses of steel fell softly into their final place with hairbreadth accuracy, rivet-hole to rivet-hole, and tongue in groove. Engineers, who foresaw each bolt and fitted so perfectly mass on mass with only imagination and their books of figures to guide them; workers in the steel mills of the distant city who moulded each beam and pillar to go together like a watch, — theirs is the silent forgotten labor!

Day faded in fog and darkness. Black-blurred, the frame of the skyscraper rose in the gray of the mist and the shadow of the night. Through the tangle of its skeleton frame the flaming red and yellow of an electric sign spattered a trail of jeweled fire against the sky. Another, with a flash of myriad color, shone and was gone. Far down in the streets the glare of automobile lights stroked the gleaming blackness of the pavement. From surrounding buildings the glitter of countless windows shone brightly through the mist. But high above the firefly activity of the city the black frame of the skyscraper touched the starless sky. Like beacon fires the forges of the workers glowed intermittently, panting breaths of red, half smothered in the approaching night. In graceful curves, like tiny comets, the heated rivets, tossed from forge to the waiting bucket of the riveter, gleamed yellow and vanished. I thought of Whistler's nocturnes; of the fireworks at Cremorne.

I stood on the rough staging of the top floor of the tower. Above, the light steel ribs of the dome met in a heavy rosette from which a flagpole pointed to the drifting clouds. Standing on its base a man was arranging the tackle which would lift him up the slender mast, to paint it, or gild the ball at its tip. He saw me and leaned down.

"Come up," he shouted.

I climbed the ladder and, with his arm to steady me, crawled out above the dome. There was room for my feet beside his. I heard him laughing beside me.

"Don't break off that pole, I 've got to climb it."

I looked down. The curving ribs of the dome ended in a shallow cornice twenty feet below. That was all. Far down the roofs of neighboring buildings lay flat and small in the sunlight. Like the great black matrix for a printed page the roofs and streets extended to the harbor and the hills; like column rules the shallow grooves of avenues cut sharply the solid lines of the side streets. Here and there were the open spaces of public squares; far off, the green sweep of a city park. And everywhere above the roofs wisps of steam and smoke lay softly on the breeze. Like crooked fingers the wharves caught the edge of the harbor; the water was a quivering green, dotted with toy boats that crossed and recrossed like water-insects, leaving a churn of white behind them and a smear of smoke above.

Straight down in the street the cars crawled jerkily in two thin lines, the beetle-backed roofs inch long in the distance. And everywhere were the moving dots of people, swarming upon the pavement.

It was very still. Far below, the noises of the street, the living cry of the city, rose like the murmur of a river in a deep cañon. Beside me, the steeple-jack leaned easily against the mast, his eyes watching the distant glimmer of the sea. I looked up and the slowly moving clouds seemed suddenly to stand still, the tower took up the motion, and racing across the sky, the flagpole seemed bending to the earth.

Down in the street I joined the crowd on the sidewalk, necks bent back to watch a tiny speck at the top of the thin shaft of the flagpole.

"Pretty high up," said some one.

"Yes," answered another, "but they're putting in the foundation for a higher one on the corner."

NARRATIVE WRITING

Purpose. Narration, among the types of writing, has the most ambitious purpose. While the expository seeks only to make certain matters of fact clear to the mind, and the persuasive seeks through clear explanation to move the will, and the pictorial seeks to stir the feelings, the narrative frankly seeks to transport the whole being to an imaginary world, whose reality is to be so compelling as quite to take the place of the world we have willingly left. Our translation into this other world of story is so real and complete that we properly say of a "good" story that we have been "lost to the world," "buried in a book," "rapt out of ourselves"; and what may have been going on in our old haunts while we were away is quite unknown to us. This "absorbing" power of a good story to transport us "out of ourselves" is one of the true

tests of its goodness: of its skilful achieving of its purpose. This is merely a way of saying that skilful narration offers us reality — has reality as a constant, dominant quality.

This "reality," as the outstanding quality of narrative, may be looked at in various ways. One way is to break narrative itself up into its component "elements" — plot, persons, place, point. Another is to break up the quality of "reality" into its component qualities — the specific, the progressive, the cumulative, and their results — sequence, suspense, plausibility.

Elements of narrative. (1) *Plot* is what happens. The word implies a weaving: a fabric or complication of several threads moving in different directions; each thread representing a human will or a human life. These become more and more involved and entangled; and this complication intensifies until the most intelligent person in the tale finds and pulls the thread that unravels the snarl,— or some stupid person (like Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing*) stumbles upon the explanation. (2) The *persons* are those involved in the complication. Even when we do not use people, as in a fable, we pretend our objects or animals are like human beings. And always our plot is as true as are its persons: they may do only such things as they actually would do under the circumstances. The ladies and gentlemen do not do the wilful eavesdropping, but the menials may; Cassius would never hold the sword for Brutus to fall upon. (3) Events and people are always in some *place;* and are very directly conditioned by that place. Some story-writers begin with the sense of place, as Stevenson began *Treasure Island* by imagining, to amuse a child, the map of an island, until, as its outline grew and its coves and hills took shape, he saw its story coming all about it. In fact, description in a good story is likely to be, not decoration, or padding, and certainly not a display of writing ability, but the very spirit of reality, and the circumstance that makes the story true; or it may be even the determining actor in the outcome, overruling the people themselves, — as in de Maupassant's "Moonlight." (4) *Point* is theme, or motif: too obvious in stories of propaganda, with a moral; very delicately suggested in the more skilful stories; but always there if we think and look, because all life has point and meaning — and all good narratives are true sections or cuttings from life.

Narrative is specific. A story can never be generalized: it cannot use types or classes, but must have individuals; and they do and suffer specific acts, and are at every moment at exact points in space on a real or imaginary map. This is surely one good reason that all young people delight in story: it is unescapably concrete.

Narrative is progressive. Narration always means movement. We look eagerly for its first step; and when we come to it, we know we are on our way. It cannot stand still; if it rambles, or wanders aimlessly, or even spirals too leisurely, we will have none of it — we discard it as no true narrative. It must take irrevocable steps from its starting-point toward its end; then we know it for narrative, for then it is like life.

Narrative is cumulative. This movement forward, since it piles up human complication, and involves human desires and impulses and affections, brings

on also climax and intensity. Movement becomes steadily more swift, more engrossing, more important, more irrevocable; as step by step these persons and their doings are carried farther from the indifference or leisure whence they started, toward the heights of happiness (or depths of doom) which they and we can see rising (or gaping) ahead.

Sequence. All true narrative is a *chain* of events: and the first link, being fastened to the second, through it pulls every succeeding link to the last one. That is, the first act of a story is a cause: this has a result; this result in turn becomes a cause; and every cause brings on its result as unescapably as rivers find the sea. No *random list* of happenings, like those on a "hike" or a tour, can ever make a true narrative, until each event is shown to lead inevitably to the next. Event B *after* event A is not enough: nothing less will answer than B *because of* A.

Suspense. When you show us one action *leading to* another, we will follow you as far as you can keep that process going. Sequence secures suspense; and suspense is interest — which is what the narrator must win. While he has that, he has all. He has us, body and soul, like the Pied Piper: we leave all, to follow him. And we 'll not come back — we cannot — till his tale is done, and we know the end.

Plausibility. But credulity, believableness, is the heart of the matter: the essence of the suspense, the result of the sequence, the meaning of the "reality" which leads us to accept your story as a substitute for the less interesting or less satisfying life we have been living at 23 Main Street, Dullville. If your story "rings true," we are yours. The question is not if it *be* true, but if it *sound* true. In your writing, be wary of stories which are true; for they are often the hardest to make seem true. We do not care that your story *be* true — we are not looking for history: we do care that your story *seem* true — we are looking for experience. Since you may choose, you must choose what you can make plausible: not what is possible, but what is probable. Anything is possible; at least so many incredible things happen that we cannot quite promise that anything else may not. But none of these impossibilities, however true in fact, is usable in a story: because though the story need not be true, it must seem true. Of course "truth is stranger than fiction" — truth has no restrictions.[1]

EXERCISES

1. For study of climax — its importance, the preparation for it, and its position in the story — examine "The Lady, or the Tiger?"

2. For suspense and interest, make special study of "En Route," "In the Mine," "The Californian's Tale," "The Three Strangers."

3. For methods of starting, see "In the Mine," "Naaman the Leper," "Lord and Lady Bountiful," "The Three Strangers," "Deciding Emmy-Lou."

[1] Plausibility is naturally a matter of circumstances — agreement with the expressed or implied conditions. Probability in Fairyland, for example, is the opposite of ours; and the probable thing in the Gobi Desert is improbable on Fifth Avenue, and *vice versa*.

4. For the use of dialogue, study "Lord and Lady Bountiful," "Livingroom Hockey," "The Three Strangers," "Deciding Emmy-Lou," "I Entertain an Agent Unawares."

5. For the application of point of view to narrative method, examine "In the Mine," "The Demise of Cap'n Ben," "The Love-Letters of Smith," "The Finding of the Princess," "The Three Strangers."

6. For the control and directing of the reader's sympathies, study "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Naaman the Leper," "The Demise of Cap'n Ben," "The Californian's Tale," "The Love-Letters of Smith," "The Three Strangers."

7. For swiftness and compression, study "En Route," "In the Mine," "Naaman the Leper," "The Two Matches."

8. For ways of securing a special mood or tone, study "In the Mine," "The Fusion of Wrath," "The Visions of Mirza," "Lord and Lady Bountiful," "The Californian's Tale," "The Finding of the Princess," "Deciding Emmy-Lou," "I Entertain an Agent Unawares," "The Fable of the Bureau of Public Comfort."

9. For study of the skilful planting of clues that prepare the outcome, study "En Route," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Californian's Tale," "The Three Strangers," "Deciding Emmy-Lou."

10. For special study of plausibility, study "En Route," "The Fusion of Wrath," "Lord and Lady Bountiful," "The Demise of Cap'n Ben," "The Californian's Tale," "The Three Strangers."

11. For the operation of cause and effect to gain sequence, analyze "Lord and Lady Bountiful," "The Demise of Cap'n Ben," "The Love-Letters of Smith," "The Three Strangers."

12. For emphasis on characterization, and the persons of the story, see "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Fusion of Wrath," "Naaman the Leper," "Lord and Lady Bountiful," "Livingroom Hockey," "The Demise of Cap'n Ben," "The Californian's Tale," "The Love-Letters of Smith," "Deciding Emmy-Lou."

13. For emphasis on plot, see "En Route," "In the Mine," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Fusion of Wrath," "The Californian's Tale," "Naaman the Leper," "Deciding Emmy-Lou," "The Two Matches."

14. For the importance of place or setting, see "En Route," "In the Mine," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Lord and Lady Bountiful," "The Demise of Cap'n Ben," "The Californian's Tale," "The Love-Letters of Smith," "The Finding of the Princess," "The Three Strangers," "The Two Matches."

15. For importance of point of moral, see "The Fusion of Wrath," "The Visions of Mirza," "Naaman the Leper," "Livingroom Hockey," "Two Dogs and a Flea," "The Fable of the Bureau of Public Comfort."

16. For fine balance of the four elements, study "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "Lord and Lady Bountiful," "The Demise of Cap'n Ben," "The Californian's Tale," "The Love-Letters of Smith," "The Three Strangers."

17. For narrative style skilfully adapted to the elements and the mood of the story, study "In the Mine," "The Visions of Mirza," "Naaman the Leper," "Lord and Lady Bountiful," "The Demise of Cap'n Ben," "The Finding of the Princess," "I Entertain an Agent Unawares," "Two Dogs and a Flea," "The Fable of the Bureau of Public Comfort."

18. Make a list in your Notebook of all the descriptive verbs of *saying* which may be skilfully used in dialogue.

19. Compare the quality of the two fables, "The Bureau of Public Comfort" and "The Two Matches." Which is the subtler and more delicate?

NARRATIVE

Of Fact

1. TABBY STALKS A ROBIN

A large, sleek tiger cat sauntered peacefully across the lawn. She lifted her feet with dainty grace, and planted them deliberately on the close-clipped grass. She looked neither to the right nor to the left, but kept her dreamy, amber eyes fixed straight ahead. Her tail waved in a gentle, undulating motion, graceful and airy as a feather fan in the hands of a coquettish woman. Suddenly she stopped, one paw raised in preparation for another step, tail straight and stiff, eyes fastened on a robin she had spied a dozen feet away. She dropped to her stomach, and began to slide forward. The motion of her feet was hardly distinguishable. Taut muscles showed through the satiny fur; whiskers twitched desirefully; the pupils of her eyes almost obliterated the yellow. She leaped, like a rubber ball that has been bounced. Something flashed upward — the robin teetered unconcernedly on a maple bough above. The disgruntled huntress flicked her tail angrily. Then she shrugged her shoulders — as plainly as a person. She lifted one paw, licked it with fastidious interest, and then, with elaborate nonchalance, continued on her way across the yard, making again those pleasant, amiable gestures with her tail; only, this time, there was a faint twitch, just a suggestion of impatience, in the motion.

2. EN ROUTE

It was getting dusk, and I was alone in a second-class railway carriage between Florence and Rome. A native laborer boarded the train, and, to my surprise, entered the second-class compartment. He was the usual cutthroat in appearance, to whom I had become more or less accustomed. He made me, however, a little uncomfortable as he crouched in the opposite corner, because he kept his gaze so steadily on my face. It soon became too dark to see beyond the window, and the dim lights of the carriage made reading impossible. The situation grew more uncomfortable, since I could not help seeing every movement the man made. He took off his coat and tossed it to one side; then, still with his eyes on my face, drew from his belt an ugly-looking

knife. I glanced toward the open window. With this my cutthroat reached over, seized the leathern window-strap, and closed the window. By this time I was fascinated, and deliberately watched every move the man made. It was easier to do this, as now his attention was turned to the strap. He scrutinized it carefully, then cut as long a strip therefrom as its length permitted; tested the strength of the strip, and, as if to give himself greater freedom for action, jerked his right shoulder free of its suspender. I was sure the man was mad and had cut that leathern thong to strangle me with. I tried to scream but could not. Then I saw him cut a piece from the thong, and, with deliberation and great precision, proceed to mend his suspender.

3. IN THE MINE

I was sitting on the edge of the bed, loosening the heel of one of my rubber boots with the toe of the other, when suddenly, through the stillness of the sleeping town, from the power-house half a mile away came a low and rising note, the great siren whistle in the power-house. Almost fascinated, I listened as the great note rose higher and more shrill and died away again. One blast meant a fire in the town; two blasts, fire in the buildings at the mine; and three blasts, the most terrible of all, a disaster or trouble in the mine. Once more, after an interminable pause, the sound came again; and once more rose and died away. I did not move, but there was a sudden coldness that came over me as once more, for the third time, the deep note broke out on the quiet air. Almost instantaneously the loud jingle of my telephone brought me to my feet. I took down the receiver: "The mine 's blown up," said a woman's voice.

It was half a mile between my room and the gate to the mine-yards, and as my feet beat noisily on the long, straight road, doors opened, yellow against the blackness of the night, and voices called out — women's voices mostly.

The gate-man knew little. "She 's let go," was all that he could say.

There were two men at the fan-house, the fan engineer and his assistant, and in a second I learned from them that there had come a sudden puff up the air-shaft that had spun the fan backward a dozen revolutions on the belt before it picked up again. The explosion doors, built for such an emergency on the new dome above the air-shaft, had banged open noisily and shut again of their own weight. That was all.

There were half a dozen men at the top of the hoisting-shaft. The hoisting engineer sat, white-faced, on his seat by the shaft-mouth, one arm laid limply on the window-sill, his hand clenched on the lever. "I tried to telephone 'em," he said, "but they did n't answer. The cage was down. She came out with a puff like you blow out of your pipe; that's all." He stopped and awkwardly wiped his face. "Then I left the hoist down five minutes and brought her up," he continued, "but there was no one in it. Then I sent it down again. It's down there now."

"How long has it been down?" I asked.

"Ten minutes," he hazarded.

I gave him the order to hoist; and the silence was suddenly broken by the grind of the drums as he pulled the lever back, and the cable began to wind slowly upward. A minute later the black top of the hoist pushed up from the hole, and the decks, one by one, appeared — all empty.

There was no one at the mine except the hoisting engineer and some of the night force who were on duty at the power-house and in the engine-room. In the long months of trouble our force had gradually diminished, and of those who had remained and who were equal to such an emergency, part were now in the mine, and the rest, worn out and exhausted by the long day's work, were far away in the town, asleep; or perhaps, if the whistle had aroused them, on their way to the mine. Instant action was necessary, for following an explosion comes the after-damp, and if any were living, this poisonous gas would destroy them.

As I turned from the shaft-mouth, McPherson, the superintendent, a square-built, freckled Scotsman about fifty years of age, came running toward the warehouse. There were but two helmets ready, for so favorably had our work progressed that we had neglected to keep more than two charged with oxygen, and had allowed the rest to be taken apart for repairs. Familiar with the conditions existing in the mine, we realized that the explosion, however slight, must have blown down many of the stoppings which we had erected, and allowed the pent-up gas to rush back into the portion of the mine which we had recovered, and in which the night shift was now imprisoned. If the gas had been ignited by open fire, immediate action was necessary, for our own safety as well as for the chance of rescuing the men in the mine; for in the month preceding we had seen the mine "repeat" at regular inter-

vals with two explosions, and if the fire had been ignited from open flame, we must enter it, effect the rescue of our comrades, and escape before we could be caught by a second explosion. On the other hand, the chances were equal that the explosion might have been set off by a defective gauze in a safety lamp or some other cause, and that there would be no immediate explosion following the first one.

In the hurry of adjusting our helmets, no one noticed that the charge of oxygen in mine was short, and that an hour and forty minutes was my working limit; and all unconscious of this, I tightened the valve, and with the oxygen hissing in the check-valves, we left the bright light of the room, and felt our way down the steps into the darkness of the yard, where a great arc-light above the hoisting-shaft made objects visible in its lavender light. A crowd had already gathered; a dark, silent crowd that stood like a flock of frightened sheep around the mouth of the man-hoist. With a man on either side of us to direct us, we walked to the hoist, our electric hand-lanterns throwing long white beams of light before us. There was no sound; no shrieking of women, no struggling of frenzied mothers or sisters to fight their way into the mine; but there was a more awful silence, and as we passed a pile of ties, I heard a whimpering noise, like a puppy, and in the light of my lamp saw the doubled form of a woman who crouched alone on the ground, a shawl drawn over her head, sobbing.

We stepped on the hoist, and for an instant there came the picture of a solid line of people who hung on the edge of the light; of white faces; of the lavender glare of the arc-lamp, contrasting with the orange light from the little square window in the house of the hoisting engineer. "Are you ready?" he called to us. "Let her go," we said; and the picture was gone as the hoist sank into the blackness of the shaft. We said nothing as we were lowered, for we knew where the men would be if we could reach them, and there was nothing else to talk about. The grind of the shoes of the hoist as they scraped the rails made a sound that drowned out my feeble whistling of the *Merry Widow* waltz inside of my helmet.

We felt the motion of our descent slacken, and then came a sudden roaring splash as the lower deck of the hoist hit the water which filled the sump. Slowly we sank down until the water which flooded that part of the mine rose, cold and dead, to our knees, and the hoist came to a stop. Splashing clumsily over the uneven floor, we climbed the

two steps which led to the higher level of B entry, and for a minute turned the white beams of our lights in every direction. There was nothing to be seen, and no trace of any explosion except a thin, white layer of dead mist or smoke which hung lifeless, like cigar-smoke in a quiet room, about four feet from the ground; but there was a silence that was terrible, for in it we listened in vain for the voices of men. At first we assured ourselves that there was no one around the bottom of the shaft, for we had expected that some one, injured by the explosion, might have been able to crawl toward the man-hoist; but there was no trace of any human being.

Walking slowly and peering before us through the bull's-eyes of our helmets, to right and left, we advanced down the entry, our lights cutting the blackness like the white fingers of twin searchlights. Suddenly, far off in the darkness, there came a sound. It was laughter. We stopped and listened. High, shrill, and mad, the notes caught our ears. Again we advanced, and the laughter broke into a high, shrill song. To right and left we swung the bars of our searchlights, feeling for the voice. Suddenly the white light brought out of the darkness a tangled mass of blackened timbers which seemed to fill the entry, and into the light from the pile of wreckage staggered the figure of a man, his clothes hanging in sooty ribbons, and his face and body blackened beyond recognition. Only the whites of his eyes seemed to mark him from the wreckage which surrounded him. In a high-pitched voice he called to us, and we knew that he was mad. "Come! Come!" he cried. "Let 's get out of here. Come on, boys! Let 's go somewhere"; and then, as his arms instinctively caught our necks, and we felt for his waist, he began talking to Jesus. With our swaying burden, we turned and retraced our steps down the entry, and fifteen minutes after our descent into the mine, we handed out of the hoist the first man rescued, to his friends.

Once more came the vision of the great black wall of people in the lights at the mine-mouth, and again we plunged down into the blackness and silence of the mine. Reaching bottom, we walked as rapidly as we were able beyond the point where we had found the madman, to where the great structure of the scale-house had once filled a cross-cut between B entry and the air-course behind it. Where once had been solid timbers and the steel structure of the scales, now remained nothing but the bare walls of the cross-cut, swept clean by a giant

force, and in the entry the crumbled and twisted wreckage marked where the force of the explosion had dropped it in its course. With a swing of my light I swept the floor of the cross-cut. Halfway down it, on the floor, lay what seemed to be a long bundle of rags. I knew it was a man. There was no movement as I walked toward it, and as I knelt over it a sudden impulse came to me to disbelieve my first thought that this could be a man. Prevented from seeing clearly by the bull's-eye of my helmet and the poor light of my electric lamp, I felt for his chest, and as my hand touched his breast, I felt that it was warm and wet. Perhaps he was alive. I ran my light along the bundle. Those were his feet. I turned it the other way. The man was headless. Instantly I got to my feet, and in the faint glimmer of McPherson's light I saw that he had found something in the wreckage. "What is it?" I bellowed to him through my helmet. He pointed with his ray of light. A body hung in the mass of wreckage, thrown into it like putty against a screen. We turned and continued our way up the entry.

Halfway between the shafts there was a temporary canvas stopping, and we knew that if we could tear this down, the air from the fan which had been speeded up must short-circuit, and pass through B entry, clearing out the after-damp before it. Most of the men, if not all, would be in this entry; of that we were confident. By tearing down the brattice and thus changing the direction of the ventilation, life might be saved.

As I have said, I had entered the mine on my first trip with a short charge of oxygen, and in the urgency had failed to replenish it before going down the second time. As I turned from the cross-cut a sudden tugging at my lungs told me that my air was running low. Beside the track, in a pool of water, lay a blackened object that I knew to be a man. He was the only one I recognized, and I knew that it must be Daman, one of the gas inspectors, — the body was so small. A few feet beyond him lay another, and another, all blackened and unrecognizable. The white wall of the brattice gleamed suddenly before us, and in a second we had torn it from its fastenings. One side had already disappeared from the force of the explosion. Why it was not all torn to ribbons, I do not know.

As I turned, I called to McPherson that I was in, and as I spoke a sudden blackness engulfed me. My air was gone. The sights of that awful night and the long strain of the months of dangerous work on

high-strung nerves had caught me. I came to with my eyes closed, and a clean, sweet taste of fresh air in my mouth. I thought I was above ground, but opening my eyes I saw that I was looking through the bull's-eye of my helmet at a blackened roof, dim in the single shaft of a lamp. McPherson was talking to me. He had dragged me from where I lay to where he had felt the air blow strongest. My weight, increased by the forty-five pounds of the helmet, made it impossible for him to think of moving me unaided. There was no time to summon assistance. In the strong current of air, he had opened my valves and trusted that, revived by the fresh air, I could reach the hoisting-shaft under my own locomotion before the after-damp could overcome me. Faint and reeling, I got to my feet; we started down the entry, our arms about each other's necks. We were both staggering, and halfway to the sump I fell. Then we crawled and rested and crawled again. I think I remember splashing in the water at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, but nothing more. Out of the twenty-seven men who had entered the mine we had found but one alive.

4. A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BOY

I was then nine years old. They chose me to go to the fair because my godfather had a sprain, my brother Louis was obliged to stay at home to attend to the grooming, and my sister Catherine had a bad cold. I must confess that I was not at all sorry, very much otherwise. Since we had been at Le Garibier, I had never left the farm more than four or five times, to go to Mass at Meillers on great fête days. From the day of the removal, when we had crossed Bourbon, I had retained a confused and vague memory of the grandeur of that town. I thought of it as an immense place with great houses, fine shops, and so many streets that it must be difficult to find them.

Well, I was much pleased to be going to see those wonderful things again. However, in the morning I found it very disagreeable to have to rise at three o'clock. My father had some trouble to wake me, and even when I was up, I was so sleepy that I was scarcely conscious: my mother made me put on my best clothes, not very grand ones, for they had served my two brothers before coming down to me. Then she tried to make me swallow some soup, but I was too sleepy to be hungry. My head, which was leaning on my arms, rolled again on the table. I

felt as though I had burning sand in my eyes. My mother foresaw that before long I would regret my sleepiness of the morning; she put a piece of bread and some apples in my pocket:

"For when you are hungry, dear," she said.

She put round my neck a thick woollen muffler, and covered my shoulders with an old grey fringed shawl.

"How cold you will be, my poor Tiennon; it grieves me to see you going out in such weather."

That morning my mother showed me an unusual tenderness, dear woman; her voice was caressing, and her eyes full of sad gentleness. I realized at that moment the mother love which through her usual hardness rarely showed itself.

At four o'clock the astonished pigs were taken out of the stable, and after some trouble we got them out of the yard. In the keen frost of that end of night, the journey began. Contact with the hostile temperature wakened me sharply. Then I remembered that I was going to Bourbon, and my childish enthusiasm and innocent gaiety returned. I struck the pigs with my willow branch, being in a hurry to get to Bourbon. I made myself so busy that I was not very cold, and the early morning journey was accomplished with very little weariness or discomfort.

By half-past seven we were installed in the field in which the fair was to be held. We had a good place sheltered by a wall; my father had brought a little dark linen bag, from which he took handfuls of rye, and threw it to the pigs to help to keep them patient. However, the cold soon made them grunt, their leathery bodies trembled, their bristles stood on end, and it was hard work to keep them in one place. I was very cold too: after the exertion of walking and the consequent warmth, the inactivity was torture. And I was hungry, but my poor hands were so stiff that I could not get the food which my mother had given me out of my pocket; I only succeeded after I had warmed my hands, by putting first one and then the other on my chest inside my clothes: but the icy air stung so much that I was obliged to stop eating to warm them again and again. My father, too, had some trouble to pull through. He tramped about constantly, rubbing his hands, and beating the air with great movements of his arms.

However, the fair had its course, but it was of little importance. It was a "dead fair," the frequenters said. Around us were other young

pigs, some very small, that, like ours, were grunting with cold. Further off were some fat hogs lying on the hard ground, rising with an angry complaint when a buyer struck them with his whip to examine them. At the other extremity of the enclosure were sheep, looking ill and miserable because of the rime which wet their fleece. The cattle were in another part of the field, separated from us by a wall; we could not see them, but from time to time we could hear their wearied and plaintive bellowing. The men in charge of the animals, countrymen in *sabots*, and wearing trousers of blue stuff, big smocks and caps, and with very high shirt collars which made their thin faces look ungainly, shivered in company, and like my father, tried various devices to overcome the cold. There were few other people at the fair, only some big farmers wearing goat skins, and dealers in long blue or grey cloaks. They were all constantly on the move, hurrying to get their business done, that they might go and dine in some well-warmed inn parlour. Idlers, who only frequent fairs to kill time, had prudently stayed at home.

From time to time our master, M. Fauconnet, came beside us. He was a man of forty, broad-shouldered and with a clean-shaven, puckered face. When in a good humour he wore a perpetual benign smile, but when anything happened that did not suit him, he frowned, and his face became hard. That day he was in a very bad humour, for the fair was not good for much, and we had to sell at a low price or not at all. He was annoyed, too, because three of the pigs were very inferior. He said that we ought to have left them at home, that the whole lot was spoilt by them, and that it was almost impossible to sell them with the others.

Meantime it grew late. I was cold all the time, and began to find the day very long. My father proposed that I should go and take a turn in the town, to warm myself, but I refused, being afraid of losing my way, besides being terrified by all the unknown people I saw moving about.

Several attempts at a sale having failed, we were thinking of going back, when towards ten o'clock, a very loquacious dealer, after a long debate, bought all the pigs except the three poor ones, which he would not take. To tell the truth, M. Fauconnet hardly tried to sell those three; he preferred to sell the others at a higher price, and to let us take the little ones back to fatten them more. The trouble we should have as a result of that mattered little to him.

We had to wait two hours on the Moulins road, where we were to deliver the pigs to the man who had bought them. I was very tired, and it was still bitterly cold; the sun had not been able to break through the density of the wintry atmosphere.

When the purchaser appeared, some kind folk helped us to sort the newly-sold animals, not an easy task. After they had been delivered and paid for (in gold pieces, which my father sounded one by one on the damp pavement), we set out across the town with the three rejected pigs. I was disillusioned in the course of that journey. The houses did not seem so fine, though some of the shop windows delighted me. I ought to say that we did not go by the main thoroughfare, but along a steep, roughly-paved street, which ran alongside the river Burge. This street leads to the Place de l'Église, in the upper part of the town: it is there that the road to Meillers begins.

In this Place de l'Église my father left me alone. He wanted, as was usual, to hand the money over at once from the sale to M. Fauconnet. I was rather uneasy when I saw him go away: but he had promised not to be long, and to bring me some white bread and chocolate for my dinner; besides, he wanted to ask M. Vernier, a farmer from Meillers (whom he knew, and whom he expected to meet along with M. Fauconnet), to take me home on his horse. His promise helped me to forget my fear of being left alone. I threw the rye that was left in the bottom of the bag to the pigs, but in spite of that, they soon began to give me a lot of trouble: one made off down the road leading to Meillers, no doubt recognizing it: another ran towards the town again. Fortunately, a man returning from the fair helped me to get them together. Then they were quiet for a little while, but not for long; they soon began to run from one side to another, grunting, and I had hard work to keep them from escaping. During the few moments that they were quiet, I watched anxiously the entrance of the street down which my father had gone, with the hope, always disappointed, of seeing him reappear. More and more was I gripped by hunger, cold, and weariness. I had been there a long time when I heard three o'clock sound from the tower of St. Chapelle. This tower and three others more distant, the last vestiges of the ancient castle, I divined rather than saw: darkened by the centuries, they appeared more sombre still under the grey sky, nearly invisible, drowned in the thick mist of the frosty evening. Below, the town formed an equally shapeless and

vague mass, where nothing could be seen, and from which no sound came; it seemed as though annihilated by some unseen catastrophe. The Place de l'Église, where I was standing, framed well with the general effect of mournfulness. Mournful were the great trees, their nakedness veiled by white spangles; and the evergreen shrubs all whitened too, and the square of worn grass which crackled under my feet; and the rectangular pond, where the sliding of the boys had bruised the dull ice. At the bottom of the Place, the church, its massive doors closed, seemed hostile to prayer and hope. To the right, in a garden behind high walls, a very new mansion with two square towers looked like a prison. On the edge of the Meillers road, facing the church, stood a fine one-storied house, but dismal too, for up its walls climbed ugly black reptiles, which in summer no doubt were beautiful green plants. Then there was a row of low cottages with a uniform line of narrow gardens in front of them; they were day labourers' houses most likely, except the one in the middle, which was evidently occupied by a cobbler, to judge by the big boot hung over the door.

At the bottom of the Place the house at the angle of the street served as an inn and a grocer's shop; a few cakes of soap were visible behind the upper panes of the window, and a branch of juniper hung on the wall.

Like the church, all the habitations were closed. No doubt, in them were flaming fires and warm stoves, near which the people could laugh at the hostility of the outer world. The hostility of the outer world; I was all alone in it, suffering, with my three pigs.

The gate which shut in the garden of the mansion opened and two priests came out. They bowed low to a hooded lady, who accompanied them to the gate. They passed close beside me, even giving me an indifferent glance, and went into the house with the black reptiles, in which I supposed they lived.

A moment later it was one of the cottage doors which creaked on its hinges. A big, untidy woman appeared in the opening and threw some water out of a saucepan into the garden. In spite of her observation, an urchin about my own age managed to escape: he came to the pond and began to slide on the ice. After five or six turns he went and knocked at the cobbler's door and called "André" three times. Another boy, rather smaller, at length appeared. They slid

for a long time together, sometimes upright and following each other, and sometimes crouching down and holding each other's hands. But the big, untidy woman, having opened her door again, ordered them to go in, in such a severe tone that they decided to obey her without delay. Once more I was alone on the Place.

At long intervals a few farm labourers passed; they walked quickly, being in a hurry to get home; also some farmers on horseback went by; they were wrapped up in cloaks and mufflers. One of these, who rode a big white horse, stopped on seeing me.

"Where do you come from, my little lad?"

"From Meillers, sir," I stammered; my teeth chattering.

"You are not little Bertin from Le Garibier?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has n't your father come back yet?"

"No, sir."

"What a shame! he must have gone on the spree. Eh, well, my boy, I ought to take you back with me, but as it is, it's impossible, you can't leave your pigs. Keep moving about; whatever you do, don't let yourself get numb with the cold."

With this sententious advice the gentleman spurred on his horse and soon disappeared in the fog. I easily guessed that he was M. Vernier, and my misery was increased by what he said about my father — "What a shame! he must have gone on the spree." I had not thought of that, but now it seemed very likely. My father went out very rarely, but when he attended Mass at Meillers he usually returned at once. But on market days he was sometimes not so wise. I had been in bed on those occasions before he returned, but the following days he used to look tired and ill, and my mother had, above all for him, her harshest look. She pitied him, however, for having such a weak head and not enough strength to resist chance temptations. I remembered all these old facts, and had no doubt that his delay was due to the cause suspected by M. Vernier.

At four o'clock it was night: it came down from the great sky low and black; it rose from the ground with the floating mist which suddenly thickened; I trembled with cold, hunger, and fear. Having eaten nothing all day except my hard crust and apples, I felt faint, my entrails rumbled, and dark veils passed before my eyes. I was also weak with fatigue; the slight weight of my body was too much for my

feeble legs. I regretted that I had not risked setting out alone earlier, even though I hardly knew the way. But now the country was wrapped in darkness, I preferred to freeze where I stood rather than start on the road. The pigs, worn out like myself, slept at the bottom of the ditch: I took advantage of that to sit down near them, and tried to suppress my misery.

A servant with a shaven face came out of the mansion, carrying an empty basket. He strode past the line of trees in the square, along the paved street, and disappeared towards the town. He returned shortly after, the basket heavy with provisions, and carrying under his arm a long loaf with a golden crust, at which I looked with envy.

Five o'clock. It was quite dark. I could scarcely see a gipsies' cart which came from the town and passed our way. Two men walked beside the horse, which they struck violently with sticks. Behind, were three lads of different sizes, whose clothes hung in tatters, and who wrangled loudly in a strange language. From the inside of the cart came wailings, the cries of beaten children, and the voices of scolding shrews. Those people had no better reputation then than now; I had heard that they lived by plunder and that they stole children to make little beggars of them to excite pity. My blood froze still more and my heart beat very fast. But the gipsies passed without seeing me.

And two couples of lovers who came by later did not see me either. They had probably been at a dance in an inn. The girls had flung their cloaks on anyhow in great haste to set out when they had seen how late it was. The young men held them closely round the waist in an amorous embrace which the cold made very excusable.

The sexton had rung the evening Angelus. The vicarage and the cottages had closed their shutters, through which thin threads of light filtered. It was freezing hard: the mist was partly dispelled, and it was like a vague twilight making all the surrounding objects appear fantastic. I suffered less, my stomach was worn-out; but I became weaker and weaker, the dark veils befogged my eyes more frequently, and in my ears was the sound of bells as though the Angelus rang ceaselessly. The pigs woke up and were troublesome. But in spite of the energy I had to expend on keeping them together, the cold reached my bones.

From the town side a great clamour rose. Again I was terribly frightened when I saw the noisy group of men who were shouting. At

that moment I was outside the Place a little way along the road which led homewards. At the crossways the men stopped and separated, after having said their noisy good-byes. Some took the road to Autry, the others came my way. For a moment it occurred to me that perhaps my father might be amongst them, but when they were nearer I saw that they were all young people. There were six of them. One very tall man walked in front, twirling his stick; arm in arm three others followed, staggering a great deal. A few yards behind came the other two, who had stopped to light their pipes. The one in front sang in a loud, raucous voice the refrain of a drinking song:

"A boire, à boire, à boire,
Nous quitt'rons-nous sans boire?"

At this interrogation the three in the middle replied with a formidable "Non," then all joined in, each in a different key and with comic gestures:

"Les gas d'Bourbon sont pas si fous
De se quitter sans boire un coup!"

The last word prolonged itself into a "ououou" and was at its fullest when they were passing me. I was in the ditch, leaning against the trunk of a little oak beside my pigs, which were again asleep; the men had no suspicion of my presence.

At that moment an odour of cooking reached me from the mansion, a delicious odour of meat crackling in butter. That reawakened the faculties of my empty stomach. I wanted to climb the wall, to cry, to shout my misery and my hunger, to crave one little morsel of the food which smelt so good. To escape from this temptation I drew nearer to the vicarage, but there, too, I could hear the rattling of spoons and smell the soup, which smell, if it was less penetrating than that of the mansion, was not less pleasant. I realized that, everywhere in warm houses, people were eating the evening meal. In the mansion the rich ate meat and good bread with golden crust; the vicar and his curates had soup with an appetizing smell, and other good things. And in the cottages, they too had soup, which, if it did not smell much, tasted good and filled the stomach. Alone, left on the road, in the rime and frost, a little peasant, wrapped in an old grey shawl, guarded three rejected pigs: and that little peasant had been there five hours: and that little peasant had, during the whole day, eaten only a scrap of

bread and three apples: and I was that little peasant. They had all seen me, the people of the mansion, and those of the vicarage, and the women of the cottages, and their children who were of my own age; they had all seen me, but not one had deigned to give the dole of a sympathetic word: not one had thought that I might be suffering: not one had thought of coming to see if I was still there in the darkness.

The clock of St. Chapelle rang seven. Sadly I counted the blows of the hammer striking the brass, which in the silence of that deserted place, in that nocturnal frame of winter, seemed to me as mournful as a knell. From that moment I fell into a kind of half sleep, the terrible lethargic state of those who perish from cold. Once more I leaned against the trunk of the tree in the ditch and my eyes half closed. However, I saw the pigs get up and I forced myself to follow them mechanically. But I had scarcely any sensations left, or any thoughts. Some memories still haunted my half-dead brain — Le Garibier, La Breure, the forest, my grandmother, my mother, my brothers and sisters, even the dog Medor, the fields, the house, the things which had held a place in my childhood's life — and which it seemed to me had left it a long time ago — passed in a procession of indistinct images. That caused me neither regrets nor emotions; it was merely like a dream. I was not quite certain of having lived that past life, at any rate I felt that I should not live it again. I felt that I was dying and had not the will to resist the final torpor.

. . . . . .

It was almost nine o'clock when the sound of a step that seemed familiar roused me. I rubbed my eyes and saw my father. He coughed and spat and walked rather crookedly, but anyhow it was he. In a moment I forgot all the misery, the terrors, the suffering, all the long martyrdom of the day, in the great happiness of finding him again, and exulting with joy, I was about to throw myself into his arms. At first he stopped, taken aback; he was in the usual besotted state which follows an orgy, and he seemed astonished to see me there. Then memory returned and he embraced me in an overwhelming enthusiasm of paternal love, calling me his "poor little friend." Drunken people always make the most of their feelings. My father wept to think that he should have left me alone all day. He found in his pocket a crust of bread left over from his dinner, and a lump of sugar, the remains of the coffee which had followed that meal. I devoured those crumbs and

they seemed to give me some strength. He was anxious to go back to the grocery-inn to buy me some food, but I refused. Now that I had found him again, my protector and my guide, I had no fears: I felt strong enough to walk all the way home without anything more to eat, and I clung to his hand with a dull determination to prevent him escaping.

5. NAAMAN THE LEPER

Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valour, but he was a leper.

And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife.

And she said unto her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

And one went in, and told his lord, saying, "Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel."

And the king of Syria said, "Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel."

And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, "Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy."

And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me."

And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha.

And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, "Go and wash in

Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, "Behold, I thought, 'He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper.'

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, 'Wash, and be clean'?"

Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said, "Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant."

But he said, "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none."

And he urged him to take it; but he refused.

And Naaman said, "Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord.

"In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing."

And he said unto him, "Go in peace."

So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, "Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him."

So Gehazi followed after Naaman.

And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, "Is all well?"

And he said, "All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, 'Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.'"

And Naaman said, "Be content, take two talents." And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him.

And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go, and they departed.

But he went in, and stood before his master.

And Elisha said unto him, "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?"

And he said, "Thy servant went no whither."

And he said unto him, "Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maidservants? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever."

And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

Fiction

6. THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?[1]

In the very olden time, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing; and, when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of

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his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheatre, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena, — a structure which well deserved its name; for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheatre. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased: he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted

on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection: the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side; and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady: he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty; and if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered on one of the great trial-days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan; for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom; and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion; and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king. In after years such things became commonplace enough; but then they were, in no slight degree, novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor anyone else thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of; and the king would take an æsthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena; and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The

king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors, — those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king: but he did not think at all of that royal personage; his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature, it is probable that lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than anyone who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done, — she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms that lay behind those doors stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them; but gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

Not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but

much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question, "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul

at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth and torn her hair when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door, — the lady, or the tiger?

7. THE FUSION OF WRATH

"One — two — three — fire!" sounded through the grove. As the deliberate Colonel wheeled through the evening air, facing his adversary, he felt the sting of the wicked Count's impetuous ball as it flew by. The stipulation of one ball each for the duel, and all the time desired, made it possible for the Colonel to take his time. He fixed

his adversary with his gaze. A sudden look of surprise crossed the face of the over-confident Count. His fiery eyes smouldered with rage as they riveted themselves on his hated opponent. Great drops of perspiration fell from his brow, and his blood seemed to boil in his small red face. Slowly the Colonel raised the pistol, and sighted it carefully. The Count's face flushed almost purple in fierce anger. His eyes were aflame with indignation and impatience. The Colonel examined the piece again, taking interminable time to aim. Then his hand was tired, so he rested. Again the pistol was most deliberately sighted. The Count's face paled out and glowed in a white heat of fury. His mouth was convulsed with rage, and his little black eyes sparkled like live coals. He swayed from side to side. Then his body lost its firmness and bent forward. A flash, a report, and the Count fell face downward. The physician felt the pulse.

"Dead!" he announced, "though without a wound!"

"A wound was impossible, sir," said the Colonel, "for I used a blank cartridge."

Some one said, "The vials of wrath have been poured out." But the Frenchman's second said, "Ze little steel heart has melted."

8. THE VISIONS OF MIRZA

On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow and life a dream." Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies,

and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of Eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes

of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with Scimitars in their hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants; and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches."

"These," said the Genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh; "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of Adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several Islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every Island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth

contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy Islands. At length said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of Adamant." The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

9. AFTER WATERLOO

All at once he stopped. A few paces before him in the hollow way, at the point where the pile of dead ended, an open hand, illumined by the moon, emerged from a heap of men and horses. This hand had on one finger something that glittered, and was a gold ring. The man bent down, and when he rose again there was no longer a ring on this finger. He did not exactly rise; he remained in a savage and shy attitude, turning his back to the pile of dead, investigating the horizon, supporting himself on his two forefingers, and his head spying over the edge of the hollow way. The four paws of the jackal are suited for certain actions. Then, making up his mind, he rose, but at the same moment he started, for he felt that some one was holding him behind. He turned and found that it was the open hand, which had closed and seized the skirt of his coat. An honest man would have been frightened, but this one began laughing.

"Hilloh!" he said, "it is only the dead man. I prefer a ghost to a gendarme."

The hand, however, soon relaxed its hold, for efforts are quickly exhausted in the tomb.

"Can this dead man be alive?" the marauder continued; "let me have a look."

He bent down again, removed all the obstacles, seized the hand, liberated the head, pulled out the body, and a few minutes later

dragged an inanimate or at least fainting man into the shadow of the hollow way. He was an officer of cuirassiers of a certain rank, for a heavy gold epaulette peeped out from under his cuirass. This officer had lost his helmet, and a furious sabre-cut crossed his face, which was covered with blood. He did not appear, however, to have any bones broken, and through some fortunate accident, — if such a word be possible here, — the dead had formed an arch over him so as to save him from being crushed. His eyes were closed. He had on his cuirass the silver cross of the Legion of Honor, and the prowler tore away this cross, which disappeared in one of the gulfs he had under his blouse. After this he felt the officer's fob, found a watch, and took it; then he felt in his pockets and drew from them a purse. When he was at this stage of the assistance he was rendering the dying man, the officer opened his eyes.

"Thanks," he said feebly.

The roughness of the man's movements, the freshness of the night, and the freely inhaled air had aroused him from his lethargy. The prowler did not answer, but raised his head. A sound of footsteps could be heard on the plain; it was probably some patrol approaching. The officer murmured, for there was still the agony of death in his voice, —

"Who won the battle?"

"The English," the marauder answered.

The officer continued, —

"Feel in my pockets; you will find a purse and a watch, which you can take."

Though this was already done, the prowler did what was requested, and said, —

"There is nothing in them."

"I have been robbed," the officer continued; "I am sorry for it, as I meant the things for you."

The footsteps of the patrol became more and more distinct.

"Some one is coming," the marauder said, preparing to go away.

The officer, raising his arm with difficulty, stopped him.

"You have saved my life; who are you?"

The prowler answered rapidly and in a low voice, "I belong, like yourself, to the French army; but I must leave you, for if I were caught I should be shot. I have saved your life, so now get out of the scrape as you can."

"What is your rank?"

"Sergeant."

"Your name?"

"Thenardier."

"I shall not forget that name," the officer said; "and do you remember mine; it is Pontmercy."

10. LORD AND LADY BOUNTIFUL

Elizabeth paused for a moment on the steps to remember that she had forgotten a handkerchief. Whispering soft words into my coat collar, I set the big, unsightly basket that I carried tenderly upon the ground, entered the house, obtained from a hovering female the article desired, and emerged again into the frosty air. Elizabeth was gazing at the basket with a little pucker of doubt between her eyes.

"Do you think it 's big enough?" she asked, tucking the lacy trifle I gave her absently into her muff.

"I am absolutely certain," I returned fervently. "It 's big enough, and ugly enough —"

"But it 's a large family, you know. Mrs. Shaughnessy has fourteen children — just think of it!"

"I 'm thinking. What became of Mr. Shaughnessy?"

"He died last year. Little Michael Shaughnessy was born the same day. Was n't it dreadful?"

"Awful," I agreed, stooping for the basket. "No man could stand it. Heart-disease, I suppose."

"I could only get in three turkeys; do you think that 's enough?" asked Elizabeth, laying a restraining hand on my arm as I started down the steps. "We might take another basket, don't you think? A little one," she added hastily, seeing my expression.

I staggered down to the sleigh without answering, and with a mighty heave lifted in the basket. The horse, turning his head, regarded it with an apprehensive eye.

"Cheer up, fellow beast-of-burden," I remarked, patting him on the nose. "Christmas comes but once a year!"

"I thought you wanted to come," said Elizabeth. "Please don't, if you 're going to be disagreeable about it. Thomas will do just as well."

"As a beast of burden, Thomas would probably do better," I

admitted, stretching out my hand to help her in. "But as a congenial companion, and tactful dispenser of charity, I flatter myself —"

Elizabeth resisted the upward impulse of my hand on her elbow, and stopped with one dainty foot on the step. "Now where are we going to sit?" she demanded, looking doubtfully at the basket.

"We might let Thomas bring it on later," I suggested, hopefully. "It's in the way; and really, you know, it isn't beautiful."

"I suppose you're ashamed of it," said Elizabeth, lifting her chin scornfully from her furs. "It might get into the New York papers: 'A well-known young man-about-town has been recently seen in the vicinity of Benton Hills, carrying a huge basket of washing, which, it is rumored, belongs to his mother, -- a worthy washerwoman of the neighborhood. To one who knows the immaculate, not to say mollycoddlish, care given by this young man to his personal appearance —'"

"Since we are apparently subordinate to the basket," I interrupted, with some bitterness, "I suggest that we sit on the floor in the small space allowed by its presence. That will necessitate sitting rather close together," I added, brightening up.

"That will do, Mr. Carton. Please don't begin already to make yourself objectionable. I am getting cold. Let us start, please."

We arranged ourselves uncomfortably with the colossal basket balanced precariously and ostentatiously on our feet. A shake of the reins, a tinkle of the sleigh-bells, and we were off, gliding swiftly by the rough stone fences that parceled the wide, glittering sheet of snow into separate fields. With much care I surrounded the frigid Elizabeth with the lap-robe.

"Are you warmer?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Carton."

"Then don't you think you might thaw?"

Elizabeth hid her face in her muff. "I wish you wouldn't be so foolish," she said; and then, brightly, "do you know, I'm almost nervous. I never did anything like this before. Taking people baskets, you know, with food. Mother's always done it other Christmases. I haven't much experience at playing Lady Bountiful."

"Don't be scared; I'll back you up. There's nothing to it at all. Enter Lord and Lady Bountiful. Poor woman rises and bobs a curtsey. Small children bob curtseys. Graceful presentation of the basket, cries

of joy and gratitude. Lord Bountiful distributes half-crowns — I mean half-dollars; I filled my pockets with 'em on purpose."

"But this is America," objected Elizabeth. "And from the little I know of Mrs. Shaughnessy, I don't think she'll bob curtseys."

"Her name's against her," I admitted. "But she'll have to do one thing — common gratitude demands it."

"What?" asked Elizabeth, glancing suspiciously at me.

"She will beam upon us and say: 'It's a bonny couple ye are, Heaven bless ye!' "

I clucked cheerfully to the horse, who started off in an increase of speed that jangled every bell, while the fences fairly sizzled past us. Looking down at Elizabeth, I encountered a cold flash from her eyes that made me draw my coat collar still more snugly round my neck.

"Please don't spoil Christmas Day too, Mr. Carton!"

"Not for the world," I assented. "And I'm sorry for the thousands of other days I seem to have spoiled."

Elizabeth was gazing far, far away across the dazzling fields, and apparently did not hear. The crisp air had brought a beautiful color to all that could be seen of her face through the furs — namely, a diminutive ear, a portion of a cheek, and the tip of a nose. The nose tip had an expression of haughty despair that annoyed me.

"I apologize for any unconscious offense I may have given," I began — the nose tip crinkled slightly — "and," I continued, coldly, "for the rest of the day I shall be silent."

"Thank you," said Elizabeth, "I shall enjoy the novelty."

Whistling merrily, I snapped the reins over the horse's back. That excellent animal, already doing his best, slowed down to a walk, and turned a reproachful eye upon me.

"Oh, all right," I said, "I apologize to you, too. I apologize all round!"

The horse accepted the apology and started off at a brisk trot. We were approaching a hill, all white and sparkling against the clear sky; at its foot lay a small white house, hardly distinguishable at first, lying back some distance from the low fence that indicated the road. The snow in this neighborhood seemed to be dotted with numberless children, who, seeing approaching the triumphal basket behind which the sleigh was hidden, emitted shrill yells and bolted into the house. Something told me this must be the abode of the Shaughnessys. Turning to Elizabeth I waved my hand to attract her attention, pointed at

the house, made a clumsy question mark with my fingers, and smiled, politely and inquiringly. Elizabeth nodded her head, and immediately hid it behind the muff. By this time the intelligent horse had stopped of his own accord.

Disengaging my feet from the basket, I sprang lightly to the ground, hitting a snow bank with my nose. My feet were wrapped in slumber. I rose again immediately, stamped my blood into circulation, and ignoring muffled sounds of mirth, lifted the basket to the ground and held out my hand to Elizabeth, whom I flatter myself I landed with exactly the same emotions. This done, I paused, expecting someone to come from the house and relieve me of the basket. No one appeared; Elizabeth was already half-way to the door, so, taking up my burden, with a look of dignity deplorable, but necessary, I followed meekly in her wake. On my way up the path I seemed to perceive countless youthful noses in close contact with the glass of the two windows, but not till Elizabeth's second knock did the door open to let the surprised widow appear.

Mrs. Shaughnessy welcomed Elizabeth graciously but without effusion. She was a large lady, loosely, not to say carelessly, built, with a plain but serviceable face, and a vivid coiffure done up in the door-knob style at the back of her head. She invited Elizabeth and the basket into a neat kitchen, where the junior Shaughnessys, shining soapily, were drawn up in a long receiving line behind the stove. I had entered as a part of the basket, and when, by direction, I had placed it on the table, and so emerged into a distinct individuality again, I felt curiously at a loss what to do with myself. Elizabeth, there being strife between us, did not proffer an introduction, but busied herself helping the lady of the house excavate in the basket. I was disregarded, in the way, and with a forlorn sigh I turned to face the fourteen.

The fourteen returned my timid but friendly glance with a glare so stony that I was glad to turn again and listen deferentially to the words of their mother. She was saying:

"Sure, prices is up this year, an' so long as we've got th' solids, divil take th' fixin's! I see there is no cr-r-ranberries this year. Tell yer mother that it's much obleeged I am, an' sad to hear-r-r av her trouble, an' that I understand about the cr-r-ranberries."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Elizabeth, looking distressed. "We must have forgotten them! I'll see that they come before dinner-time."

"Indade, an' you 'll not throuble yersilf. You could sind the young man back," suggested Mrs. Shaughnessy, indicating me with her thumb. Elizabeth dimpled in spite of herself.

"Oh, no,—" she began.

"An' why not? Faith, is it pr-roud he is?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth. But, confused by Mrs. Shaughnessy's stare of disgust, I had again faced the fourteen.

"Merry Christmas, children," I said, in a loud, hearty voice, quivering with geniality. The fourteen never deviated from the stony glare.

"And what has Santa Claus brought you?" I continued, desperately.

Same stony glare. Michael Shaughnessy, aged one, began to weep piteously. I hastily shoved a half-dollar into his hand; he clutched it without ceasing his lamentations. I passed rapidly up the line; I no longer cared how gracefully I performed my duty; all I wanted was to get through with it. At last it was over; the tall boy at the head of the line had shown a cautious and skeptical temperament by carefully biting his coin, and I retreated to find Elizabeth at the door tittering into her muff.

"And now, children," I announced, "you may all come and kiss the beautiful lady."

The fourteen made a threatening movement that caused Elizabeth to hasten her adieux with Mrs. Shaughnessy. It appeared to me, as far as I could make out, that she was thanking Mrs. Shaughnessy for accepting the basket, and apologizing because there were n't two baskets. The last-named lady stood in the doorway, arms akimbo, to bore me with a cold and critical eye.

"Ah," she said, "so it 's one av th' funny ones you 've got, Miss Elizabeth. Luk before ye leap, that 's all I 've got to say to ye. Luk at me, a widder woman with fourteen children! Sorrow 's th' day I iver met Pathrick Shaughnessy!"

"We 'll go straight home, please," said Elizabeth, sternly, as I helped her into the sleigh. It was still early in the morning, and, before relations became strained, we had agreed upon a rather longer drive. But I clucked cheerfully to the horse, who, seeing Christmas oats ahead, lengthened his stride marvelously. For the first part of the return journey Elizabeth kept her muff pressed closely to her face. Soon.

however, strange sounds that were not the tinkle of the bells or the tap of the horse's feet came to my ears. I looked down inquiringly. The muff was being violently agitated, and above it two eyes, bluer than the sky, more sparkling than the snow, glanced up at me for an instant.

"You need n't think I 'm not angry because I 'm laughing!" said Elizabeth.

I pulled the eager horse to a walk.

"Lady Bountiful!" I began, laughing.

"Lord Bountiful!" said Elizabeth, laughing.

"Shucks!" said the disgusted horse, as I swung him round in the middle of the road.

11. LIVINGROOM HOCKEY

"How far that little scandal throws its beams!" said Mr. Bumpus, laying aside *Town Topics* with a sigh.

"It is n't 'scandal,' Andrew," said his wife, with an air of doing what she could, "it 's 'candle,' and it 's from *The Merchant of Venice.* I wish you would n't always get things wrong, because it makes you appear so."

"Sarah," said Mr. Bumpus, gently, "let me warn you against yourself. You must not get into the habit of overlooking the points of jokes, because sometime you might meet a joke in which that was the most important part."

"Why, it always is, stupid!" said Mrs. Bumpus. "But I don't see what that 's got to do with Shakspere."

12. THE DEMISE OF CAP'N BEN

The Meekin house stood apart from the village and near the shore. Behind it and on either side were fields of goldenrod and purple asters, where black and yellow butterflies danced in the sunshine and bees kept up a prodigious humming on Sunday afternoons. No one can deny that bees hum louder Sundays than other days. As you went down the crooked, sandy path which led from the front door, you crossed, first, a patch of rank beach grass, each blade white with tiny salt crystals; next, a narrow stretch of loose stones smoothed and

rounded by the waves, — of driftwood, old lobster-pots, and broken baskets, of bottle-necks, corks, and bits of dried seaweed; and then you came to the firm, brown beach itself, where jellyfish lay after the tide had gone out.

So, you see, the house was close to the shore; and often during the wild gales of spring and fall, the great breakers came roaring and pounding about its very door, much to the delight of Cap'n Ben Meekin, and threatened even to carry away the steps and the little latticed porch. Though a man of gentle disposition and sober habits, the captain would at such times don his oilskins, hearten himself with several sly pulls at a jug which he kept, hidden from the vigilant eye of Mrs. Meekin, at the bottom of his big seaman's chest, and climb laboriously through a trap door to the roof. There, holding fast to a chimney to prevent his slight body from being blown away, he would stand amid the driving sand and foam, and waving his battered, yellow hat, would pipe out sea-songs at the top of his feeble voice.

The captain, I say, was a man of sober habits. Apart from this riotous conduct, which may be the more readily pardoned since it occurred only with the equinoxes, and the occasional pastime of fishing for cunners off the tumbledown pier across the beach, he lived quietly enough with his wife and his little granddaughter Betty.

He was a small man, with narrow, stooping shoulders, about which the shabby blue coat with brass buttons that he always wore flapped loosely; the top of his ample trousers came almost to his chest, and their legs hung in baggy folds round his thin knees. He wore also a boatman's visored cap, which was shabby blue to match his coat, and had "Polly M." worked on it in faded gold letters. A clear, brown skin, tanned and furrowed by the weather, made his blue eyes the bluer and his hair the whiter. His scanty beard, white, with streaks of yellow here and there, and his kind face gave him the benignant expression of a goat. He blinked and ruminated, too, after the manner of goats.

Every morning, if it were fair, Cap'n Ben appeared at his front door carrying a chair in one hand and in the other a basket filled with blocks of wood. Tilting his chair back against the house and placing an immense pair of horn-bowed spectacles astride his nose, he fell to whittling out the figures of quaint little men in sailor suits and round, flat hats. These same little men, when painted gay blue and red and white,

their dull faces illuminated by two black dots for eyes, set painfully near together, a black dash for a nose and another for a mouth, and when furnished with an oar in either hand, served both as teetotums and weathervanes, turning merrily about in the wind on iron rods thrust upright through their middles. A number of these figures, bearing witness to the captain's art, were fastened to the roof of the porch, where they did their best to attract purchasers, swinging their oars like Indian clubs, and whirling and spinning like so many dervishes till it made one dizzy to watch them.

All day Cap'n Ben sat and whittled. He sometimes ate his dinner out here — huge slices of bread covered thick with butter and brown sugar, and washed down with gulps of weak tea. As the sun moved in its course westward, so the captain moved, hitching his chair along and keeping always within the shadow of the house. Men working on the beach, boatmen, clam-diggers, and lobstermen, used to tell time by the progress of the captain's chair about his dwelling.

"Cap'n Ben 's rounded the corner an' 's a-steerin' no'th by west," they said, "twelve o'clock an' time fer dinner," or "Cap'n 's headed nor'-nor'-eas', ha' pas' four an' the tide 's a-turnin'." So the captain, in his day's half rotation, travelled from the front door which looked out across the water to the back door which opened on the meadow. Whereupon he went in to supper.

On Sundays, too, it was much the same, except that instead of the basket and blocks of wood, an immense volume entitled *Shipping Facts and Figures from 1875 to 1885* accompanied him on his journey. Cap'n Ben perused this book with interest and slowly, following the columns with his rough forefinger, and moving his lips as though he were committing to memory. Occasionally something of so astounding a nature presented itself in these pages that the captain must needs call his wife and read it to her with as much pride as if he, alone, were directly responsible for the great export of mackerel in '76 or the marvellous catch of cod in '79. And furthermore, as additional evidence that his was no light, cursory reading, he had been pegging away at *Facts and Figures* for the last twelve years and was even now still in the early eighties.

That Cap'n Ben devoted his Sundays to so unholy a pursuit and never went to church gave rise to much comment among the townsfolk. That his wife, Polly, would not infrequently sit by him at such

times and knit in the full glare of a Sabbath sun furnished a never-exhausted bit of scandal for the good housewives of Halibut Bay. And when it was whispered about that the captain, in company with other perverted souls, had been seen fishing for cunners, shamelessly and with evident enjoyment, of a Sunday afternoon, society in the sleepy little village was shaken to its very centre.

"'Tain't 't we 've got nothin' agin' goin' ter church, me an' Polly," Cap'n Ben would say apologetically, "but a mile 's a turrible long ways when folks git 's ol' 's we be, even supposin' Polly warn't lame, which she is, an' they warn't no hills thrown in, which they be. Puts me all out o' sorts, it doos, so 's 't I can't take no comfort in the sarmon, an' I come hum a-wheezin' an' a-puffin' like a porpis. But ef I c'n set out here of a Sunday mornin', it 's soothin'. I read a spell, an' mebbe I git jest the drift on what I 'm readin' an' mebbe I don't, but it 's soothin'. An' then I look off on the water an' see the vessels a-sailin' by an' the gulls a-flappin' 'crost the bay, an' it 's soothin', which the sarmon ain't, owin' ter the seats bein' hard an' the parson's words bein' harder. An' ef I go over ter the wharf long towards sundown fer a mess o' cunners, where 's the harm in thet, I want ter know, pervidin' ye go in the right sperrit? Where 's the harm in Polly's knittin' of a sock, pervidin' she doos it in the right sperrit? I don't go 's fur 's ter say 't Polly 'd rig out a full suit o' clo'es on the Lord's day. I don't go 's fur 's to say I 'd go fishin' in the deep seas of a Sabbath. The' 's a deal o' diff'rence, ain't they, 'twixt a cod an' a cunner? an' the' 's a deal o' diff'rence 'twixt a sock an' a suit o' clo'es."

In spite of these stout arguments, however, it came about that the captain, thoroughly alarmed at the vehemence of public censure, resolved to go to church. Accordingly, he spent the best part of a Saturday afternoon in darning sundry rents in his blue coat, for he was particular about such matters and would trust the venerable garment to no hands but his own, and in polishing the brass buttons till eight miniatures of himself winked gravely back at him when he held the coat up for a last critical inspection. The next morning Cap'n Ben was up betimes, and, with a deal of importance, took down, from their place behind the kitchen clock, his razor and shaving-brush and mug, the last inscribed "Benjamin" in blue letters, thus proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that it belonged to no one else. Some half hour later, the captain, very red about the face and neck, with his beard

well combed and his shoes well blacked, plodded dutifully up the long hill to the village.

He came home at noon in exceedingly low spirits. The simple old fellow, troubled as he was with secret misgivings of his conduct, had taken to himself every word of the morning's discourse. When the minister prayed "not only for the misguided youth of this parish, but for them that in spite of years of discretion wilfully and perversely sin before the Lord," Cap'n Ben shifted uneasily in his seat, and could not help peeping through his fingers to see if anyone were looking at him. When the preacher condemned to lasting torment those who forbore to do the commands of God, who shunned His house and gave themselves over to worldly pleasures on His day, the captain seemed to feel the eyes of the whole congregation burning through the back of his blue coat.

By the time the service was over and he was on his way home, Cap'n Ben was in a thoroughly dejected and repentant state of mind. Never much of a walker even in his best days, he was forced to stop often to rest, and while he rested he pondered deeply.

"'S an awful thing ter think on, — awful," — he soliloquized, "there's no tellin' when we might be brought ter 'count; it might be nex' fortni't, it might be termorrer, it might be this very arternoon. 'S awful!"

He did brighten up a little, as he neared the house, at the smell of cooking which came through the open doorway, and betokened a dinner of cod, fried with brown squares of salt pork, of which the captain was exceedingly fond. And he also so far forgot his apprehensions as to eat ravenously of this dinner, putting enormous knifefuls into his mouth and smacking his lips noisily. But when he had done and Polly was hobbling about clearing away the dishes, the captain became again lost in thought. That something of unusual moment was on his mind seemed certain, for Cap'n Ben, after tilting back in his chair, lighting his pipe and puffing a few times, took it from his mouth and forgot to put it back again, though his mouth remained open evidently for that purpose. Polly, rattling forks and spoons in her dish-pan, glanced sharply at him, now and then, over her shoulder.

"Betty, you git down the pep'mint bottle from the cupboard," she said,— "I can't, my hands 's all suds,— an' pour your gran'sir some hot water out the tea-kittle. Them pork scraps 's turrible rich an' hearty."

Cap'n Ben rose, laid his pipe on the mantel, and went over to the stairs.

"'Tain't pep'mint I stan' in need of," he said, shaking his head slowly; "pep'mint hain't much cons'lation fer the soul. I cal'late I ain't goin' ter live a gret spell longer, Polly. I ben turnin' of it over in my min' this good while. I 'm a-goin' upstairs an' go ter bed. I 'm a-goin' ter be prepared."

"Well, I guess 't a man 't 's et the dinner you et ain't in much danger o' dyin' right away," answered his wife. "Be ye crazy, Ben Meekin?"

"Don't ye s'pose I know whether I 'm goin' ter die er not?" retorted the captain testily. "I tell ye I be; an' 't won't be no gret spell off, nuther. Should n't wonder a mite ef I was this very arternoon. Feel jest like it, somehow. I wish ye 'd come up, some on ye, when ye git the dishes put away. I want ter give ye some d'rections. Mebbe I won't hev another chance."

"Cat's laig!" said Polly, with a sniff.

"Them 's hard words fer a dyin' man ter hear," whimpered Cap'n Ben; "ef you knowed how they sounded, Polly, I don't b'lieve you 'd 'a' said 'em."

He trudged slowly up the stairs and into his chamber, where he first took the blue-and-white-checked counterpane from the bed, folded it carefully, and laid it across a chair, — for the fear of Polly was still strong upon him even at so critical an hour. Having pulled off his boots, coat, and waistcoat, he went to the top of the stairs and called down into the kitchen.

"'S a turrible thing," he whined, "fer a man ter be d'sarted by his near in blood in his time o' need."

This remark eliciting only a louder clatter of pans and dishes, he returned to the chamber, and getting into bed in his shirt and trousers, pulled the blankets up round him. After a brief interval of thought, during which he winked solemnly at the ceiling, he decided to sing a hymn; and since he knew but one, sang it twice over in a high, shaking voice, stopping a minute after each line to listen for any sounds of approaching sympathy.

"Here I be," he said to himself, "stranded an' lef' ter die like an ol' whale on a lee shore."

A happy bit of consolation struck him. "When yer father an' mother forsake ye, then the Lord 'll take ye up," he whispered, and

then, raising himself in bed, repeated the passage aloud, changing "father and mother" to "wife an' gran'-darter," which seemed more fitting to the case at hand.

Polly, below stairs, heard him with indignation, but Betty's face was scared and anxious, and she caught her grandmother by the hand.

"Gran'ma'am, ye don't s'pose gran'sir 's a-dyin', do ye?"

"Dyin'! Cat's laig!" snapped Polly.

"Don't ye think ye'd better go up an' see, gran'ma'am?"

"Betty," said Mrs. Meekin, sternly, pitching her voice so that it might reach to all parts of the house, "ef your gran'sir wants ter make a fool o' himself he kin, but they ain't no call fer us ter do likewise. You bring my basket o' knittin' out into the porch."

Betty did as she was told. Then she came back to the kitchen and crouched at the foot of the stairs, listening fearfully to the sound of the captain's voice.

He had stopped singing, now, and had begun a prayer which demanded some attention to form of address and to niceness of thought and diction. Hence Cap'n Ben was obliged to halt frequently for a word or a well-turned phrase, and during these periods of silence Betty quaked with apprehension.

"Dear Lord," he prayed, "I know I ain't alluz done jes' 's I ought, but I never seed it in thet light afore terday. I ain't ben ter church overmuch, but you know, Lord, thet 's a long, hard hill, an' how uncomf'table them seats be. I s'pose I oughter ha' read the Scripters Sundays, 'stead of 'bout the Shippin'. Don't know but the Shippin''s mos' too excitin' fer the Sabbath, but the print's a deal better 'n 't is in the Scripters. I p'sume 't warn't right ter go a-cunnerin', Lord, but they don't 'mount ter much. Seem 's 'ough in thy inf'nite wisdom an' marcy you made 'em smaller an' sca'cer every year. I ain't complainin', you understan', but it does seem 's 'ough. An' I should n't think 't Polly's knittin' socks ought ter count so turrible heavy. I ain't done jes' 's I ought, Lord, but 's I said, I ain't seed it in thet light afore terday. Amen."

Having finished, the captain opened his eyes and stared blankly up at the white ceiling. No sound came from the kitchen. Betty, at the foot of the stairs, hardly dared to breathe. The clock on the kitchen mantel struck three, and then four, preparing itself for these efforts with a whiz and a whir and a rattle quite out of keeping with its size.

The sun worked round to the west window, and, peeping in, found the captain still on his back, staring at the ceiling and heroically awaiting the end. It began to be uncomfortably hot in the little chamber. The blankets, drawn tight under the captain's chin so that his beard pointed straight upward, annoyed and irritated him; and a wasp came in through the window and buzzed, provokingly near his face. He fell to casting about for any signs of approaching weakness, and found nothing more unusual than an irresistible desire to be up and stirring.

"I b'lieve I feel 'bout 's spry," he remarked at last, somewhat dubiously, raising himself on his elbow, "'s ever I did in my life."

Nevertheless he lay resignedly back on the pillow, opening and shutting his mouth several times like a fish gasping for breath, and watched the wasp as it flew about the room. Becoming shortly tired of this, he sat up, lay down, sat up again, and then crept softly out of bed and over to the south window.

The tide had turned and was coming in with a rush, the waves tumbling over each other in their haste to reach the shore. Long, rolling breakers, green and curling, crested, here and there, with snowy white, thundered on the beach and dragged reluctantly back amid a grinding rasp of pebbles. Over at the pier, and farther on, where cliffs pushed out from the shore, columns of spray shot up into the air. Sails were moving across the bay with the sun upon them, and far out to sea a steamer trailed a black cloud of smoke along the water. The wind had freshened and smelled of salt and seaweed. The captain, standing at his window, took long breaths and tossed back his head so that the breeze ruffled his white hair. The beach, quite deserted at noon, was now almost crowded. Fishermen were coming in with the tide. Lobstermen, their pots piled high athwart their dories, shoved out through the surf; clam-diggers were returning with forks and baskets; and what was of much greater interest to Cap'n Ben, several old codgers in pea-jackets, and with long poles over their shoulders, were making their way toward the pier.

Of a sudden the captain turned from the window, and tiptoeing out into the hall, listened at the head of the stairs. Hearing no sound except the noise of the tea-kettle on the stove and the rhythmic squeaks of Polly's rocking-chair in the porch, he went back quickly and put on his waistcoat and coat.

With his boots in his hand he crept cautiously downstairs in his blue stocking-feet. As he crossed the kitchen, — a hazardous proceeding, for the floor creaked alarmingly, — a sudden whisper of "Gran'-sir!" caused the captain to start, and for some reason to attempt to hide his boots under his coat. Turning, he saw Betty standing in the doorway, her blue eyes big with wonder and alarm. Cap'n Ben executed a vigorous pantomime, waving his arms, shutting his lips tight and puckering up his face, and went stealthily out at the back door. Betty, quite spellbound by these manœuvers, followed timidly, and saw him pull on his boots, stuff a coil of line into one pocket, and fill another with clams from a basket that stood in the shade of a rain-barrel near the stoop.

The captain proceeded in a wide circle, keeping well away from the front of the house, but making for the shore, his slight figure almost hidden by the tall grass and nodding goldenrod. Betty stood for a minute watching him; then, the spell broken, she ran, stumbling as she went, across the meadow, and caught at the skirt of his blue coat.

"Gran'sir! Gran'sir!"

The old man twitched his coat away and trudged straight on.

"Gran'sir, ye ain't a-goin' ter die, be ye, gran'sir?"

The captain turned and glanced warily back at the porch where his wife sat with her knitting. He could see her needles flash in the sunlight. Then he caught the little girl to him, and bending down, put his mouth close to her ear, so that, as his lips moved, his beard tickled her cheek.

"Sh, — no, — goin' fer cunners," whispered Cap'n Ben.

13. THE CALIFORNIAN'S TALE

Twenty-three years ago I was out prospecting on the Stanislaus, tramping all day long with pick and pan and horn, and washing a hatful of dirt here and there, always expecting to make a rich strike, and never doing it. It was a lovely region, woodsy, balmy, delicious, and had once been populous, long years before, but now the people had vanished and the charming paradise was a solitude. They went away when the surface diggings gave out. In one place, where a busy little city with banks and newspapers and fire companies and a mayor and aldermen had been, was nothing but a wide expanse of emerald turf,

with not even the faintest sign that human life had ever been present there. This was down toward Tuttletown. In the country neighborhood thereabouts, along the dusty roads, one found at intervals the prettiest little cottage homes, snug and cozy, and so cobwebbed with vines snowed thick with roses that the doors and windows were wholly hidden from sight — sign that these were deserted homes, forsaken years ago by defeated and disappointed families who could neither sell them nor give them away. Now and then, half an hour apart, one came across solitary log cabins of the earliest mining days, built by the first gold miners, the predecessors of the cottage-builders. In some few cases these cabins were still occupied; and when this was so, you could depend upon it that the occupant was the very pioneer who had built the cabin; and you could depend on another thing, too — that he was there because he had once had his opportunity to go home to the States rich, and had not done it; had later lost his wealth, and had then in his humiliation resolved to sever all communication with his home, relatives, and friends, and be to them thenceforth as one dead. Round about California in that day was scattered a host of these living dead men — pride-smitten poor fellows, grizzled and old at forty, whose secret thoughts were made all of regrets and longings — regrets for their wasted lives, and longings to be out of the struggle and done with it all.

It was a lonesome land! Not a sound in all those peaceful expanses of grass and woods but the drowsy hum of insects; no glimpse of man or beast; nothing to keep up your spirits and make you glad to be alive. And so, at last, in the early part of the afternoon, when I caught sight of a human creature, I felt a most grateful uplift. This person was a man about forty-five years old, and he was standing at the gate of one of those cozy little rose-clad cottages. . . . This one, however, had n't a deserted look; it had the look of being lived in and petted and cared for and looked after; and so had its front yard, which was a garden of flowers, abundant, gay, and flourishing. I was invited in, of course, and required to make myself at home — it was the custom of the country.

It was delightful to be in such a place, after long weeks of daily and nightly familiarity with miners' cabins — with all which this implies of dirt floor, never-made beds, tin plates and cups, bacon and beans and black coffee, and nothing of ornament but war pictures from the

eastern illustrated papers tacked to the log walls. That was all hard, cheerless, materialistic desolation, but here was a nest which had aspects to rest the tired eye and refresh that something in one's nature which, after long fasting, recognizes, when confronted by the belongings of art, howsoever cheap and modest they may be, that it has unconsciously been famishing and now has found nourishment. I could not have believed that a rag carpet could feast me so, and so content me: or that there could be such solace to the soul in wall-paper and framed lithographs, and bright colored tidies and lamp-mats, and Windsor chairs, and varnished whatnots, with sea-shells and books and china vases on them, and the score of little unclassifiable tricks and touches that a woman's hand distributes about a home, which one sees without knowing he sees them, yet would miss in a moment if they were taken away. The delight that was in my heart showed in my face, and the man saw it and was pleased; saw it so plainly that he answered it as if it had been spoken.

"All her work," he said caressingly; "she did it all herself — every bit," and he took the room in with a glance which was full of affectionate worship. One of those soft Japanese fabrics with which women drape with careful negligence the upper part of a picture-frame was out of adjustment. He noticed it, and rearranged it with cautious pains, stepping back several times to gauge the effect before he got it to suit him. Then he gave it a light finishing pat or two with his hand, and said, "She always does that. You can't tell just what it lacks, but it does lack something until you've done that — you can see it yourself after it's done, but that is all you know; you can't find out the law of it. It's like the finishing pats a mother gives the child's hair after she's got it combed and brushed, I reckon. I've seen her fix all these things so much that I can do them all just her way, though I don't know the law of any of them. But she knows the law. She knows the why and the how both, but I don't know the why; I only know the how."

He took me into a bedroom so that I might wash my hands; such a bedroom as I had not seen for years: white counterpane, white pillows, carpeted floor, papered walls, pictures, dressing-table, with mirror and pincushion and dainty toilet things; and in the corner a washstand, with real chinaware bowl and pitcher, and with soap in a china dish, and on a rack more than a dozen towels — towels too clean

and white for one out of practice to use without some vague sense of profanation. So my face spoke again, and he answered with gratified words:

"All her work; she did it all herself — every bit. Not a thing here that has n't felt the touch of her hand. Now you would think — but I must n't talk so much."

By this time I was wiping my hands and glancing from detail to detail of the room's belongings, as one is apt to do when he is in a new place, where everything he sees is a comfort to his eye and his spirit; and I became conscious, in one of those unaccountable ways, you know, that there was something there somewhere that the man wanted me to discover for myself. I knew it perfectly, and I knew he was trying to help me by furtive indications with his eye, so I tried hard to get on the right track, being eager to gratify him. I failed several times, as I could see out of the corner of my eye without being told; but at last I knew I must be looking straight at the thing — knew it from the pleasure issuing in invisible waves from him. He broke into a happy laugh, and rubbed his hands together, and cried out:

"That's it! You've found it. I knew you would. It's her picture."

I went to the little black-walnut bracket on the further wall, and did find there what I had not yet noticed, a daguerreotype case. It contained the sweetest girlish face, and the most beautiful, as it seemed to me, that I had ever seen. The man drank the admiration from my face, and was fully satisfied.

"Nineteen her last birthday," he said, as he put the picture back; "and that was the day we were married. When you see her — ah, just wait till you see her!"

"Where is she? When will she be in?"

"Oh, she's away now. She's gone to see her people. They live forty or fifty miles from here. She's been gone two weeks today."

"When do you expect her back?"

"This is Wednesday. She 'll be back Saturday, in the evening — about nine o'clock, likely."

I felt a sharp sense of disappointment. "I 'm sorry, because I 'll be gone then," I said regretfully.

"Gone? No — why should you go? Don't go. She 'll be so disappointed."

She would be disappointed — that beautiful creature! If she had

said the words herself they could hardly have blessed me more. I was feeling a deep, strong longing to see her; a longing so supplicating, so insistent, that it made me afraid. I said to myself, "I will go straight away from this place, for my peace of mind's sake."

"You see, she likes to have people come and stop with us — people who know things, and can talk — people like you. She delights in it; for she knows — oh, she knows nearly everything herself, and can talk, oh, like a bird — and the books she reads, why, you would be astonished. Don't go; it's only a little while, you know, and she'll be so disappointed."

I heard the words, but hardly noticed them, I was so deep in my thinkings and strugglings. He left me, but I did n't know it. Presently he was back, with the picture-case in his hand, and he held it open before me and said:

"There now, tell her to her face you could have stayed to see her, and you would n't."

That second glimpse broke down my good resolution. I would stay and take the risk. That night we smoked the tranquil pipe, and talked till late about various things, but mainly about her; and certainly I had had no such pleasant and restful time for many a day. The Thursday followed and slipped comfortably away. Toward twilight a big miner from three miles away came — one of the grizzled, stranded pioneers — and gave us warm salutation, clothed in grave and sober speech. Then he said:

"I only just dropped over to ask about the little madam, and when is she coming home. Any news from her?"

"Oh, yes, a letter. Would you like to hear it, Tom?"

"Well, I should think I would, if you don't mind, Henry!"

Henry got the letter out of his wallet, and said he would skip some of the private phrases if we were willing; then he went on and read the bulk of it — a loving, sedate, and altogether charming and gracious piece of handiwork, with a postscript full of affectionate regards and messages to Tom, and Joe, and Charley, and other close friends and neighbors.

As the reader finished, he glanced at Tom, and cried out:

"Oho, you 're at it again! Take your hands away, and let me see your eyes. You always do that when I read you a letter from her. I 'm going to write and tell her."

"Oh, no, you must n't, Henry. I 'm getting old, you know, and any little disappointment makes me want to cry. I thought she 'd be here herself, and now you 've got only a letter."

"Well, now, what put that in your head? I thought everybody knew she was n't coming till Saturday."

"Saturday! Why, come to think, I did know it. I wonder what's the matter with me lately. Certainly I knew it. Ain't we all getting ready for her? Well, I must be going now. But I 'll be on hand when she comes, old man!"

Late Friday afternoon another gray veteran tramped over from his cabin a mile or so away, and said the boys wanted to have a little gaiety and a good time Saturday night, if Henry thought she would n't be too tired after her journey to be kept up.

"Tired? She tired! Oh, hear the man! Joe, *you* know she 'd sit up six weeks to please any one of you!"

When Joe heard that there was a letter, he asked to have it read, and the loving messages in it for him broke the old fellow all up; but he said he was such an old wreck that *that* would happen to him if she only just mentioned his name. "Lord, we miss her so!" he said.

Saturday afternoon I found I was taking out my watch pretty often. Henry noticed it, and said with a startled look:

"You don't think she ought to be here so soon, do you?"

I felt caught, and a little embarrassed; but I laughed, and said it was a habit of mine when I was in a state of expectancy. But he did n't seem quite satisfied; and from that time on he began to show uneasiness. Four times he walked me up to the road to a point whence we could see a long distance; and there he would stand, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking. Several times he said:

"I 'm getting worried, I 'm getting right down worried. I know she 's not due till about nine o'clock, and yet something seems to be trying to warn me that something 's happened. You don't think anything has happened, do you?"

I began to get pretty thoroughly ashamed of him for his childishness; and at last, when he repeated that imploring question still another time, I lost my patience for the moment, and spoke pretty brutally to him. It seemed to shrivel him up and cow him; and he looked so wounded and so humble after that, that I detested myself for having done the cruel and unnecessary thing. And so I was glad

when Charley, another veteran, arrived toward the edge of the evening, and nestled up to Henry to hear the letter read, and talk over the preparations for the welcome. Charley fetched out one hearty speech after another, and did his best to drive away his friend's bodings and apprehensions.

"Anything *happened* to her? Henry, that's pure nonsense. There is n't anything going to happen to her; just make your mind easy as to that. What did the letter say? Said she was well, did n't it? And said she 'd be here by nine o'clock, did n't it? Did you ever know her to fail of her word? Why, you know you never did. Well, then, don't you fret, she 'll *be* here, and that's absolutely certain, and as sure as you are born. Come, now, let 's get to decorating — not much time left."

Pretty soon Tom and Joe arrived, and then all hands set about adorning the house with flowers. Toward nine the three miners said that as they had brought their instruments they might as well tune up, for the boys and girls would soon be arriving now, and hungry for a good, old-fashioned breakdown. A fiddle, a banjo, and a clarinet, — these were the instruments. The trio took their places side by side, and began to play some rattling dance-music, and beat time with their big boots.

It was getting very close to nine. Henry was standing in the door with his eyes directed up the road, his body swaying to the torture of his mental distress. He had been made to drink his wife's health and safety several times, and now Tom shouted:

"All hands stand by! One more drink, and she's here!"

Joe brought the glasses on a waiter, and served the party. I reached for one of the two remaining glasses, but Joe growled, under his breath:

"Drop that! Take the other."

Which I did. Henry was served last. He had hardly swallowed his drink when the clock began to strike. He listened till it finished, his face growing pale and paler; then he said:

"Boys, I 'm sick with fear. Help me — I want to lie down."

They helped him to the sofa. He began to nestle and drowse, but presently spoke like one talking in his sleep, and said: "Did I hear horses' feet? Have they come?"

One of the veterans answered, close to his ear: "It was Jimmy Parrish come to say the party got delayed, but they 're right up the

road a piece, and coming along. Her horse is lame, but she 'll be here in half an hour."

"Oh, I 'm *so* thankful nothing has happened!"

He was asleep almost before the words were out of his mouth. In a moment those handy men had his clothes off, and had tucked him into his bed in the chamber where I had washed my hands. They closed the door and came back. Then they seemed preparing to leave; but I said: "Please don't go, gentlemen. She won't know me; I am a stranger."

They glanced at each other. Then Joe said:

"She? Poor thing, she 's been dead nineteen years!"

"Dead?"

"That, or worse. She went to see her folks half a year after she was married, and on her way back, on a Saturday evening, the Indians captured her within five miles of this place, and she's never been heard of since."

"And he lost his mind in consequence?"

"Never has been sane an hour since. But he only gets bad when that time of the year comes round. Then we begin to drop in here, three days before she 's due, to encourage him up, and ask if he 's heard from her, and Saturday we all come and fix up the house with flowers, and get everything ready for a dance. We've done it every year for nineteen years. The first Saturday there was twenty-seven of us, without counting the girls; there's only three of us now, and the girls are all gone. We drug him to sleep, or he would go wild; then he's all right for another year — thinks she's with him till the last three or four days come round; then he begins to look for her, and gets out his poor old letter, and we come and ask him to read it to us. Lord, she was a darling!"

14. THE LOVE-LETTERS OF SMITH [1]

When the little seamstress had climbed to her room in the story over the top story of the great brick tenement house in which she lived. she was quite tired out. If you do not understand what a story over a top story is, you must remember that there are no limits to human greed, and hardly any to the height of tenement houses. When the man who owned that seven-story tenement found that he could rent

[1] From *Stories of H. C. Bunner:* copyright 1890, 1896, by Alice L. Bunner; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

another floor, he found no difficulty in persuading the guardians of our building laws to let him clap another story on the roof, like a cabin on the deck of a ship; and in the southeasterly of the four apartments on this floor the little steamstress lived. You could just see the top of her window from the street — the huge cornice that had capped the original front, and that served as her window sill now, quite hid all the lower part of the story on top of the top story.

The little seamstress was scarcely thirty years old, but she was such an old-fashioned little body in so many of her looks and ways that I had almost spelled her "sempstress," after the fashion of our grandmothers. She had been a comely body, too; and would have been still, if she had not been thin and pale and anxious-eyed.

She was tired out to-night because she had been working hard all day for a lady who lived far up in the "New Wards" beyond Harlem River, and after the long journey home, she had to climb seven flights of tenement-house stairs. She was too tired, both in body and in mind, to cook the two little chops she had brought home. She would save them for breakfast, she thought. So she made herself a cup of tea on the miniature stove, and ate a slice of dry bread with it. It was too much trouble to make toast.

But after dinner she watered her flowers. She was never too tired for that: and the six pots of geraniums that caught the south sun on the top of the cornice did their best to repay her. Then she sat down in her rocking chair by the window and looked out. Her eyry was high above all the other buildings, and she could look across some low roofs opposite, and see the further end of Tompkins Square, with its sparse spring green showing faintly through the dusk. The eternal roar of the city floated up to her and vaguely troubled her. She was a country girl, and although she had lived for ten years in New York, she had never grown used to that ceaseless murmur. To-night she felt the languor of the new season as well as the heaviness of physical exhaustion. She was almost too tired to go to bed.

She thought of the hard day done and the hard day to be begun after the night spent on the hard little bed. She thought of the peaceful days in the country, when she taught school in the Massachusetts village where she was born. She thought of a hundred small slights that she had to bear from people better fed than bred. She thought of the sweet green fields that she rarely saw nowadays. She thought of the

long journey forth and back that must begin and end her morrow's work, and she wondered if her employer would think to offer to pay her fare. Then she pulled herself together. She must think of more agreeable things, or she could not sleep. And as the only agreeable things she had to think about were her flowers, she looked at the garden on top of the cornice.

A peculiar gritting noise made her look down, and she saw a cylindrical object that glittered in the twilight, advancing in an irregular and uncertain manner toward her flower-pots. Looking closer, she saw that it was a pewter beer-mug, which somebody in the next apartment was pushing with a two-foot rule. On top of the beer-mug was a piece of paper, and on this paper was written, in a sprawling, half-formed hand:

porter
pleas excuse the libberty And
drink it

The seamstress started up in terror, and shut the window. She remembered that there was a man in the next apartment. She had seen him on the stairs, on Sundays. He seemed a grave, decent person; but — he must be drunk. She sat down on her bed, all a-tremble. Then she reasoned with herself. The man was drunk, that was all. He probably would not annoy her further. And if he did, she had only to retreat to Mrs. Mulvaney's apartment in the rear, and Mr. Mulvaney, who was a highly respectable man and worked in a boiler-shop, would protect her. So, being a poor woman who had already had occasion to excuse — and refuse — two or three "libberties" of like sort, she made up her mind to go to bed like a reasonable seamstress, and she did. She was rewarded, for when her light was out, she could see in the moonlight that the two-foot rule appeared again, with one joint bent back, hitched itself into the mug-handle, and withdrew the mug.

The next day was a hard one for the little seamstress, and she hardly thought of the affair of the night before until the same hour had come around again, and she sat once more by her window. Then she smiled at the remembrance. "Poor fellow," she said in her charitable heart, "I 've no doubt he's *awfully* ashamed of it now. Perhaps he was never tipsy before. Perhaps he did n't know there was a lone woman in here to be frightened."

Just then she heard a gritting sound. She looked down. The

pewter pot was in front of her, and the two-foot rule was slowly retiring. On the pot was a piece of paper, and on the paper was:

porter
good for the helth
it makes meet

This time the little seamstress shut her window with a bang of indignation. The color rose to her pale cheeks. She thought that she would go down to see the janitor at once. Then she remembered the seven flights of stairs; and she resolved to see the janitor in the morning. Then she went to bed and saw the mug drawn back just as it had been drawn back the night before.

The morning came, but, somehow, the seamstress did not care to complain to the janitor. She hated to make trouble — and the janitor might think — and — and — well, if the wretch did it again she would speak to him herself, and that would settle it.

And so, on the next night, which was a Thursday, the little seamstress sat down by her window, resolved to settle the matter. And she had not sat there long, rocking in the creaking little rocking-chair which she had brought with her from her old home, when the pewter pot hove in sight, with a piece of paper on the top.

This time the legend read:

Perhaps you are afrade i will
adress you
i am not that kind

The seamstress did not quite know whether to laugh or to cry. But she felt that the time had come for speech. She leaned out of her window and addressed the twilight heaven.

"Mr. — Mr. — sir — I — will you *please* put your head out of the window so that I can speak to you?"

The silence of the other room was undisturbed. The seamstress drew back, blushing. But before she could nerve herself for another attack, a piece of paper appeared on the end of the two-foot rule.

when i Say a thing i
mene it
i have Sed i would not
Adress you and i
Will not

What was the little seamstress to do? She stood by the window and thought hard about it. Should she complain to the janitor? But the creature was perfectly respectful. No doubt he meant to be kind. He certainly was kind, to waste these pots of porter on her. She remembered the last time — and the first — that she had drunk porter. It was at home, when she was a young girl, after she had had the diphtheria. She remembered how good it was, and how it had given her back her strength. And without one thought of what she was doing, she lifted the pot of porter and took one little reminiscent sip — two little reminiscent sips — and became aware of her utter fall and defeat. She blushed now as she had never blushed before, put the pot down, closed the window, and fled to her bed like a deer to the woods.

And when the porter arrived the next night, bearing the simple appeal:

Dont be afrade of it
drink it all

the little seamstress arose and grasped the pot firmly by the handle, and poured its contents over the earth around her largest geranium. She poured the contents out to the last drop, and then she dropped the pot, and ran back and sat on her bed and cried, with her face hid in her hands.

"Now," she said to herself, "you've done it! And you're just as nasty and hard-hearted and suspicious and mean as — as pusley!"

And she wept to think of her hardness of heart. "He will never give me a chance to say I am sorry," she thought. And, really, she might have spoken kindly to the poor man, and told him that she was much obliged to him, but that he really must n't ask her to drink porter with him.

"But it's all over and done now," she said to herself as she sat at her window on Saturday night. And then she looked at the cornice, and saw the faithful little pewter pot traveling slowly toward her.

She was conquered. This act of Christian forbearance was too much for her kindly spirit. She read the inscription on the paper:

porter is good for Flours
but better for Fokes

and she lifted the pot to her lips, which were not half so red as her cheeks, and took a good, hearty, grateful draught.

She sipped in thoughtful silence after this first plunge, and presently she was surprised to find the bottom of the pot in full view.

On the table at her side a few pearl buttons were screwed up in a bit of white paper. She untwisted the paper and smoothed it out, and wrote in a tremulous hand — she *could* write a very neat hand —

Thanks.

This she laid on the top of the pot, and in a moment the bent two-foot rule appeared and drew the mail-carriage home. Then she sat still, enjoying the warm glow of the porter, which seemed to have permeated her entire being with a heat that was not at all like the unpleasant and oppressive heat of the atmosphere, an atmosphere heavy with the spring damp. A gritting on the tin aroused her. A piece of paper lay under her eyes.

fine groing weather
Smith

it said.

Now it is unlikely that in the whole round and range of conversational commonplaces there was one other greeting that could have induced the seamstress to continue the exchange of communications. But this simple and homely phrase touched her country heart. What did "groing weather" matter to the toilers in this waste of brick and mortar? This stranger must be, like herself, a country-bred soul, longing for the new green and the upturned brown mould of the country fields. She took up the paper, and wrote under the first message:

Fine

But that seemed curt; *for* she added: "*for*" what? She did not know. At last in desperation she put down *potatos*. The piece of paper was withdrawn and came back with an addition:

Too mist for potatos.

And when the little seamstress had read this, and grasped the fact that *m-i-s-t* represented the writer's pronunciation of "moist," she laughed softly to herself. A man whose mind, at such a time, was seriously bent upon potatoes, was not a man to be feared. She found a half-sheet of note-paper, and wrote:

I lived in a small village before I came to New York, but I am afraid I do not know much about farming. Are you a farmer?

The answer came:

have ben most Every thing
farmed a Spel in Maine
Smith

As she read this, the seamstress heard a church clock strike nine.

"Bless me, is it so late?" she cried, and she hurriedly penciled *Good Night*, thrust the paper out, and closed the window. But a few minutes later, passing by, she saw yet another bit of paper on the cornice, fluttering in the evening breeze. It said only *good nite*, and after a moment's hesitation, the little seamstress took it in and gave it shelter.

. . . . . .

After this, they were the best of friends. Every evening the pot appeared, and while the seamstress drank from it at her window, Mr. Smith drank from its twin at his; and notes were exchanged as rapidly as Mr. Smith's early education permitted. They told each other their histories, and Mr. Smith's was one of travel and variety, which he seemed to consider quite a matter of course. He had followed the sea, he had farmed, he had been a logger and a hunter in the Maine woods. Now he was foreman of an East River lumber yard, and he was prospering. In a year or two he would have enough laid by to go home to Bucksport and buy a share in a ship-building business. All this dribbled out in the course of a jerky but variegated correspondence, in which autobiographic details were mixed with reflections, moral and philosophical.

A few samples will give an idea of Mr. Smith's style:

i was one trip to van demens
land

To which the seamstress replied:

It must have been very interesting.

But Mr. Smith disposed of this subject very briefly:

it wornt

Further he vouchsafed:

i seen a chinese cook in
hong kong could cook flapjacks
like your Mother

a mishnery that sells Rum
is the menest of Gods crechers

a bulfite is not what it is
cract up to Be

the dagos are wussen the
brutes

i am 6 1¾
but my Father was 6 foot 4

The seamstress had taught school one winter, and she could not refrain from making an attempt to reform Mr. Smith's orthography. One evening, in answer to this communication:

i killd a Bare in Maine 600
lbs. waight

she wrote:

Isn't it generally spelled Bear?

but she gave up the attempt when he responded:

a bare is a mene animle any
way you spel him

The spring wore on, and the summer came, and still the evening drink and the evening correspondence brightened the close of each day for the little seamstress. And the draught of porter put her to sleep each night, giving her a calmer rest than she had ever known during her stay in the noisy city; and it began, moreover, to make a little "*meet*" for her. And then the thought that she was going to have an hour of pleasant companionship somehow gave her courage to cook and eat her little dinner, however tired she was. The seamstress's cheeks began to blossom with the June roses.

And all this time Mr. Smith kept his vow of silence unbroken, though the seamstress sometimes tempted him with little ejaculations and exclamations to which he might have responded. He was silent and invisible. Only the smoke of his pipe, and the clink of his mug as he set it down on the cornice, told her that a living, material Smith was her correspondent. They never met on the stairs, for

their hours of coming and going did not coincide. Once or twice they passed each other in the street — but Mr. Smith looked straight ahead of him, about a foot over her head. The little seamstress thought he was a very fine-looking man, with his six feet one and three-quarters and his thick brown beard. Most people would have called him plain.

Once she spoke to him. She was coming home one summer evening, and a gang of corner-loafers stopped her and demanded money to buy beer, as is their custom. Before she had time to be frightened, Mr. Smith appeared — whence, she knew not — scattered the gang like chaff, and, collaring two of the human hyenas, kicked them, with deliberate, ponderous, alternate kicks, until they writhed in ineffable agony. When he let them crawl away, she turned to him and thanked him warmly, looking very pretty now, with the color in her cheeks. But Mr. Smith answered no word. He stared over her head, grew red in the face, fidgeted nervously, but held his peace until his eyes fell on a rotund Teuton, passing by.

"Say, Dutchy!" he roared.

The German stood aghast.

"I ain't got nothing to write with!" thundered Mr. Smith, looking him in the eye. And then the man of his word passed on his way.

And so the summer went on, and the two correspondents chatted silently from window to window, hid from sight of all the world below by the friendly cornice. And they looked out over the roof, and saw the green of Tompkins Square grow darker and dustier as the months went on.

Mr. Smith was given to Sunday trips into the suburbs, and he never came back without a bunch of daisies or black-eyed Susans, or, later, asters or golden-rod for the little seamstress. Sometimes, with a sagacity rare in his sex, he brought her a whole plant, with fresh loam for potting.

He gave her also a reel in a bottle, which, he wrote, he had "*maid*" himself, and some coral, and a dried flying-fish, that was somewhat fearful to look upon, with its sword-like fins and its hollow eyes. At first, she could not go to sleep with that flying-fish on the wall.

But he surprised the little seamstress very much one cool September evening, when he shoved this letter along the cornice:

Respected and Honored Madam:

Having long and vainly sought an opportunity to convey to you the expression of my sentiments, I now avail myself of the privilege of epistolary communication to acquaint you with the fact that the Emotions, which you have raised in my breast, are those which should point to Connubial Love and Affection rather than to simple Friendship. In short, Madam, I have the Honor to approach you with a Proposal, the acceptance of which will fill me with ecstatic Gratitude, and enable me to extend to you those Protecting Cares, which the Matrimonial Bond makes at once the Duty and the Privilege of him, who would, at no distant date, lead to the Hymeneal Altar one whose charms and virtues should suffice to kindle its Flames, without extrâneous Aid

I remain, Dear Madam,
Your Humble Servant and
Ardent Adorer, J. Smith

The little seamstress gazed at this letter a long time. Perhaps she was wondering in what Ready Letter-Writer of the last century Mr. Smith had found his form. Perhaps she was amazed at the results of his first attempt at punctuation. Perhaps she was thinking of something else, for there were tears in her eyes and a smile on her small mouth.

But it must have been a long time, and Mr. Smith must have grown nervous, for presently another communication came along the line where the top of the cornice was worn smooth. It read:

If not understood will you
mary me

The little seamstress seized a piece of paper and wrote:

If I say Yes, will you speak to me?

Then she rose and passed it out to him, leaning out of the window, and their faces met.

15. THE FINDING OF THE PRINCESS

It was the day I was promoted to a toothbrush. The girls, irrespective of age, had been thus distinguished some time before; why, we boys could never rightly understand, except that it was part and parcel of a system of studied favouritism on behalf of creatures both physically inferior and (as was shown by a fondness for talebearing) of weaker mental fibre. It was not that we yearned after these strange instruments in themselves; Edward, indeed, applied his to the scrubbing-out of his squirrel's cage, and for personal use, when a superior eye was grim on him, borrowed Harold's or mine, indifferently; but the nimbus of distinction that clung to them — that we coveted exceedingly. What more, indeed, was there to ascend to, before the remote, but still possible, razor and strop?

Perhaps the exaltation had mounted to my head; or nature and the perfect morning joined to hint at disaffection; anyhow, having breakfasted, and triumphantly repeated the collect I had broken down in the last Sunday — 'twas one without rhythm or alliteration: a most objectionable collect — having achieved thus much, the small natural man in me rebelled, and I vowed, as I straddled and spat about the

stable-yard in feeble imitation of the coachman, that lessons might go to the Inventor of them. It was only geography that morning, any way: and the practical thing was worth any quantity of bookish theoretic; as for me, I was going on my travels, and imports and exports, populations and capitals, might very well wait while I explored the breathing, coloured world outside.

True, a fellow-rebel was wanted; and Harold might, as a rule, have been counted on with certainty. But just then Harold was very proud. The week before he had "gone into tables," and had been endowed with a new slate, having a miniature sponge attached, wherewith we washed the faces of Charlotte's dolls, thereby producing an unhealthy pallor which struck terror into the child's heart, always timorous regarding epidemic visitations. As to "tables," nobody knew exactly what they were, least of all Harold; but it was a step over the heads of the rest, and therefore a subject for self-adulation and — generally speaking — airs; so that Harold, hugging his slate and his chains, was out of the question now. In such a matter, girls were worse than useless, as wanting the necessary tenacity of will and contempt for self-constituted authority. So eventually I slipped through the hedge a solitary protestant, and issued forth on the lane what time the rest of the civilised world was sitting down to lessons.

The scene was familiar enough; and yet, this morning, how different it all seemed! The act, with its daring, tinted everything with new, strange hues; affecting the individual with a sort of bruised feeling just below the pit of the stomach, that was intensified whenever his thoughts flew back to the ink-stained, smelly schoolroom. And could this be really me? Or was I only contemplating, from the schoolroom aforesaid, some other jolly young mutineer, faring forth under the genial sun? Anyhow, here was the friendly well, in its old place, half way up the lane. Hither the yoke-shouldering village-folk were wont to come to fill their clinking buckets; when the drippings made worms of wet in the thick dust of the road. They had flat wooden crosses inside each pail, which floated on the top and (we were instructed) served to prevent the water from slopping over. We used to wonder by what magic this strange principle worked, and who first invented the crosses, and whether he got a peerage for it. But indeed the well was a centre of mystery, for a hornet's nest was somewhere hard by, and the very thought was fearsome. Wasps we knew well and disdained, storm-

ing them in their fastnesses. But these great Beasts, vestured in angry orange, three stings from which — so 'twas averred — would kill a horse, these were of a different kidney, and their warning drone suggested prudence and retreat. At this time neither villagers nor hornets encroached on the stillness: lessons, apparently, pervaded all Nature. So, after dabbling awhile in the well — what boy has ever passed a bit of water without messing in it? — I scrambled through the hedge, avoiding the hornet-haunted side, and struck into the silence of the copse.

If the lane had been deserted, this was loneliness become personal. Here mystery lurked and peeped; here brambles caught and held with a purpose of their own, and saplings whipped the face with human spite. The copse, too, proved vaster in extent, more direfully drawn out, than one would ever have guessed from its frontage on the lane: and I was really glad when at last the wood opened and sloped down to a streamlet brawling forth into the sunlight. By this cheery companion I wandered along, conscious of little but that Nature, in providing store of water-rats, had thoughtfully furnished provender of right-sized stones. Rapids, also, there were, telling of canoes and portages — crinkling bays and inlets — caves for pirates and hidden treasures — the wise Dame had forgotten nothing — till at last, after what lapse of time I know not, my further course, though not the stream's, was barred by some six feet of stout wire netting, stretched from side to side, just where a thick hedge, arching till it touched, forbade all further view.

The excitement of the thing was becoming thrilling. A Black Flag must surely be fluttering close by. Here was evidently a malignant contrivance of the Pirates, designed to baffle our gunboats when we dashed upstream to shell them from their lair. A gunboat, indeed, might well have hesitated, so stout was the netting, so close the hedge: but I spied where a rabbit was wont to pass, close down by the water's edge; where a rabbit could go a boy could follow, albeit stomach-wise and with one leg in the stream; so the passage was achieved, and I stood inside, safe but breathless at the sight.

Gone was the brambled waste, gone the flickering tangle of woodland. Instead, terrace after terrace of shaven sward, stone-edged, urn-cornered, stepped delicately down to where the stream, now tamed and educated, passed from one to another marble basin, in which on occasion gleams of red hinted at gold-fish in among the spreading water-

lilies. The scene lay silent and slumbrous in the brooding noonday sun. The drowsing peacock squatted humped on the lawn, no fish leapt in the pools, nor bird declared himself from the environing hedges. Self-confessed it was here, then, at last: the Garden of Sleep!

Two things, in those old days, I held in especial distrust: gamekeepers and gardeners. Seeing, however, no baleful apparitions of either nature, I pursued my way between rich flowerbeds, in search of the necessary Princess. Conditions declared her presence patently as trumpets; without this centre such surroundings could not exist. A pavilion, gold-topped, wreathed with lush jessamine, beckoned with a special significance over close-set shrubs. There, if anywhere, She should be enshrined. Instinct, and some knowledge of the habits of princesses, triumphed; for (indeed) there She was! In no tranced repose, however, but laughingly, struggling to disengage her hand from the grasp of a grown-up man who occupied the marble bench with her. (As to age, I suppose now that the two swung in respective scales that pivoted on twenty. But children heed no minor distinctions; to them, the inhabited world is composed of the two main divisions: children and upgrown people; the latter being in no way superior to the former — only hopelessly different. These two, then, belonged to the grown-up section.) I paused, thinking it strange they should prefer seclusion when there were fish to be caught, and butterflies to hunt in the sun outside; and as I cogitated thus, the grown-up man caught sight of me.

"Hallo, sprat!" he said, with some abruptness, "where do you spring from?"

"I came up the stream," I explained politely and comprehensively, "and I was only looking for the Princess."

"Then you are a water-baby," he replied. "And what do you think of the Princess, now you've found her?"

"I think she is lovely," I said (and doubtless I was right, having never learned to flatter). "But she's wide-awake, so I suppose somebody has kissed her!"

This very natural deduction moved the grown-up man to laughter; but the Princess, turning red and jumping up, declared that it was time for lunch.

"Come along, then," said the grown-up man; "and you too, Water-baby; come and have something solid. You must want it."

I accompanied them, without any feeling of false delicacy. The world, as known to me, was spread with food each several midday, and the particular table one sat at seemed a matter of no importance. The palace was very sumptuous and beautiful, just what a palace ought to be; and we were met by a stately lady, rather more grown-up than the Princess — apparently her mother. My friend the Man was very kind, and introduced me as the Captain, saying I had just run down from Aldershot. I didn't know where Aldershot was, but had no manner of doubt that he was perfectly right. As a rule, indeed, grown-up people are fairly correct on matters of fact; it is in the higher gift of imagination that they are so sadly to seek.

The lunch was excellent and varied. Another gentleman in beautiful clothes — a lord, presumably — lifted me into a high carved chair, and stood behind it, brooding over me like a Providence. I endeavoured to explain who I was and where I had come from, and to impress the company with my own toothbrush and Harold's tables; but either they were stupid — or is it a characteristic of Fairyland that every one laughs at the most ordinary remarks? My friend the Man said good-naturedly, "All right, Water-baby; you came up the stream, and that's good enough for us." The lord, a reserved sort of man, I thought, took no share in the conversation.

After lunch I walked on the terrace with the Princess and my friend the Man, and was very proud. And I told him what I was going to be, and he told me what he was going to be; and then I remarked, "I suppose you two are going to get married?" He only laughed, after the Fairy fashion. "Because if you aren't," I added, "you really ought to"; meaning only that a man who discovered a Princess, living in the right sort of Palace like this, and didn't marry her there and then, was false to all recognised tradition.

They laughed again, and my friend suggested I should go down to the pond and look at the gold-fish, while they went for a stroll. I was sleepy, and assented; but before they left me, the grown-up man put two half-crowns in my hand, for the purpose, he explained, of treating the other water-babies. I was so touched by this crowning mark of friendship that I nearly cried; and thought much more of his generosity than of the fact that the Princess, ere she moved away, stooped down and kissed me.

I watched them disappear down the path — how naturally arms seem to go round waists in Fairyland! — and then, my cheek on the cool marble, lulled by the trickle of water, I slipped into dreamland out of real and magic world alike. When I woke, the sun had gone in, a chill wind set all the leaves a-whispering, and the peacock on the lawn was harshly calling up the rain. A wild, unreasoning panic possessed me, and I sped out of the garden like a guilty thing, wriggled through the rabbit-run, and threaded my doubtful way homewards, hounded by nameless terrors. The half-crowns happily remained solid and real to the touch; but could I hope to bear such treasure safely through the brigand-haunted wood? It was a dirty, weary little object that entered its home, at nightfall, by the unassuming aid of the scullery-window: and only to be sent tealess to bed seemed infinite mercy to him. Officially tealess, that is; for, as was usual after such escapades, a sympathetic housemaid, coming delicately by backstairs, stayed him with chunks of cold pudding and condolence, till his small skin was tight as any drum. Then, nature asserting herself, I passed into the comforting kingdom of sleep, where, a golden carp of fattest build, I oared it in translucent waters with a new half-crown snug under right fin and left; and thrust up a nose through water-lily leaves to be kissed by a rose-flushed Princess.

16. THE THREE STRANGERS

Among the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the high, grassy and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and south-west. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county-town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less

repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighbouring valley.

The night of March 28, 182–, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside-out like umbrellas. The gable-end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdroppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cosy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly-polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type

engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half-a-dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighbouring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever — which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from a vale at a distance, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket — and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing-party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the

ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind: the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favourite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamoured of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out of doors were readily visible. The sad wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. At a rough guess, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five-feet-eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveller's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage-leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances

for economy in suds and dish-waters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies; a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house-door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden-path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well-cover, the top rail of the garden-gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops — lights that denoted the situation of the county-town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in!" said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door-mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were

large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with his survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause — though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb — hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say. — I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather cracked in the vamp," he said freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that — further up the country."

"I thought so. And so be I; and by your tongue you come from my neighbourhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the new-comer. "And that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I 'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about 'ee?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box — I 'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the brands as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven doormat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighbourhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab greatcoat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or

other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob, as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-coloured gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbour the family mug — a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters: —

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTiLL i CUM

The other man, nothing loth, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on — till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden before coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really did n't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make — and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we ourselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"O, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 't is old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humour.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey, four pounds to the gallon — with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring — tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time; but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd.

"Not as yet; though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight, I must begin work there at eight to-morrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife.

"'T is the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'T is the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . But really and truly I must up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of friendship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 't is only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 't is a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? There'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well — this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade — I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine — if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his own hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pin-cushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time — one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the arm-hole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep-crooks above the mantelpiece, began: —

"O my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all —
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree!"

The room was silent when he had finished the verse — with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish —

"And waft 'em to a far countree!"

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish-clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection, or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's Feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inwards, and went on with the next stanza as requested: —

"My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all —
My tools are no sight to see:
A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,
Are implements enough for me!"

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her she sat down trembling.

"O, he's the ——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it! 'T is to be at Casterbridge jail to-morrow — the man for sheep-stealing — the poor clock-maker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do — Timothy Summers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the high-road, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's lad, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded towards the stranger of the deadly trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county-town, and he's got the place here now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup towards that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation towards the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to ——?" he began: when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse: —

"To-morrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all —
To-morrow is a working day for me:
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!"

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before: —

"And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!"

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprise that he stood before them the picture of abject terror — his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door-latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly: his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew further and further from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him —

. . . circulus, cujus centrum diabolus.

The room was so silent — though there were more than twenty people in it — that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against

the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air — apparently from the direction of the county-town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail — that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney-corner, who said quietly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd involuntarily. "And surely we've zeed him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he zeed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True — his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the hangman.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 't is explained!"

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out from the wall, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will — when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff! — never mind your staff; the man 'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff — can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 't is made a lawful blow thereby. I would n't 'tempt to take up a man without my staff — no, not I. If I had n't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now, I 'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes — have ye any lanterns? — I demand it!" said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied ——"

"Able-bodied men — yes — the rest of ye!" said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks ——"

"Staves and pitchforks — in the name o' the law! And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heart-brokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly

oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground-floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on the ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly — his friend in cinder-gray.

"O — you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 't is the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals — not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd-people are used to it — simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They 'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They 'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labour in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 't is as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the down. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over this part of the cretaceous formation. The "lanchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep they slid sharply downward, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the coomb, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable sternly to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'T is n't our side ought to say that. That 's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently; "I must say some-

thing, must n't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you 'd say the wrong thing too! — Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father — the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and, giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly towards them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travellers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did: you 've got to come and be our prisoner at once!" said the constable. "We arrest 'ee on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent proper manner to be hung to-morrow morning. Neighbours, do your duty, and seize the culpet!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search-party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back towards the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man — not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner!" And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law who sat there?" Here he related the strange behaviour of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman's song.

"Can't understand it," said the officer coolly. "All I know is that

it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls — 't was the man in the chimney-corner!"

"Hey — what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my every-day way; for 't was the man in the chimney-corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to? — what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir."

"'A said 'a was a wheelwright — a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for 's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate; "your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released off-hand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country-folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvellous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike roads; but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and

his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honour they all had met is a matron in the sere and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

17. DECIDING EMMY-LOU

Miss Emmy-Lou stood on the street corner, apparently waiting for a car, but in reality deciding her life. Ordinary passers-by might mistake the intense frown on her adorably piquant little face for annoyance at the street car company. But the observing eye of friendly Mary Jane was not deceived; she knew that Emmy-Lou did not frown over a trifling wait for one of our bi-weekly cars.

"What ho, Emmy-Lou!" she cried, as she approached the preoccupied one. "What's worrying the lining of your new hat? Tell it right straight to me; you know you'll feel much better afterward."

"Oh, Mar' Jane," breathed the worried little person, "you're the very one I want to see! You're always so decided, and you know I never can make up my mind. Please help me out!"

"To my last brain cell!" agreed Mary Jane, cheerfully.

"Well, you see," began Emmy-Lou, drawing closer, and perking up a bit, "Dicky Blair has asked me to — to marry him, and I promised I'd answer him tonight, and oh, Mar' Jane, I haven't made up my mind yet!"

"Good heavens!" returned Mary Jane, "I don't mind deciding on clothes, or books, or trips, but I absolutely back out when it comes to husbands!"

"Oh, but Mar' Jane!" wailed Emmy-Lou.

"Well," relentingly, "I *will* tell you a little magic I work for myself on some occasions. You take things like the windows in that store, or the letters on that billboard, or those people on that corner; any objects you like, enough of them so you don't know exactly how many there are, and begin counting them, only instead of one, two, and so on, you say, 'I will, I won't, I will, I won't'; then if the last window, or letter, or person turns out 'I will,' marry Dicky, and vice versa."

"Why, how funny," began Emmy-Lou. "But I *will* try it. I'll

begin right away on those windows. 'I will, I won't, I will, I won't, I will, I won't.' Oh, dear, Mar' Jane, now I can't marry Dicky, and I do sort of like him, and he — why, he just — "

Mary Jane cast one look at the despairing little face beside her, then turning her head aside, she said carefully, "It is always wise to try this little scheme out three times, to make the charm, you know. Now count the letters on that billboard, and for your third trip, you can take those people over there on the corner."

"All right," agreed Emmy-Lou, beginning at once on the billboard. "I will, I won't, I will, I won't," mumbling on for several moments, and ending triumphantly with "I will."

"Well, now are you satisfied?" queried Mary Jane.

"Oh, no, you said I 'd have to do it *three* times, did n't you? I won't think it's right unless I do it three times," declared Emmy-Lou seriously.

"Then start in on that bunch of people there, and if it does n't come out right, use your own judgment."

"But, Mar' Jane, if it is 'I won't,' what 'll I do? I —"

"Oh, here comes my car," lied Mary Jane convincingly, as she leaped blithely out toward one going in the wrong direction. "I must run on; 'bye." "Heavens!" she seethed inwardly, "I would n't be on the fatal spot if the charm turns out 'I won't,' not for anything! Whee, what an escape!"

"Mar' Jane!" came imploringly from Emmy-Lou, but Mary Jane's car was moving on.

Then, to Emmy-Lou's amazement, someone called to her, leaped off the back platform of the departing car, and came running toward her. "Horrors, it's Dicky!" she gasped. "Oh, what 'll I do; I have n't tried the test the third time yet! Let 's see, Mar' Jane said to count people —," wildly. "I 'll have to count Dicky, he's a people — his overcoat buttons!" triumphantly.

"Emmy-Lou," cried Dicky, dashing up at this moment, "I just happened to see you as the car went by, and oh — well, I know it is n't tonight yet, but, Em-Lou, can't you give me just a tiny little hope — why, hon, what *are* you doing?"

For Emmy-Lou's eyes were roving desperately over his overcoat. "I will, I won't, I will, I won't," she was mumbling rapidly. "I will — " Her eye fell on the eighth and last button, and she started to

say, "I won —," then suddenly her little hand stretched out, seized the offending button, and firmly wrenched it off. "I will!" she proclaimed triumphantly. "Dicky dear, did you know you had seven buttons on your overcoat?"

. . . . . .

The night of the wedding, as Mary Jane was arranging Emmy-Lou's veil, she whispered, "Em-Lou, there 's just one thing I 'd like to ask you."

"Anything you like, blessed," returned Emmy-Lou, radiantly.

"Well, did — did it come out 'I will,' that day on the corner?"

Emmy-Lou laughed guiltily. "Oh, Mar' Jane, I — I did n't have time to count those people before Dicky came up, so I counted him, I mean I counted his overcoat buttons, and — and I saw there were eight, so before I really *counted* eight, I — well, I used my own judgment, and after that — there were only seven, so it really did come out 'I will.' "

"And the funny part about it is," mused Mary Jane to the strains of *Lohengrin*, "I don't believe the dear little nut knows she outranks the judges in judgment, and is setter in her ways than the most ancient maiden! All hail to Dicky and his undecided bride!"

18. I ENTERTAIN AN AGENT UNAWARES

I went out this morning with my axe and hammer to mend the fence along the public road. A heavy frost fell last night, and the brown grass and the dry ruts of the roads were powdered white. Even the air, which was perfectly still, seemed full of frost crystals, so that when the sun came up one seemed to walk in a magic world. I drew in a long breath and looked out across the wonderful shining country, and I said to myself:

"Surely, there is nowhere I would rather be than here." For I could have travelled nowhere to find greater beauty or a better enjoyment of it than I had here at home.

As I worked with my axe and hammer, I heard a light wagon come rattling up the road. Across the valley a man had begun to chop a tree. I could see the axe steel flash brilliantly in the sunshine before I heard the sound of the blow.

The man in the wagon had a round face and a sharp blue eye. I thought he seemed a businesslike young man.

"Say, there," he shouted, drawing up at my gate, "would you mind holding my horse a minute? It's a cold morning and he's restless."

"Certainly not," I said, and I put down my tools and held his horse.

He walked up to my door with a brisk step and a certain jaunty poise of the head.

"He is well contented with himself," I said. "It is a great blessing for any man to be satisfied with what he has got."

I heard Harriet open the door — how every sound rang through the still morning air!

The young man asked some question, and I distinctly heard Harriet's answer:

"He 's down there."

The young man came back: his hat was tipped up, his quick eye darted over my grounds as though in a single instant he had appraised everything and passed judgment upon the cash value of the inhabitants. He whistled a lively little tune.

"Say," he said, when he reached the gate, not at all disconcerted, "I thought you was the hired man. Your name's Grayson, ain't it? Well, I want to talk with you."

After tying and blanketing his horse and taking a black satchel from his buggy, he led me up to my house. I had a pleasurable sense of excitement and adventure. Here was a new character come to my farm. Who knows, I thought, what he may bring with him: who knows what I may send away by him? Here in the country we must set our little ships afloat on small streams, hoping that somehow, some day, they will reach the sea.

It was interesting to see the busy young man sit down so confidently in our best chair. He said his name was Dixon, and he took out from his satchel a book with a fine showy cover. He said it was called "Living Selections from Poet, Sage and Humourist."

"This," he told me, "is only the first of the series. We publish six volumes full of literchoor. You see what a heavy book this is?"

I tested it in my hand: it was a heavy book.

"The entire set," he said, "weighs over ten pounds. There are 1,162 pages, enough paper if laid down flat, end to end, to reach half a mile."

I cannot quote his exact language: there was too much of it, but he made an impressive showing of the amount of literature that could be had at a very low price per pound. Mr. Dixon was a hypnotist. He fixed me with his glittering eye, and he talked so fast, and his ideas upon the subject were so original that he held me spellbound. At first I was inclined to be provoked: one does not like to be forcibly hypnotised, but gradually the situation began to amuse me, the more so when Harriet came in.

"Did you ever see a more beautiful binding?" asked the agent, holding his book admiringly at arm's length. "This up here," he said, pointing to the illuminated cover, "is the Muse of Poetry. She is scattering flowers — poems, you know. Fine idea, ain't it? Colouring fine, too."

He jumped up quickly and laid the book on my table, to the evident distress of Harriet.

"Trims up the room, don't it?" he exclaimed, turning his head a little to one side and observing the effect with an expression of affectionate admiration.

"How much," I asked, "will you sell the covers for without the insides?"

"Without the insides?"

"Yes," I said, "the binding will trim up my table just as well without the insides."

I thought he looked at me a little suspiciously, but he was evidently satisfied by my expression of countenance, for he answered promptly:

"Oh, but you want the insides. That's what the books are for. The bindings are never sold alone."

He then went on to tell me the prices and terms of payment, until it really seemed that it would be cheaper to buy the books than to let him carry them away again. Harriet stood in the doorway behind him frowning and evidently trying to catch my eye. But I kept my face turned aside so that I could not see her signal of distress and my eyes fixed on the young man Dixon. It was as good as a play. Harriet there, serious minded, thinking I was being befooled, and the agent thinking he was befooling me, and I, thinking I was befooling both of them — and all of us wrong. It was very like life wherever you find it.

Finally, I took the book which he had been urging upon me, at

which Harriet coughed meaningly to attract my attention. She knew the danger when I really got my hands on a book. But I made up as innocent as a child. I opened the book almost at random — and it was as though, walking down a strange road, I had come upon an old tried friend not seen before in years. For there on the page before me I read:

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in Nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
> The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
> The winds that will be howling at all hours,
> And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
> For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
> It moves us not.

And as I read it came back to me — a scene like a picture — the place, the time, the very feel of the hour when I first saw those lines. Who shall say that the past does not live! An odour will sometimes set the blood coursing in an old emotion, and a line of poetry is the resurrection and the life. For a moment I forgot Harriet and the agent, I forgot myself, I even forgot the book on my knee — everything but that hour in the past — a view of shimmering hot housetops, the heat and dust and noise of an August evening in the city, the dumb weariness of it all, the loneliness, the longing for green fields; and then these great lines of Wordsworth, read for the first time, flooding in upon me:

> Great God! I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled in a creed outworn:
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

When I had finished I found myself standing in my own room with one arm raised, and, I suspect, a trace of tears in my eyes — there before the agent and Harriet. I saw Harriet lift one hand and drop it hopelessly. She thought I was captured at last. I was past saving. And as I looked at the agent I saw "grim conquest glowing in his eye!" So I sat down not a little embarrassed by my exhibition — when I had intended to be self-poised.

"You like it, don't you?" said Mr. Dixon unctuously.

"I don't see," I said earnestly, "how you can afford to sell such things as this so cheap."

"They *are* cheap," he admitted regretfully. I suppose he wished he had tried me with the half-morocco.

"They are priceless," I said, "absolutely priceless. If you were the only man in the world who had that poem, I think I would deed you my farm for it."

Mr. Dixon proceeded, as though it were all settled, to get out his black order book and open it briskly for business. He drew his fountain pen, capped it, and looked up at me expectantly. My feet actually seemed slipping into some irresistible whirlpool. How well he understood practical psychology! I struggled within myself, fearing engulfment: I was all but lost.

"Shall I deliver the set at once," he said, "or can you wait until the first of February?"

At that critical moment a floating spar of an idea swept my way and I seized upon it as the last hope of the lost.

"I don't understand," I said, as though I had not heard his last question, "how you dare go about with all this treasure upon you. Are you not afraid of being stopped in the road and robbed? Why, I've seen the time when, if I had known you carried such things as these, such cures for sick hearts, I think I should have stopped you myself!"

"Say, you *are* an odd one," said Mr. Dixon.

"Why do you sell such priceless things as these?" I asked, looking at him sharply.

"Why do I sell them?" and he looked still more perplexed. "To make money, of course; same reason you raise corn."

"But here is wealth," I said, pursuing my advantage. "If you have these you have something more valuable than money."

Mr. Dixon politely said nothing. Like a wise angler, having failed to land me at the first rush, he let me have line. Then I thought of Ruskin's words, "Nor can any noble thing be wealth except to a noble person." And that prompted me to say to Mr. Dixon:

"These things are not yours; they are mine. You never owned them; but I will sell them to you."

He looked at me in amazement, and then glanced around — evidently to discover if there were a convenient way of escape.

"You're all straight, are you?" he asked, tapping his forehead; "didn't anybody ever try to take you up?"

"The covers are yours," I continued as though I had not heard him, "the insides are mine and have been for a long time: that is why I proposed buying the covers separately."

I opened his book again. I thought I would see what had been chosen for its pages. And I found there many fine and great things.

"Let me read you this," I said to Mr. Dixon; "it has been mine for a long time. I will not sell it to you. I will give it to you outright. The best things are always given."

Having some gift in imitating the Scotch dialect, I read:

> November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
> The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
> The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
> The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
> The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes —
> This night his weekly moil is at an end,
> Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
> Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
> And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

So I read "The Cotter's Saturday Night." I love the poem very much myself, sometimes reading it aloud, not so much for the tenderness of its message, though I prize that, too, as for the wonder of its music.

> Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
> The tickl'd ear no heart-felt raptures raise.

I suppose I showed my feeling in my voice. As I glanced up from time to time I saw the agent's face change and his look deepen, and the lips, usually so energetically tense, loosen with emotion. Surely no poem in all the language conveys so perfectly the simple love of the home, the quiet joys, hopes, pathos of those who live close to the soil.

When I had finished — I stopped with the stanza beginning:

> Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;

the agent turned away his head trying to brave out his emotion. Most of us Anglo-Saxons tremble before a tear when we might fearlessly beard a tiger.

I moved up nearer to the agent and put my hand on his knee; then I read two or three of the other things I found in his wonderful book. And once I had him laughing and once again I had the tears in his

eyes. Oh, a simple young man, a little crusty without, but soft inside — like the rest of us.

Well, it was amazing once we began talking not of books but of life, how really eloquent and human he became. From being a distant and uncomfortable person, he became at once like a near neighbour and friend. It was strange to me — as I have thought since — how he conveyed to us in few words the essential emotional note of his life. It was no violin tone, beautifully complex with harmonics, but the clear, simple voice of the flute. It spoke of his wife and his baby girl and his home. The very incongruity of detail — he told us how he grew onions in his back yard — added somehow to the homely glamour of the vision which he gave us. The number of his house, the fact that he had a new cottage organ, and that the baby ran away and lost herself in Seventeenth Street — were all, curiously, fabrics of his emotion.

It was beautiful to see commonplace facts grow phosphorescent in the heat of true feeling. How little we may come to know Romance by the cloak she wears and how humble must be he who would surprise the heart of her!

It was, indeed, with an indescribable thrill that I heard him add the details, one by one — the mortgage on his place, now rapidly being paid off, the brother who was a plumber, the mother-in-law who was not a mother-in-law of the comic papers. And finally he showed us the picture of the wife and baby that he had in the cover of his watch; a fat baby with its head resting on its mother's shoulder.

"Mister," he said, "p'raps you think it's fun to ride around the country like I do, and be away from home most of the time. But it ain't. When I think of Minnie and the kid —"

He broke off sharply, as if he had suddenly remembered the shame of such confidences.

"Say," he asked, "what page is that poem on?"

I told him.

"One forty-six," he said. "When I get home I 'm going to read that to Minnie. She likes poetry and all such things. And where's that other piece that tells how a man feels when he's lonesome? Say, that fellow knew!"

We had a genuinely good time, the agent and I, and when he finally rose to go, I said:

"Well, I've sold you a new book."

"I see now, mister, what you mean."

I went down the path with him and began to unhitch his horse.

"Let me, let me," he said eagerly.

Then he shook hands, paused a moment awkwardly as if about to say something, then sprang into his buggy without saying it.

When he had taken up his reins, he remarked:

"Say! but you'd make an agent! You'd hypnotise 'em."

I recognised it as the greatest compliment he could pay me: the craft compliment.

Then he drove off, but pulled up before he had gone five yards. He turned in his seat, one hand on the back of it, his whip raised.

"Say!" he shouted, and when I walked up he looked at me with fine embarrassment.

"Mister, perhaps you'd accept one of these sets from Dixon free gratis, for nothing."

"I understand," I said, "but you know I'm giving the books to you — and I could n't take them back again."

"Well," he said, "you're a good one, anyhow. Good-bye again," and then suddenly, business naturally coming uppermost, he remarked with great enthusiasm:

"You've given me a new idea. *Say*, I'll sell 'em."

"Carry them carefully, man," I called after him; "they are precious."

So I went back to my work, thinking how many fine people there are in this world — if you scratch 'em deep enough.

19. TWO DOGS AND A FLEA

There was once a lean old dog who had passed a dull enough youth, and who was contemplating a colorless decline into a hungry, scrapless future. "Come," said he to himself, "was this the end to which I was created? I will go out and do good to my fellow-dogs. Amen." So he put the key under the doormat of his cheerless hovel, and went out into the world. Now there was discomfort throughout the land because of many fleas, but the word of the missionary gave relief. "Come," he said, "bark not of fleas. They are unworthy. Worry *this*." And he howled until they forgot their former whines, and howled in close harmony with him. So there was peace in the land.

But after a time an unbeliever arose, a young dog, an infidel. He, too, felt called into the open square. "Prick up your ears, O ye dogs! Hark, hark! Ye have fleas, fleas, fleas! Ye old ones, ye strong fighters, ye puppies, there is no escape through the length of your day, even for the swift! Know the truth: Reform!" He had no salve; he was a modern prophet, and even as he cried aloud, he scratched, and all the other dogs, yelping miserably, scratched with new vigor.

Truly, it is hard to ignore a flea, but harder still to reform him.

20. THE FABLE OF THE BUREAU OF PUBLIC COMFORT AND THE MAN IN CHARGE

The Druggist stood in his Place of Business surrounded by Capsules, Hot Water Bags, Perfumes, and Fluid Extracts. A Man came in and said he wanted to look at the Directory. Then he asked if "Murphy" was spelled with an "f." He looked at the Hair Brushes, whistled a few bars of the "Spring Song," and went out.

A Small Boy entered and wanted to trade two empty Bottles for a Piece of Licorice Root. The Deal fell through, because the Bottles had a Name blown in the Glass.

A Woman came in and said she was waiting for a Friend. She had the Druggist bring her a Glass of Plain Water. She said she could not drink Soda Water because the Gas got up her Nose.

Another Woman came in for a Stamp. She did not have any Change with her, but was going to come in and hand him the Two Cents some time; that is, if he was Small enough to remember it.

The next who came in was a Man with hardly any Chin. He wanted a Free Sample of Liver Pills and an Almanac telling the Date of the Battle of New Orleans, when the Sun rises and sets, and why the Chicken crossed the Road.

After him there came a Man who was in a Hurry and wanted to use the 'Phone. He was vexed when he learned that Skinner & Skinner did not have any Number. He asked the Druggist why it was. The Druggist said he was sorry and would See to it before the Man came in again.

Soon after two little Girls came on a Run and helped themselves to Picture Cards. They left the Door open, and a Boy in Overalls

stepped in to ask if he could hang a Lithograph in the Window. The Druggist went back into the Laboratory and got a large stone Pestle. He was just ready to beat the Life out of the Cash Register when an Elderly Gentleman came in with a Prescription.

The Druggist Stayed the Blow and chirked up quite a bit. "This is where I catch even on the Day," he said.

It was no Mirage. He had to and he did.

MORAL: Don't Blame the Druggist.

21. THE TWO MATCHES

One day there was a traveller in the woods in California, in the dry season, when the Trades were blowing strong. He had ridden a long way, and he was tired and hungry, and dismounted from his horse to smoke a pipe. But when he felt in his pocket, he found but two matches. He struck the first, and it would not light.

"Here is a pretty state of things," said the traveller. "Dying for a smoke; only one match left; and that certain to miss fire! Was there ever a creature so unfortunate? And yet," thought the traveller, "suppose I light this match, and smoke my pipe, and shake out the dottle here in the grass — the grass might catch on fire, for it is dry like tinder; and while I snatch out the flames in front, they might evade and run behind me, and seize upon yon bush of poison oak; before I could reach it, that would have blazed up; over the bush I see a pine tree hung with moss; that too would fly in fire upon the instant to its topmost bough; and the flame of that long torch — how would the trade wind take and brandish that through the inflammable forest! I hear this dell roar in a moment with the joint voice of wind and fire, I see myself gallop for my soul, and the flying conflagration chase and outflank me through the hills; I see this pleasant forest burn for days, and the cattle roasted, and the springs dried up, and the farmer ruined, and his children cast upon the world. What a world hangs upon this moment!"

With that he struck the match, and it missed fire.

"Thank God," said the traveller, and put his pipe in his pocket.

LETTER-WRITING

Purposes. The letter goes straight from one human being to another; if its language is unmistakable, it is then the most vivid method written language can use. For it does not have to *pretend* the "personal appeal," as a good familiar essay or a good advertisement does: it *is* a personal appeal. Its general purpose, then, is to make the closest and most immediate contact between two people that is possible when they must reduce their talk to writing. Its special purposes are as many and diverse as are the purposes of human beings who talk to each other: to explain, to argue, to picture, to narrate; to make clear a complex situation, to argue a need of money or the superiority of certain canned goods; to describe the ideal beauties of Florida or California; to set false rumors at rest by a wholly convincing story of the truth.

Commercial. 1. *Materials.* Good white paper, and envelopes that match it; black or dark ink, or black or dark typewriter ribbon.

2. *Arrangement.* (1) Plan the spacing of your letter so as to use the upper central part of your page — wide margins for a small letter, narrower for a full one, and so on. (2) Use only *one* side of the paper. (3) Number all sheets but the first. Some usage prefers the addressee's name to be repeated at the top of each successive sheet, with the numeral. (4) Make legibility and neatness paramount.

3. *Forms.* (1) *Abbreviations* (except Mr., Mrs., Dr., Esq., or degrees) are not used in the best correspondence forms. (2) The *place* and *date* may be at the upper right, or upper center; printed or engraved letterheads usually specify the place, and thus require only the date to be written. (3) Business letters to strangers should carry the *complete envelope address* of the addressee, at the upper left corner, immediately preceding the "salutation." Business letters to acquaintances usually omit this address, and add the full name and title of the addressee at the left corner of the finished letter, just below the signature. "Esq." (rare in this country now) and "Dr." are not used with any other title. "Dr." is not used with the letters of the degree, — M.D. Ph.D., D.D. "Reverend" must be followed immediately by another title, or by given name or initials. "Professor" is used with surname alone or with initials; but not in this country with another title following it. (4) The appropriate *salutation* precedes the body of the letter; starts at the left margin; has a line to itself; always uses a capital for its noun; is more formal when preceded by "My"; is followed by a colon, often without a dash. (5) The *close* suggests the relation between sender and receiver: "respectfully" is deferential, "sincerely" is friendly (not quite the word for strangers), "cordially" and "faithfully" also belong between acquaintances and friends; "truly" is reserved, and always safe with strangers. "Yours" is usual — either before the adverb or after it. The close is brief, sincere, natural. (6) The personal *signature* is written, yet legible; and in much good usage is also typewritten below the written signature of the typed letter. The firm signature may be typed at

the foot of the typed letter; but is best followed or preceded by the name of the person who composed the letter. Any signature affixed by proxy is always followed by the initials of the person who supplies the signature. A woman's signature always supplies the stranger with her proper title, by placing "Miss" or "Mrs." in parentheses before the name — that he may know how to address his reply. (7) The dictated letter has the composer's name or initials, followed by the stenographer's initials, at the lower left corner; this is followed, if there are enclosures, by the numeral and the word "Enclosures." If the composer did not read the typed letter before it was mailed, he is apt to have "Dictated but not read" typed or stamped underneath the "dictation initials." (8) The groups of short lines at top and bottom of a letter, and the envelope address, may be written either sloped toward the right in steps, or all even at the left, in "box" form.

4. *Style.* The best business letters sound like the best business talk: they are simple, direct, natural; they include all needed articles and pronouns; if they are personal statements, they use the first and second personal pronouns; and they never use dull, lifeless, hackneyed formulas, like these:

1. Your esteemed favor of 16th inst. at hand
2. duly received
3. Beg to acknowledge
4. Beg to advise
5. Beg to inquire
6. Beg to reply
7. Enclosed herewith please find
8. Replying to same we beg to state
9. Kindly remit
10. Would state

All such ridiculous circumlocutions are to be translated into direct and natural language:

1. We have your letter of March 16
2. received
3 to 6. Don't "beg to" — do it.
7. We enclose
8. State the answer without this rigmarole.
9. Please mail us your check
10. Of course you "would": then say it.

And use *statements* in preference to rhetorical questions.

Notice, then: "business English" is really English that is good anywhere, applied sensibly to business uses.

5. *Letters of application.* Letters applying to a stranger for a position need to be (1) brief, (2) fully informing, (3) respectful, and (4) sensible. (1) Brief, because your desired employer is busy, or thinks he is, and will accept that good applicant who convinces him most expeditiously. (2) Fully informing, because it is your business to bring him the information, not his to go after it. Tell him what *he* will want to know, without waiting for him to ask you; enclose all

your letters of praise, without waiting for him to send for them. (He won't; he will accept that good applicant who does send his letters with his application.) (3) Respectful, because he does not know you, nor want to know you unless you are the work-person he wants; and because you wish to convince him that you know how to be a good subordinate. (4) Sensible, because if your letter shows that you do not appreciate your own position as petitioner, he will conclude that you aren't intelligent enough to do his work. That is, he is busy, and wants intelligent help the quickest, easiest way; and he doesn't know you, or care to — except as you can immediately show him that you are the person he wants. It is a contest; the best letter wins the job; the rest go in the wastebasket.

Social. *Formal.* All formal correspondence is (1) written by hand, or printed, or engraved; (2) on the best quality of white stationery; (3) in the third person; (4) with numerals spelled out; (5) with explicit detail. Invitations specify the occasion, its place, date, hour, purpose, and formality; and answers specify everything useful to prevent misunderstanding — especially when they are acceptances. (6) Invitations do not need to ask for answer: that is always due. (7) Nothing stands above the statement of invitation or reply; nothing follows but address and date.

EXERCISES

1. Examine the Models for business and social forms.

2. Collect six business letters of differing types that show the best form, and paste them in your Notebook.

3. Write a formal invitation to a dinner, and one reply accepting and another declining; use the dates that will give the proper intervals between invitation, reply, and dinner.

4. Collect six business letters that show the most skilful and effective style, as best adapted to their purpose, and paste them in your Notebook.

5. Write a letter to Wanamaker's New York store ordering three different articles of clothing, four books you should like to own, and a radio set — all for yourself and to be shipped to you. Specify exactly what you want, and how much you want each article to cost (except the books). Tell how you will pay, and ask for the total cost.

6. Write the Wanamaker reply.

7. Write a letter of application to the person or firm you would like to work for, — either during a summer or permanently, — asking for a position at such work as you would specially like to do (whether you can now do it or not). Write such reasonably-phrased letters of recommendation (character and ability) as you think might be useful and possible, to be sent with your application.

8. Write a "help wanted" advertisement, and then write for some one else the application for that position.

PERSONAL

Commercial Letters

1

1600 Angel Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts
January 25, 1926

Mr. Samuel W. Brown
411 Chestnut Street
Arlington
Massachusetts

My dear Mr. Brown:

How well off shall you be twenty years from today? You can, under our partial payment plan, make your own sure answer to this question.

Do you know that you can now buy high-grade bonds on monthly payments — $10 a month for a $100 bond, $50 for $500, $100 for $1000?

Don't forget that of men who reach the age of 65, only a fraction over 6% are comfortably well off, about 9% are working because they must, and nearly 85% are dependent on others. The cause of failure? Not smallness of income, but carelessness and ignorance in handling income.

A monthly saving of $10 will under our plan produce $1640.39 in ten years, $4603 in twenty. In actual practice it will lead to much greater accumulations, for thrift is a habit that runs with increasing smoothness, and the piling of interest on interest turns the drudgery of saving into a fascinating game.

What will our partial payment plan do for YOU? If you wish, it will

build you a competence out of small sums that would otherwise be wasted;

give you an incentive to systematic saving, and a training in finance;

destroy the haunting fear of the future, and increase your efficiency and happiness.

Be fair to yourself, and start at once. We hope you will return the enclosed card.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM M. BEMIS
for H. Edmund Herkimer Company

WMB–MG
Enclosure

2

1340 Liberty Building
Providence, Rhode Island
February 10, 1926

Mr. Franklin M. White
562 West Fifth Avenue
North Scituate
Rhode Island

My dear Mr. White:

Your income as a professional man

is limited by the amount of work you can do. It is a reality only while you are actually at work. A vacation, a day off, an evening at the theater, a night's sleep, illness — all these mean outgo and a stoppage of income.

As an investor

your income keeps on twenty-four hours a day. It is a reality no matter where you are or what you do or do not do. It has no limit except that set by your ability to save — assuming, of course, that you invest wisely.

As a speculator

or gambler in stocks your income is at the end of the rainbow. It is at first a matter of dreams and rosy hopes; then, of promise unfulfilled and hope deferred. At last it becomes knowledge born of disillusionment — the knowledge that the safe way is the shortest way and the only way.

It will be worth your while

to have us tell you more about the safe way: about bonds of companies whose income is practically unaffected by recurrent changes in business conditions; about companies which for more

than a generation have not lost a dollar of principal or interest for their bondholders. We should like, too, to tell you something about the futility of the short cut.

Just sign the enclosed card
and place it with the rest of your outgoing mail.

Yours very truly,
HAROLD M. BLAINE COMPANY

SM–WB
Enclosure

SOCIAL CORRESPONDENCE

3. FORMAL INVITATION

Mrs. Richard W. Havens requests the pleasure of Mr. Edwin M. Babcock's company at dinner on Saturday evening, December twenty-three, at seven o'clock.

Fifty-four Riedesel Avenue
December sixteen

4. REPLY TO FORMAL INVITATION

(Accepting)

Mr. Edwin M. Babcock accepts with pleasure the kind invitation of Mrs. Richard W. Havens to dinner on Saturday evening, December twenty-three, at seven o'clock.

Eighteen Clifton Avenue
December eighteen

5. REPLY TO FORMAL INVITATION

(Declining)

Mr. Edwin M. Babcock regrets that business engagements in Chicago prevent his accepting Mrs. Richard W. Havens's kind invitation to dinner on the evening of Saturday, December twenty-three.

Eighteen Clifton Avenue
December eighteen

6. INDEPENDENCE DECLARED IN THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS

February 7, 1755.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.

My Lord,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;* -- that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I have done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work, through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Vergil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Publick should consider

me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

7. A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Executive Mansion, Washington,
August 22, 1862.

HON. HORACE GREELEY.

Dear Sir: I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the *New York Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN

8, 9. ROYAL GRATITUDE

FROM POTSDAM[1]

His Majesty the Kaiser hears that you have sacrificed nine sons in defense of the Fatherland in the present war. His Majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition is pleased to send you his photograph, with frame and autograph signature.

FROM WASHINGTON

November 21, 1864.

MRS. BIXBY, Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[1] To Frau Meter, 1918.

INFORMAL

10. HAWTHORNE TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER, LOUISA

Brook Farm, West Roxbury, May 3, 1841.

As the weather precludes all possibility of ploughing, hoeing, sowing, and other such operations, I bethink me that you may have no objections to hear something of my whereabout and whatabout. You are to know, then, that I took up my abode here on the 12th ultimo, in the midst of a snow-storm, which kept us all idle for a day or two. At the first glimpse of fair weather, Mr. Ripley summoned us into the cow-yard, and introduced me to an instrument with four prongs, commonly entitled a dung-fork. With this tool I have already assisted to load twenty or thirty carts of manure, and shall take part in loading nearly three hundred more. Besides, I have planted potatoes and pease, cut straw and hay for the cattle, and done various other mighty works. This very morning I milked three cows, and I milk two or three every night and morning. The weather has been so unfavorable that we have worked comparatively little in the fields; but, nevertheless, I have gained strength wonderfully, — grown quite a giant, in fact, — and can do a day's work without the slightest inconvenience. In short, I am transformed into a complete farmer.

This is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw in my life, and as secluded as if it were a hundred miles from any city or village. There are woods, in which we can ramble all day without meeting anybody or scarcely seeing a house. Our house stands apart from the main road, so that we are not troubled even with passengers looking at us. Once in a while we have a transcendental visitor, such as Mr. Alcott; but generally we pass whole days without seeing a single face, save those of the brethren. The whole fraternity eat together; and such a delectable way of life has never been seen on earth since the days of the early Christians. We get up at half-past four, breakfast at half-past six, dine at half-past twelve, and go to bed at nine.

The thin frock which you made for me is considered a most splendid article, and I should not wonder if it were to become the summer uniform of the Community. I have a thick frock, likewise; but it is rather deficient in grace, though extremely warm and comfortable. I wear a tremendous pair of cowhide boots, with soles two

inches thick, — of course, when I come to see you I shall wear my farmer's dress.

. . . I would write more, but William Allen is going to the village. and must have this letter, so good-by.

NATH. HAWTHORNE, *Ploughman*

11. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH TO GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

Ponkapog, Mass., June 12, 1899.

Dear Woodberry, — Don't ever go away from home on a ten months' absence without leaving somebody behind to answer your letters for you. I have been swamped, and am only just getting my head out of my correspondence. I found my private affairs in a tangle, too, and not easy to straighten out. But the slug's in the bud, and God's in the sky, and the world is O.K., as Browning incidentally remarks. A propos of Browning, I 've been reading his letters to "Ba" and "Ba's" letters to him, and think it a shameful thing that they should be printed. All that ponderous love-making — a queer mixture of Greek roots and middle-age stickiness ("Ba" was 40 years old) — is very tedious. Here and there is a fine passage, and one is amused by the way the lovers patronize everybody they don't despise. But as a whole the book takes away from Browning's[1] dignity. A man — even the greatest — cannot stand being photographed in his pajahmas. Thank God, we are spared Shakespeare's letters to Anne Hathaway! Doubtless he wrote her some sappy notes. He did everything that ever man did.

We are gradually breaking up here, preparatory to moving to The Crags, which has been closed these three summers. I shall go there without any literary plans, unless I carry out my idea of turning "The Eve of St. Agnes" into Kiplingese. Would n't it be delicious! —

> St. Hagnes Heve! 'ow bloomin' chill it was!
> The Howl, for all his hulster, was a-cold.
> The 'are limped tremblin' through the blarsted grass.
> Etc., etc.

[1] P. S. I met Browning on three occasions. He was very cordial to me in a man-of-the-world fashion. I did not care greatly for him personally. Good head, long body, short legs. Seated, he looked like a giant; standing, he just missed being a dwarf. He talked well, but not so well as Lowell. . . .

I think it might make Keats popular again — poor Keats, who did n't know any better than to write pure English. The dear boy was n't "up" to writing "Gawd" instead of God.

In no haste, as ever,

T. B. A.

12. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO JAMES T. FIELDS

296 Beacon Street, February 11, 1862.

My dear Mr. Fields, — On Friday evening last I white-cravated myself, took a carriage, and found myself at your door at eight of the clock P.M.

A cautious female responded to my ring, and opened the chained portal about as far as a clam opens his shell to see what is going on in Cambridge Street, where he is waiting for a customer.

Her first glance impressed her with the conviction that I was a burglar. The mild address with which I accosted her removed that impression, and I rose in the moral scale to the comparatively elevated position of what the unfeeling world calls a "sneak-thief."

By dint, however, of soft words, and that look of ingenuous simplicity by which I am so well known to you and all my friends, I coaxed her into the belief that I was nothing worse than a rejected contributor, an autograph collector, an author with a volume of poems to dispose of, or other disagreeable but not dangerous character.

She unfastened the chain, and I stood before her.

> I calmed her fears, and she was calm
> And told

me how you and Mrs. F. had gone to New York, and how she knew nothing of any literary debauch that was to come off under your roof, but would go and call another unprotected female who knew the past, present, and future, and could tell me why this was thus, that I had been lured from my fireside by the *ignis fatuus* of a deceptive invitation.

It was my turn to be afraid, alone in the house with two of the stronger sex; and I retired.

On reaching home, I read my note and found it was Friday the 16th, not the 9th, I was invited for. . . .

Dear Mr. Fields, I shall be very happy to come to your home on Friday evening, the 16th February, at eight o'clock, to meet yourself and Mrs. Fields, and hear Mr. James read his paper on Emerson. . . .

13. BARRETT WENDELL TO HIS FATHER[1]

(The Young Instructor Considers Law and Play-Writing)

Boston, April 3, 1881.

. . . I do not believe that any two human lives ever had fewer things to trouble them than ours have had this year. From the day that we were married to this day that I write to you, everything has been as bright and as happy as it could be. And really it seems to me that in this past year I have had happiness enough to make life worth living, even though the future were as black throughout as the gloomiest dreams of my most despondent moments ever painted it.

And I feel that I owe all this to you, and that I can in no way repay you except by telling you over and over again that I realize every day more and more what you have done for me and are doing for me.

For myself I can do little, so far as I can tell. I have worked hard at Cambridge, with what success I do not know. I have done nothing else, beyond my work on the farce which will probably appear at the Museum in the course of two or three weeks.[2]

Whether I shall keep my Cambridge place I cannot tell until the end of the year. In the summer I may try to prepare myself for the bar again; but in spite of the advice of all friends for whose opinion I have any respect, I cannot bring myself to approve of the plan.

Practice is pretty much out of the question. I am hardly strong enough to stand it. If I were brought face to face with the necessity of money-making, I should much rather venture myself in some business than in a profession overcrowded with stronger and abler men than I — a profession in which all but the very highest work is underpaid to an appalling extent. And from anything but the purely practical point of view, I cannot bring myself to regard the work which admission to the bar would cost me as worth doing. However, for two months more I cannot seriously think of it.

On the other hand, it is just possible that there may be something in this play-writing business. If our farce is successful, Jack and I intend to try our hand at a more pretentious comedy. If that is successful, we shall probably have received a market for our wares and

[1] From M. A. DeWolfe Howe's *Barrett Wendell and His Letters*, copyright by Little, Brown and Company; pages 48 f.

[2] Written for the Hasty Pudding Club at Harvard College; expected to be put on at the Boston Museum.

an incentive to produce them. If I don't study law this summer, I mean to give the morning of every day to systematic writing, which may result in something. My Cambridge work will help me there.

If I keep my place at college, I shall continue to make something, to which I may add a little by writing. I can see no other prospect of helping myself. . . .

14. A FATHER TO HIS FRESHMAN SON[1]

No doubt, my son, you have got out of me already what there was to help or mar you. You are eighteen years old and have been getting it, more or less and off and on, for at least seventeen of those years. I regret the imperfections of the source. No doubt you have recognized them. To have a father who is attentive to the world, indulgent to the flesh, and with a sort of kindness for the Devil — dear son, it is a good deal of a handicap! Be sure I make allowances for you because of it. *Ex eo fonte — fons*, masculine, as I remember; *fons* and *mons* and *pons*, and one other. Should the pronoun be *illo?* As you know, I never was an accurate scholar, and I suppose you 're not — *ex eo fonte* the stream is bound to run not quite clear.

My advice to you is quite likely to be bad, partly from the imperfection of its source, partly because I am not you, and partly because of my imperfect acquaintance with the conditions you are about to meet. When I came to college my father gave me no advice. He gave me his love and some necessary money, which did not come, I fear, as easy as the love. His venerable uncle who lived with us — my great-uncle — gave me his blessing and told me, I remember, that so far as book-learning went, I could learn as much without going to college. Still he did not discourage my going. He was quite right. I could have got more book-learning out of college than I did get in college, and I suppose that you, too, might get, out, more than you will get, in. Of course, that's not the whole story; neither is it true of all people. For me, college abounded in distractions, and I suppose it will for you. And I was incorrigibly sociable and ready to spend time to get acquainted, and more, to stay acquainted, and if you have that propensity you need n't think it was left on the doorstep. You come by it lawfully. Getting acquainted is, for most of us, one of the

[1] By E. S. Martin, in *Atlantic Classics* I (Boston 1918); copyright, Little, Brown and Company.

important branches. But it's only one of them, and to devote one's whole time to it is a mistake, and one that the dean will help you avoid if necessary, which probably, if I know you at all, it won't be.

It is important to know people, but it is more important to be worth knowing. College offers you at least two valuable details of opportunity: a large variety of people to know, and a large variety of means to make yourself better worth knowing. I hope, my son, that you will avail yourself of both these details.

This is a mechanical age, and the most obtrusive of the current mechanisms is the automobile. It has valves and cylinders and those things that give it power and speed, and rubber tires that it runs on, and a wheel and steering-gear and handles and treadles by which it is directed. Your body, especially your stomach, is the rubber tires; your brains are the cylinders and valves; and your will and the spiritual part of you are the chauffeur and his wheel.

I beg you to be kind to your stomach, as heretofore. It needs no alcohol at your time of life — if ever — and the less you find occasion to feed into it, the more prosperous both your physical and mental conditions are likely to be. I am aware that life, and college life in particular, has its convivial intervals; but you might as well understand (and I have been remiss, or have wasted time, if you do not understand it already) that alcohol is one of the chief man-traps, abounding in mischiefs if you play with it too hard. Be wary, always wary, with it, my son, and especially with hard liquor.

Your mind, like your body, is a thing whereof the powers are developed by effort. That is a principal use, as I see it, of hard work in studies. Unless you train your body you can't be an athlete, and unless you train your mind you can't be much of a scholar. The four miles an oarsman covers at top speed is in itself nothing to the good, but the physical capacity to hold out over the course is thought to be of some worth. So a good part of what you learn by hard study may not be permanently retained, and may not seem to be of much final value, but your mind is a better and more powerful instrument because you have learned it. "Knowledge is power," but still more the faculty of acquiring and using knowledge is power. If you have a trained and powerful mind, you are bound to have stored it with something, but its value is more in what it can do, what it can grasp and use, than in what it contains; and if it were possible, as it is not,

to come out of college with a trained and disciplined mind and nothing useful in it, you would still be ahead, and still, in a manner, educated. Think of your mind as a muscle to be developed; think of it as a searchlight that is to reveal the truth to you, and don't cheat it or neglect it.

As to competitive scholarship, to my mind it is like competitive athletics, — good for those who have the powers and like the game. Tests are useful; they stimulate one's ambition, and so do competitions. But a success in competitive scholarship, like a success in competitive athletics, may, of course, be too dearly bought. Not by you, though, I surmise, my son. If you were more urgent, either as a scholar or as an athlete, I might think it needful to warn you not to wear your tires out scorching too early in life. As things are, I say to you, as I often say to myself: Don't dawdle; don't scramble. When you work, work; when you play, play; when you rest, rest; and think all the time.

When you get hold of an instructor who is worth attention, give him attention. That is one way of getting the best that a college has to offer. A great deal you may get from books, but some of the most valuable things are passed from mind to mind, and can only be had from some one who has them, or else from the great Source of all truth. I suspect that the subtle development we call "culture" is one of those things, and the great spiritual valuables are apt to come that way.

You know you are still growing, both in mind and body, and you will continue so to be for years to come, — I hope, always. One of the valuable things about college is that it gives you time to grow. You won't have to earn any money, and will have time to think and get acquainted with yourself and others, as well as with some of the wisdom that is spread upon the records. You would be so engaged, more or less, in these years, wherever you might be. But in college, where you are so much your own man, and are freed from the demands and solicitudes of your parents, the conditions for it are exceptionally favorable. I suppose that is one thing that continues the colleges in business, since I read so often that at present they are entirely misdirected and teach the wrong things in the wrong way.

But nobody denies that they give the young a breathing spell. Breathe, my son; breathe freely. Remember that the aim of all these prospective processes is to bring out the man there is in you, and arm

him more or less for the jousts ahead. It is not to make you over into somebody else: that can't be done, — not in three or four years, anyhow; but only to bring out, and train as much as possible of you. There's plenty in most of us if we can only get it out; more, very much more, than we ever do get out. So will you please think of college as a nursery in which you are to grow a while, — and mind you do grow, — and then, presently, to be transplanted. It is not as if college was the chief arena of human effort. Nevertheless, for your effort, while you are there, it is the chief arena, and I am far from giving you the counsel to put off trying until you leave.

I hear a good deal about clubs and societies: how many there are, how important they are; how it is that, if a youth shall gain the whole of a scholarship and all athletics and not "make" a proper club, he shall still fall something short of success in college. Parents I meet who are more concerned about clubs than about either scholarship or deportment. They are concerned and at the same time bothered: so many strategies and chances the clubs involve; so bad it may be to be in this one; so bad to be out of that; so much choice there is between them, and so much choice exercised within them, by which any mother's hopeful may be excluded.

There is a democratic ideal of a great college without any clubs, where the lion and the lamb shall escort one another about with tails entwined, and every student shall be like every other student, and have similar habits and associates. This ideal is a good deal discussed and a good deal applauded in the public press. Whether it will ever come true I can't tell, but there has been some form or other of clubs in our older colleges, I suppose, for one or two centuries, and they are there now and will at least last out your time; so it may be you will have to take thought about them in due time.

Not much, however, until they take thought of you.

You see, clubs seem to be a sort of natural provision, just as tails were, maybe, before humanity outgrew them. I guess there is a propensity of nature toward groups, and the natural basis of grouping seems to be likeness in feathers and habits. The propensity works to include the like and, incidentally but necessarily, to exclude the unlike. Whether it is the Knights of the Round Table or the Knights of the Garter or the Phi Beta Kappa, you see these principles working. The measure of success in a club is its ability to make people want to join

it, and that seems to be best demonstrated and preserved by keeping most of them out.

Now the advantages of the clubs are considerable. To have a place always open where you can hang up your hat, and where a hospitable welcome always awaits you, and where there is enough of a crowd and not too much, and where you can in your later years inspect at all times a family of selected undergraduates, — all that is valuable and good, and pleasant besides, and this continuity of interest that the clubs foster among their members helps to keep up in those members a lively and helpful interest in their college. The drawback to the clubs is their essential selfishness, and their disposition to take you out of a large family and limit you to a small one, and one that is not yours by birth, or entirely by choice, but is selected for you largely by other persons.

In any club you yield a certain amount of freedom and individuality, the amount being determined by the degree in which the club absorbs you. Don't yield too much! Don't take the mould of any club! A college is always bigger than its clubs, and the biggest thing in a college is always a man. The object of being in college is to develop as a man. If clubs help in that development, — and I think they do help some men, — they are a gain; but, of course, if they dwarf you down to the dimensions of a club-man, they are a loss. Some men take their club shape, such as it is, and find a sufficient satisfaction in it. Others react on their clubs, take what they have to give, add to it what is to be had elsewhere, and turn out rather more valuable people than if they had had no club experience.

At all events, don't take this matter of the clubs too hard. For those youths, comparatively few, who by luck and circumstances find themselves eligible to them, they are an interesting form of discipline or indulgence, and I will not say that they are unimportant. Neither would I have you keep out of them because of their drawbacks. If you begin by keeping out of all things that have drawbacks, your progress in this world will involve constant hesitations. Alcohol has numerous drawbacks, but I don't advise you to be a teetotaller.[1] Tobacco has drawbacks, but I believe you smoke it. Money has drawbacks, and so has advertisement. But, bless you, we have to take things as they come and deal with them as we can. The trick is to

[1] Written before 1916. — H. R. S.

get the kernel and eliminate the shuck. A large proportion of people do the opposite. If you can manage that way with the clubs, — provided you ever get a chance, — you will be amused to observe in due time how large a proportion of your brethren value these organizations chiefly for their shuck, and grasp most eagerly at that. For the shuck, as I see it, is exclusiveness, which is not valuable except to persons justly doubtful of their own merits. Whereas the kernel is the fellowship of like minds, which has always been treasured by the wise.

The clubs, my son, some more than others, are recruited considerably from what is known as the leisure class. To be sure, I don't see any very definite or important leisure class about in our land. Everybody who amounts to anything works, and always did and must, for you can't amount to anything otherwise; but the people who have money laid up ahead for them, are apt to work somewhat less strenuously than the rest of us, and not so much for money. Don't get it into your head that you want to tie up to the leisure class, or that the condition of not having to work is desirable. Have it in mind that you are to work just about as hard as the quality of your tires and cylinders will warrant. Plan to get into the game if you have to go on your hands and knees. Plan to earn your living somehow. Don't aim to go through life spoon-fed; don't aim to get a soft seat. If you do, you won't have your fair share of fun. There is no real fun in ease, except as you need it because you have worked hard.

I say, plan to earn your living! Whether you actually earn the money you live on, makes no great difference, though in your case I guess you 'll have to if you are going to live at all well. But if you get money without earning it, it leaves you in debt to society. Somebody has to earn the money you spend. In mine, factory, railroad, or office, somebody works for the money that supports you. No matter where the money comes from, that is true: somebody has to earn it. If you get it without due labor of your own, you owe for it. Recognize that debt and qualify yourself to discharge it. Study to put back into the world somewhat more than you take out of it. Study to be somewhat more than merely worth your keep. Study to shoulder the biggest load your strength can carry. That is life. That is the great sport that brings the great compensations to the soul. Getting regular meals and nice clothes, and acceptable shelter and

transportation, and agreeable acquaintances, is only a means to an end, and if you accept the means and shirk the end, the means will pall on you.

I said "agreeable acquaintances." A very large proportion of the acquaintances you can make will be agreeable if you can bring enough knowledge and a sufficiently hospitable spirit to your relations with them. I don't counsel you to cultivate the arts of popularity, for they are apt not to wash, — apt, that is, to conflict with inside qualities that are vastly more valuable than they are. But keep, in so far as you can, an open heart. There is no one to whom you are not related if only you can find the relation; there is no one but you owe him a benefit if you can see one you can do him.

Don't be too nice. It is such an impediment to usefulness as stuttering is to speech, — a sort of spiritual indigestion; a hesitation in your carbureter. By all means, be a gentleman, in manners and spirit, in so far as you know how, but be one from the inside out.

If you had come as far as you have in life without acquiring manners, you might well blush for your parents and teachers. I don't think you have, but I beg you hold on to all the good manners you have, and get more. Good manners seem to me a good deal to seek among present-day youth, but I suppose they have always been fairly scarce, and the more appreciated for their scarcity. Tobacco manners are uncommonly free and bad in this generation; more so, I think, than they were in mine. Since cigarettes came in, especially, youths seem to feel licensed to smoke them in all places and company. And the boys are prone to too much ease of attitude, and lounge and loll appallingly in company, and I see them in parlors with their legs crossed in such a fashion that their feet might almost as well be in the ladies' laps.

Have a care for these matters of deportment. Be strict with yourself and your postures. Keep your legs and feet where they belong; they were not meant for parlor ornaments. Show respect for people! Lord bless me! the things I see done by males with a claim to be gentlemen: tobacco-smoke puffed in women's faces; men who ought to know better, smoking as they drive out with ladies; men who put their feet on the table and expect you to talk over them! Show respect for people; for all kinds of people, including yourself, for self-respect is at the bottom of all good manners. They are the expression

of discipline, of good-will, of respect for other people's rights and comfort and feelings. I suppose good manners are unselfish, but the most selfish people might well cultivate them, they are so remunerative. In the details of life, in the public vehicles, in crowds, and in all situations where the demand presses hard on supply, what you get by hogging is incomparably less than what you get by courtesy. The things you must scramble and elbow for are not worth having; not one of them. They are the swill of life, my son; leave them to swine.

You will have to think more or less about yourself, because that belongs to your time of life, provided you are the sort that thinks at all. But don't overdo it. You won't, because you will find it, as all healthy people do, a subject in which over-indulgence tends rapidly to nausea. To have one's self always on one's mind is to lodge a kill-joy; to act always from calculation is a sure path to blunders.

Most of these specific counsels I set down more for your entertainment than truly to guide you. You don't live by maxims any more than you speak by rules of grammar. You will speak by ear (improving, I hope, in your college environment), and you will live by whatever light there is in you, getting more, I hope, as you go along.

Grow in grace, my son! If your spirit is right, the details of life will take care of their own adjustment. Go to church; if not invariably, then variably. They don't require it any more in college, but you can't afford not to; for the churches reflect and recall — very imperfectly, to be sure — the religion and the spirit of Christ; and on that the whole of our civilization rests. Get understanding of that. It is by far the most important knowledge in the whole book, the great fountain of sanity, tolerance, and political and social wisdom, a gateway to all kinds of truth, a rectifying and consoling current through all of life.

15. TO FRANK N. DOUBLEDAY AND OTHERS

London, Christmas, 1915.

Dear D. P. & Co.

. . . Now, since we're talking about the war, let me deliver my opinion and leave the subject. They're killing one another all right; you need n't have any doubt about that — so many thousand every day, whether there's any battle or not. When there's "nothing to report" from France, that means the regular 5,000 casualties that

happen every day. There is n't any way of getting rid of men that has been forgotten or neglected. Women and children, too, of course, starve in Serbia and Poland and are massacred in Turkey. England, though she has by very much the largest army she ever had, has the smallest of all the big armies, and yet I don't know a family that had men of fighting age which has n't lost one or more members. And the worst is to come. But you never hear a complaint. Poor Mr. Dent, for instance (two sons dead), says: "It's all right. England must be saved."

And this Kingdom alone, as you know, is spending twenty-five million dollars a day. The big loan placed in the United States would last but twenty days! If this pace of slaughter and of spending go on long enough, there won't be any men or any money left on this side the world. Yet there will be both left, of course; for somehow things never quite go to the ultimate smash that seems to come. Read the history of the French Revolution. How did the French nation survive?

It will go on, unless some unexpected dramatic military event end it, for something like another year at least — many say for two years more, and some, three years more. It 'll stop, of course, whenever Germany will propose terms that the Allies can consider — or something near such terms; and it won't stop before. By blockade pressure and by fighting, the Allies are gradually wearing the Germans out. We can see here the gradual pressure of events in that direction. My guess is that they won't go into a third winter.

Well, dear gentlemen, however you may feel about it, that's enough for me. My day — every day — is divided into these parts: (1) two to three hours listening to Americans or their agents here whose cargoes are stopped, to sorrowing American parents whose boys have run away and gone into the English Army, to nurses and doctors and shell makers who wish to go to France, to bereaved English men and women whose sons are "missing": can I have them found in Germany? (2) to answering letters about these same cheerful subjects; (3) to going over cases and documents prepared about all these sorts of troubles and forty other sorts, by the eight or ten secretaries of the Embassy, and a conference with every one of them; (4) the reading of two books of telegrams, one incoming, the other outgoing, and the preparation of a lot of answers; (5) going to the Foreign Office, not every day but often, to discuss more troubles there; (6) home to dinner at 8 o'clock — at home or somewhere else, and there is more

talk about the war or about the political troubles. That for a regular daily routine for pretty nearly a year and a half! As I say, if anybody is keeping the war up for my entertainment, he now has my permission to stop. No time to read, no time to write, little time to think, little or no time to see the people you most wish to see, I often don't know the day of the week or of the month: it's a sort of life in the trenches, without the immediate physical danger. Then I have my cabinet meetings, my financial reports (money we spend for four governments: I had till recently about a million dollars subject to my check); then the commission for the relief of Belgium; then the Ambassadors and Ministers of the other neutral states — our task is worse than war!

Well, praise God for sleep. I get from seven to nine hours a night, unbroken; and I don't take Armageddon to bed with me.

I don't mind telling *you* (nobody else) that the more I see just how great statesmen work and manage great governments — the more I see of them at close range — whether in Washington or London or Berlin or Vienna or Constantinople (for these are *my* Capitals), the more I admire the methods of the Long Island farmers. Boys, I swear I could take our crowd and do a better job than many of these great men do. I have to spend a lot of time to correct their moves before the other fellow finds out the mistake. For instance, I know I spent $2,000 in telegrams before I could make the German Government understand the British military age, and the British Government understand the German military age, for exchanging prisoners who had lost two legs or arms or both eyes; and I've had to send a man to Berlin to get a financial report from one man on one floor of a building there and to take it to another man on the floor above. Just yesterday I was reminded that I had made eighteen requests for the same information of the British Government, when the nineteenth request for it came from Washington; and I have now telegraphed that same thing nineteen times since the war began. Of course everybody's worked to death. But something else ails a lot of 'em all the way from Constantinople to London. Leaving out common gutter lying (and there's much of it) the sheer stupidity of governments is amazing. They are all so human, so mighty human! I wouldn't be a government for any earthly consideration. I'd rather be a brindled dog and trot under the wagon.

But it has been an inexpressibly interesting experience to find all

this out for myself. There's a sort of weary satisfaction in feeling that you've seen too much of them to be fooled by 'em any more. And, although most men now engaged in this game of government are mere common mortals with most of the common mortal weaknesses, now and then a really big man does stumble into the business. I have my doubts whether a really big man ever deliberately goes into it. And most of the men who the crowd for the moment thinks are big men don't really turn out so. It's a game like bull fighting. The bull is likely to kill you — pretty sure to do so if you keep at the business long enough; but in the meantime you have some exciting experiences and the applause of the audience. When you get killed, they forget you — immediately. There are two rather big men in this Government, and you wouldn't guess in three rounds who they are. But in general the war hasn't so far developed very big men in any country. Else we are yet too close to them to recognize their greatness. Joffre seems to have great stuff in him; and (I assure you) you needn't ever laugh at a Frenchman again. They are a great people. As for the British, there was never such a race. It's odd — I hear that it happens just now to be the fashion in the United States to say that the British are not doing their share. There never was a greater slander. They absolutely hold the Seven Seas. They have caught about seventy submarines and some of them are now destroying German ships in the Baltic Sea. They've sent to France by several times the largest army that any people ever sent over the sea. They are financing most of their allies, and they have turned this whole island into gun and shell factories. They made a great mistake at the Dardanelles, and they are slower than death to change their set methods. But no family in the land, from charcoal burners to dukes, hesitates one moment to send its sons into the army. When the news comes of their death, they never whimper. When you come right down to hard facts, the courage and the endurance of the British and the French excel anything ever before seen on this planet. All the old stories of bravery from Homer down are outdone every day by these people. I see these British at close range, full-dress and undress; and I've got to know a lot of 'em as well as we can ever come to know anybody after we get grown. There is simply no end to the silly sides of their character. But, when the real trial comes, they don't flinch; and (except the thoroughbred American) there are no such men in the world.

A seven-foot Kansas lawyer (Kansas all over him) came to see me yesterday. He came here a month ago on some legal business. He told me yesterday that he had always despised Englishmen. He's seen a few with studhorse clothes and white spats and monocles on who had gone through Kansas to shoot in the Rocky Mountains. He couldn't understand 'em and he didn't like 'em. "So infernally uppish," said he.

"Well, what do you think of 'em now?"

"The very best people in the world," said he. I think he has a notion of enlisting!

You're still publishing books, I hear. That's a good occupation. I'd like to be doing it myself. But I can't even get time to read 'em now.

But, as you know, nobody's writing anything but war books — from Kipling to Hall Caine. Poor Kipling! — his boy's dead. I have no doubt of it. I've had all the German hospitals and prison camps searched for him in vain. These writing men and women, by the way, are as true blue and as thoroughbred as any other class. I can never forget Maurice Hewlett's brave behaviour when he thought that his flying corps son had been killed by the Germans or drowned at sea. He's no prig, but a real man. And the women are as fine as the men. . . .

To go back to books: Of course nobody can tell what effect the war will have on the writing of them, nor what sort of new writers may come up. You may be sure that everything is stirred to its profoundest depths and will be stirred still more. Some old stagers will be laid on the shelf; that's certain. What sort of new ones will come? I asked H. G. Wells this question. He has promised to think it out and tell me. He has the power to guess some things very well. I'll put that question to Conrad when I next see him.

Does anybody in the United States take the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, to be a great man? His wife is a brilliant woman; and she has kept a diary ever since he became Prime Minister; and he now has passed the longest single term in English history. Mr. Dent thinks he's the biggest man alive, and Dent has some mighty good instincts.

Talk about troubles! Think of poor Northcliffe. He thinks he's saved the nation from its miserable government, and the government now openly abuses him in the House of Commons. Northcliffe puts on his brass knuckles and turns the *Times* building upside down and sets all the *Daily Mail* machine guns going, and has to go to bed to rest his nerves, while the row spreads and deepens. The Government

keeps hell in the prayerbook because without it they would n't know what to do with Northcliffe; and Northcliffe is just as sure that he has saved England as he is sure the Duke of Wellington did.

To come back to the war. (We always do.) Since I wrote the first part of this letter, I spent an evening with a member of the Cabinet, and he told me so much bad military news, which they prevent the papers from publishing or even hearing, that to-night I almost share this man's opinion that the war will last till 1918. That is n't impossible. If that happens, the offer that I heard a noble old buck make to a group of ladies the other night may be accepted. This old codger is about seventy-five, ruddy and saucy yet. "My dear ladies," said he, "if the war goes on and on we shall have no young men left. A double duty will fall on the old fellows. I shall be ready, when the need comes, to take four extra wives, and I daresay there are others of my generation who are as patriotic as I am."

All of which is only my long-winded, round-about diplomatic way of wishing you every one and every one of yours and all the folk in the office, their assigns, superiors, dependents, companions in labour — all, everyone and sundry, the happiest of Christmases; and when you take stock of your manifold blessings, don't forget to be thankful for the Atlantic Ocean. That's the best asset of safety that we have.

Affectionately yours,
W. H. P.

FAMILIAR ESSAYS

Purpose. The purpose of the familiar, conversational essay is to be entertainingly sensible; to comment on matters interesting or even important with an ease and lightness of manner that will surely be entertaining, and that may also win an easy acceptance of truths which an argumentative tone might have made unacceptable. Such essays are chiefly expository in purpose; and are, therefore, however flavored with personality, chiefly concerned with being clear.

Manner. The manner of the conversational prose essay, as its name suggests, is that of easy, natural talk. It seeks to escape as far as possible from the stiffly formal manner of the written address, the elaborate "effort" of the ponderous pronouncement. It is therefore always cheerful, and often frankly fun-loving; it takes itself and its ideas and its world with care-free lightheartedness, or at least persists in seeing the cheerful side of life; and is playful in tone even when sober in subject.

Materials. The subjects of the cheerful essay are as various as the thoughts of men. Through its lightness of manner, it may turn anything to account:

from the trivial even to the profound. Mr. Benchley's title "Of All Things" is an accurate summary of the materials used in such essays.

Methods. The ways of treating such materials are naturally as diverse as the matters and the men. Whimsical views whimsically presented, as though to whet a jaded taste, are chiefly characteristic of the great freedom of treatment our modern essayists permit themselves.

Models. "The Contributors' Club" in *The Atlantic Monthly* is probably the most famous treasury and current collection of short *cheerful essays* — anonymous and therefore standing strictly on their merits. "The Lion's Mouth" in *Harper's Magazine* is a similar group of signed essays. All such writing derives rather directly from Addison and Steele, especially through Lamb and Hazlitt and, later, Stevenson. Of the great company now writing such essays, some of the more joyous are Stephen Leacock, Frances Lester Warner, Ralph Bergengren; some of the more thoughtful, G. K. Chesterton, "David Grayson," Charles S. Brooks, Edward S. Martin, Christopher Morley, Agnes Repplier.

EXERCISES

1. Work up a list of odd and whimsical topics which might be cheerfully treated. Add to this list at least one a day for a fortnight.

2. Copy in your Notebook the most provocative titles from several of the volumes of essays by the writers named above — in quotation marks and credited to book and author, of course; then, before you find out how that author treated these topics, write a short paper on each of three of those quoted titles.

3. What difference in tone between "Happiness" and "Ears"? between "Respectfully Submitted" and "El Dorado"?

4. How much of the effect and tone of "The Olympians" is traceable to the ideas, and how much to the way they are phrased? Test in the same way the "Study in Black Lacquer and Rust."

5. For thought treatment, make special study of "Happiness," "Ears," "The Olympians," "El Dorado."

6. For essay technique and style, study "Respectfully Submitted," "To an Unknown Reader," "The Olympians," "El Dorado."

7. For skill in treating broad, general subjects, study "A New Year Editorial," "An Old King in a New World," "El Dorado."

FAMILIAR

1. HAPPINESS

Some people go to a great deal of trouble to be happy, — a stupid thing to do, for even a dull person can see for herself that "happiness pursued is never overtaken." Pay no attention to the swift-footed tease, and she will come back, plucking at your skirts, like a child who wants to be played with, and when you still continue to go on with your work and ignore her, she will throw herself into your arms.

She comes often to a shabby old sitting-room on rainy Sunday afternoons. No one is thinking of her; I am busy writing letters home; my friend is quiet over a book. But rude inattention cannot drive our visitor away. When it grows too dark to see any longer, there she is still — a laughing spirit of mischief — hiding with us, who do not need her, while she knows her foolish lovers are searching for her the world over.

2. EARS

Why don't men of letters devote a little time to writing about ears? They are every bit as interesting as eyes, and not nearly so hackneyed. Of course the poet today cannot be asked to sing of his lady's ears; that would require too much imagination even from a poet. But nothing prevents the lady from singing of her lord's ears, — or at least studying their contour, if they are of so extreme a variety as to preclude vocal notice.

A man's ears are the most conspicuous detail of his architecture. If they are big, you cannot escape them, and if they are small, they attract you as a rare curiosity. All ears either have lobes, or have not, in which case they cling weakly to the cheek in a supplicating, apologetic way. One wonders, on seeing some of these lobeless ears, if the strain on the wearer's head does not sometimes become insupportable. All ears, except the formally perfect, are built either on the wing plan or the bag plan; that is, they either flare jauntily in thin, pink, translucent, fan-like flaps above the orifice, or sag heavily below it in inches and inches of superfluous lobe, like an overloaded sack of cement.

The most common and appealing type of masculine ear is that known as the "windshield." This ear is large and unavoidable; it tends to the fan shape, and sticks out in a quizzical, impertinent way, like the tail of a playful puppy. It is very hideous, but it is far to be preferred to the small, neat, perfect ear. A pretty ear is horrible because it is so ear-ish.

Apart from their structural interest, ears have an aim in life, not only to catch sounds, but to indicate intelligence or the lack of it. My first Latin teacher always insisted that ears which were set high above the eyes, and close to the front of the face, showed an animal mentality. Once she gave a practical demonstration on the star pupil, to show how low her model's ears were set, and how far back.

It is a bad plan to let people know that their intelligence is commensurable by their ears. They are sure to ask you how far *they* have evolved from their primitive ancestors, and if you are truthful, you may be embarrassed.

3. LOVE'S SPECTACLES

Tradition holds that love is blind. I am sure it wears spectacles, for I have a pair. They are peculiarly constructed, never permitting their wearer to see things as they are. They possess three colors which supersede one another without warning; each color gives situations a different interpretation.

At times the lenses are gray, and fears pervade the soul of him who looks through them. These fears are made no less potent by the fact that they have repeatedly proved groundless. Doubt of one's worthiness, and doubts of one's love being returned, are the lover's portions of this world's agony.

Again the glasses are yellow, a disagreeable, muddy shade halfway between the color of the dust and that of a faded window curtain. The corresponding emotion is jealousy. The feeling may attach itself to anyone who is shown the least favor by the beloved, or with equal vehemence to an innocent and lovely rose which has been kissed after one presented it!

But the color of colors, and the predominating one, fortunately, is the shell-pink tint which touches one's lady with the flush of the ideal. What a pleasure it is to view perfection with the sense of possession! Othello said of Desdemona:

> She had eyes and chose me.

Desdemona proved herself notably blind to the development of his later jealousy. Othello was mistaken: Desdemona had rose spectacles! Unfortunately for her, there was neither gray nor yellow in their makeup.

How different were the spectacles of the narrator in *Prue and I!* Love's spectacles show things as they ought to be; but the spectacles of this miserable wretch showed them as they ought not to be! In that distinction you have the fundamental difference between the philanthropist and the cynic.

And yet I do not pity the man whose grandfather left him such an awful heritage. He could have used his spectacles for a happy, prosperous life, if he had made them his servant, instead of becoming their slave. I cannot pardon him the distrust which brought him to use them upon the woman he loved. What he saw in the mirror was the sacrilege he was committing. His lack of faith in her who was dearest to him brought home his own shortcomings and proved him unworthy. It was but adding pain to discover her beauty and purity thereafter in the church. Had I such spectacles, I would not turn them upon her whom I love, for I should know already that she is pure and beautiful. And if she were not, I should be the last one to desire to know it.

Nay, but I think love's spectacles are far better. The gray and the yellow warn me against self-satisfaction and pride, and spur me to greater service for my lady. And the shell-pink tint creates for me an ideal concept of her whom I love. And if she be not all I think her, — odd's life, she wears my concept of her remarkably well!

4. ON KEEPING A BAROMETER

The Irishman "keeps a pig." The old maid "keeps a cat." It is much more fun to keep a barometer. That is to say, it is more fun if you are interested in the weather. And you are. If you will not admit it, you are either an untrustworthy witness or a *lusus naturae*, a jest of nature.

Weather is one of the three great universal experiences of mankind. All men are born, all men die, all men are "weathered." The rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, or would if it were not that the unjust have the umbrellas of the just. In winter we all shiver, in summer we all sweat. And all the time we all talk about the weather. There is no other perfectly common topic of conversation; because there is no other perfectly common experience. Men talk to their fellows about the weather not because they cannot think of anything else to talk about, but because it is the one thing about which they know that their fellows have thoughts ready for exchange.

Since you will talk about the weather, you should keep a barometer. It is better than a pig, in that it produces nothing that you can sell, and you may therefore know that your motives in keeping it are

unsullied by greed. It is better than a cat in that it drinks no milk, yowls no yowls, sheds no hair. It is better than a dog in that — but no, we cannot admit it. Nothing is better than a dog.

Keeping a barometer is a peaceful occupation. It hangs silent on the wall, demanding nothing, asserting nothing, merely recording an impalpable fact — the pressure of the air.

But keeping a barometer is an exciting occupation. When you come down to breakfast to find its needle hovering through a narrow arc away up in the fair region above the thirty mark, a gentle thrill runs through you at the thought that the wonderful weather we have been having is to continue. When the needle executes a two-inch swoop in a few hours, as it did one day last winter, you tingle with the expectation of the "big wind" that is surely coming, and hurry down to stoke up the furnace. And when the storm is still roaring and the cheerful little needle begins to climb, you know with a rebound of the spirit that the worst is over. An exciting occupation in its own quiet way.

An absorbing occupation no less. The last thing at night when you have locked up, put out the cat, set the screen before the embers in the fireplace, and are all ready for the ascent to bed, you turn to the faithful disc on the wall and set the index finger fair over the needle. So when morning comes and you stop on the way to the front porch for the morning paper to see what the elements have prepared over night for you, the discrepancy between finger and needle tells the tale. An absorbing occupation indeed.

5. "ARE N'T YOU GETTING A LITTLE PERSONAL?"

Deliver me from that species of individual who prefaces a remark with "Not to be personal, but —," and then proceeds to ask you questions concerning matters that you would n't even go out and murmur to the birds and trees. Oh, you 've seen them. They are as unescapable as measles or rent-day. They ask you everything from the price of the red tie you are wearing, to whether you have had a fight with your better half in the past week. To them nothing is sacred; they would have everything an open book. They are tireless in their questioning, while their victim squirms, is sometimes too polite to say "Mind your own business," and ends by making a weak evasion

or confessing the truth. I once heard a questionable philosopher say on the subject, "When it's nobody's business, it's all right to tell them a lie."

The questions these very unpersonal individuals ask are generally of the most disconcerting nature. For instance, one approached me the other day and started out with the usual salutation, "I don't want to be personal, but —" (the worst was yet to come! she finished) "are you going to get married next week?" I, who am notorious as an old maid, who am always the most circumspect of creatures in my actions, and who thought that this was the last of all offenses of which I should ever be accused, was — well, to put it lightly, perturbed. What had I done to deserve this? Nothing. My conscience was free. I thought of my philosopher. Clearly it was not her business. Should I tell her a falsehood? No! Not at any cost. So I told the simple truth, and said, "I don't know." Nor do I. I am not a fatalist, nor do I believe in predestination, yet I can see where I might possibly be married next week. Had she used the verb "expect," my answer would have been different, and yet the truth. But, as it is, I cannot say positively that I am not, because I might be defying fate; and yet I dare not say I am, for aside from its being a deviation from strict truth, I can readily see how such a statement could lead to an awkward situation.

6. A NEW YEAR EDITORIAL[1]

December 31, 1919

It will be a good year — the best that ever saw the earth rolling around the sun. Never doubt that. Of course the devil will be to pay this year; and he will have a larger bill than he ever had. That also is a part of the high cost of living — that eternal bill of the devil's to pay. He will demand pay for political upheavals and social disturbances and financial panics and all sorts and conditions of human disorders from general strikes to revolution in spots. But the joyous part of it is the fact that while the devil is to pay in large sums, we shall pay him. The surplus civilization in America is large enough to stand the strain. America is going to the stars by hard ways; but never at all

[1] This and the passage following are from W. A. White's *The Editor and His People* (pp. 134 f. and 146 ff. respectively), copyright 1924 by The Macmillan Company; reprinted by permission of Mr. White and the publishers.

to the devil. We are traveling along lines of greatest resistance; but we are going forward, and the travail is all good for our souls' muscles. The greater the shock — and don't worry, the year's shock will be terrific — the greater the victory at overcoming it. No one should fear for the fundamental sanity of the American people, nor for the rock-ribbed strength of the American government. These two, each sustaining the other, will weather the storm. It may be, surely it must be, a big storm brewing — but at the end of it America will be stronger for the struggle, and surer of her strength for the great trial. Never before have dangers loomed ahead as they loom now. And never before have we been so ready to meet them. For we are a young nation and adventure is in our hearts. America goes forth into the new year as a bridegroom from his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man. There is everything to face and nothing to fear. It was for this year that our fathers died at Bunker Hill and Gettysburg, and for this year that our brothers died in the Argonne Forest and at Château Thierry. They did not die that we should live as mollusks; but that we should have glorious opportunity to strive as men for great causes. And here comes opportunity with her fighting clothes on.

Who's afraid?

Now let's go.

7. AN OLD KING IN A NEW WORLD

February 15, 1923

From his tomb in old Egypt they are digging up the king who lived over three thousand years ago. The grandeur that was his on earth is expressed to posterity in gold and silver and precious stones, and he seems to have been a mighty potentate. To minister to his needs and desires ten thousand courtier servants and slaves devoted their lives. The human being of certain sorts was cheap in those days, and metals of certain sorts were dear. Probably in his finer moments, in his more human hours of aspiration, he dreamed as we all do of a day or a place where things — meaning broadly human relations — would be different. He seems to have had a dream of heaven. Possibly he thought of it as a place where some approximate of justice would be done. Heaven is the place provided in our philosophy of life to even things up; to pare down the accumulation of the greedy to add to the treasure of the humble.

Well — here he is resurrected bodily, at least, in a strange world. Men fly through the air like birds, talk through the air like gods, produce light and heat by turning buttons, make water spring from the wall by twisting faucets. Food is produced enough for all, even though in the passing century it is unevenly distributed. Comforts that once were kings' luxuries now are common to those who once were slaves. A man steps to a ticket window and buys collapsible distance — a mile or a thousand miles, at his will. And — miracle of miracles — the children of slaves, touching a button, may make kings talk and great singers sing and great bands play. Moreover, kings, poor devils, are only servants in gaudier livery than their fellows. Human sweat and blood which three thousand years ago was the cheapest thing on earth, to-day may be had, but only for a price, often at only a good price.

The marvel of it all would fill the dead king's eyes with terror. And should he ask who made this new heaven from the old earth which he knew, men would have to tell him that it all came about because a young man down in Judea dramatized by his death a philosophy that dignified the human soul. His dynamic creed called the Golden Rule, the philosophy of altruism, has freed the slaves, has shamed oppression, crushed tyrants, and exalted the common man. So the world has been made over; so the old king's dream of heaven has been made real.

But the deep and baffling marvel of it all we could not explain to the ancient ruler if his lips should ask the question. For the profound mystery is that with all the evidence of the power of the truth which Jesus of Nazareth dramatized in his life and death, with all the revolutionary changes which the creed of Jesus has produced, men still waste their futile breath wrangling over His divinity. That spectacle would puzzle the mummy if his brain could work. And he well might ask if the stupid race for which Jesus died was worth His sacrifice.

8. IN THE CHAIR[1]

About once in so often a man must go to the barber for what, with contemptuous brevity, is called a haircut. He must sit in a big chair, a voluminous bib (prettily decorated with polka dots) tucked in round his neck, and let another human being cut his hair for him. His head,

[1] From *The Perfect Gentleman*, by Ralph Bergengren; copyright, Little, Brown and Company.

with all its internal mystery and wealth of thought, becomes for the time being a mere poll, worth two dollars a year to the tax-assessor: an irregularly shaped object, between a summer squash and a canteloupe, with too much hair on it, as very likely several friends and acquaintances have advised him. His identity vanishes.

As a rule the less he now says or thinks about his head, the better: he has given it to the barber, and the barber will do as he pleases with it. It is only when the man is little and is brought in by his mother, that the job will be done according to instructions; and this is because the man's mother is in a position to see the back of his head. Also because the weakest woman under such circumstances has strong convictions. When the man is older the barber will sometimes allow him to see the haircut, cleverly reflected in two mirrors; but not one man in a thousand — nay, in ten thousand — would dare express himself as dissatisfied. After all, what does he know of haircuts, he who is no barber? Women feel differently; and I know of one man, returning home with a new haircut, who was compelled to turn round again and take what his wife called his "poor" head to another barber by whom the haircut was more happily finished. But that was exceptional. And it happened to that man but once.

The very word "haircut" is objectionable. It snips like the scissors. Yet it describes the operation more honestly than the substitute "trim," a euphemism indicating a jaunty habit of dropping in frequently at the barber's, and so keeping the hair perpetually at just the length that is most becoming. For most men, although the knowledge must be gathered by keen, patient observation and never by honest confession, there is a period, lasting about a week, when the length of their hair is admirable. But it comes between haircuts. The haircut itself is never satisfactory. If his hair was too long before (and on this point he has the evidence of unprejudiced witnesses), it is too short now. It must grow steadily — count on it for that! — until for a brief period it is "just right," æsthetically suited to the contour of his face and the cut of his features, and beginning already imperceptibly to grow too long again.

Soon this growth becomes visible, and the man begins to worry. "I must go to the barber," he says in a harassed way. "I must get a haircut." But the days pass. It is always tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow. When he goes, he goes suddenly.

There is something within us, probably our immortal soul, that postpones a haircut; and yet in the end our immortal souls have little to do with the actual process. It is impossible to conceive of one immortal soul cutting another immortal soul's hair. My own soul, I am sure, has never entered a barber's shop. It stops and waits for me at the portal. Probably it converses on subjects remote from our bodily consciousness with the immortal souls of barbers, patiently waiting until the barbers finish their morning's work and come out to lunch.

Even during the haircut our hair is still growing, never stopping, never at rest, never in a hurry: it grows while we sleep, as was proved by Rip Van Winkle. And yet perhaps sometimes it is in a hurry; perhaps that is why it falls out. In rare cases the contagion of speed spreads; the last hair hurries after all the others; the man is emancipated from dependence on barbers. I know a barber who is in this independent condition himself (for the barber can no more cut his own hair than the rest of us) and yet sells his customers a preparation warranted to keep them from attaining it, a seeming anomaly which can be explained only on the ground that business is business. To escape the haircut one must be quite without hair that one cannot see and reach; and herein possibly is the reason for a fashion which has often perplexed students of the Norman Conquest. The Norman soldiery wore no hair on the backs of their heads; and each brave fellow could sit down in front of his polished shield and cut his own hair without much trouble. But the scheme had a weakness. The back of the head had to be shaven, and the fashion doubtless went out because, after all, nothing was gained by it. One simply turned over on one's face in the barber's chair instead of sitting up straight.

Fortunately we begin having a haircut when we are too young to think, and when also the process is sugarcoated by the knowledge that we are losing our curls. Then habit accustoms us to it. Yet it is significant that men of refinement seek the barber in secluded places, basements of hotels for choice, where they can be seen only by barbers and by other refined men having or about to have haircuts; and that men of less refinement submit to the operation where every passerby can stare in and see them, bibs round their necks and their shorn locks lying in pathetic little heaps on the floor. There is a barber's shop of this kind in Boston where one of the barbers, having no head to play with, plays on a cornet, doubtless to the further distress of his

immortal soul peeping in through the window. But this is unusual even in the city that is known far and wide as the home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

I remember a barber — he was the only one available in a small town — who cut my left ear. The deed distressed him, and he told me a story. It was a pretty little cut, he said — filling it with alum — and reminded him of another gentleman whose left ear he had nipped in identically the same place. He had done his best with alum and apology, as he was now doing. Two months later the gentleman came in again. "And by golly!" said the barber, with a kind of wonder at his own cleverness, "if I didn't nip him again in just the same place!"

A man can shave himself. The Armless Wonder does it in the Dime Museum. Byron did it, and composed poetry during the operation, although, as I have recently seen scientifically explained, the facility of composition was not due to the act of shaving but to the normal activity of the human mind at that time in the morning. Here therefore a man can refuse the offices of the barber. If he wishes to make one of a half-dozen apparently inanimate figures, their faces covered with soap, and their noses used as convenient handles to turn first one cheek and then the other — that is his own lookout. But human ingenuity has yet to invent a "safety barber's shears." It has tried. A near genius once made an apparatus — a kind of helmet with multitudinous little scissors inside it — which he hopefully believed would solve the problem; but what became of him and his invention I have not heard. Perhaps he tried it himself and slunk, defeated, into a deeper obscurity. Perhaps he committed suicide, for one can easily imagine that a man who thought he had found a way to cut his own hair and then found that he hadn't would be thrown into a suicidal depression. There is the possibility that he succeeded in cutting his own hair, and was immediately "put away," where nobody could see him but the hardened attendants, by his sensitive family. The important fact is that the invention never got on the market. Until some other investigator succeeds to more practical purpose, the rest of us must go periodically to the barber. We must put on the bib——

Here, however, there is at least an opportunity of selection. There are bibs with arms, and bibs without arms. And there is a certain amount of satisfaction in being able to see our own hands, carefully

holding the newspaper or periodical wherewith we pretend that we are still intelligent human beings. And here again are distinctions. The patrons of my own favored barber's shop have arms to their bibs and pretend to be deeply interested in the *Illustrated London News*. The patrons of the barber's shop where I lost part of my ear — I cannot see the place, but those whom I take into my confidence tell me that it has long since grown again — had no sleeves to their bibs, but nevertheless managed awkwardly to hold the *Police Gazette*. And this opportunity to hold the *Police Gazette* without attracting attention becomes a pleasant feature of this type of barber's shop: I, for example, found it easier — until my ear was cut — to forget my position in the examination of this journal than in the examination of the *Illustrated London News*. The pictures, strictly speaking, are not so good, either artistically or morally, but there is a tang about them, an I-do-not-know-what. And it is always wisest to focus attention on some such extraneous interest. Otherwise you may get to looking in the mirror.

Do not do that.

For one thing, there is the impulse to cry out "Stop! Stop! Don't cut it all off!

> "Oh, barber, spare that hair!
> Leave some upon my brow!
> For months it's sheltered me!
> And I'll protect it now!

Oh, please! P-l-e-a-s-e!—" These exclamations annoy a barber, rouse a demon of fury in him. He reaches for a machine called "clippers." Tell him how to cut hair, will you! A little more and he'll shave your head — and not only half-way either, like the Norman soldiery at the time of the Conquest! Even if you are able to restrain this impulse, clenching your bib in your hands and perhaps dropping or tearing the *Illustrated London News*, the mirror gives you strange, morbid reflections. You recognize your face, but your head seems somehow separate, balanced on a kind of polka-dotted mountain with two hands holding the *Illustrated London News*. You are afraid momentarily that the barber will lift it off and go away with it. Then is the time to read furiously the weekly contribution of G. K. Chesterton. But your mind reverts to a story you have been reading about how the Tulululu Islanders, a savage but ingenious

people, preserve the heads of their enemies so that the faces are much smaller but otherwise quite recognizable. You find yourself looking keenly at the barber to discover any possible trace of Tulululu ancestry. And what is he going to get now? A krees? No, a paint-brush. Is he going to paint you? And if so — what color? The question of color becomes strangely important, as if it made any real difference. Green? Red? Purple? Blue? No, he uses the brush dry, tickling your forehead, tickling your ears, tickling your nose, tickling you under the chin and down the back of your neck. After the serious business of the haircut, a barber must have some relaxation.

There is one point on which you are independent: you will not have the bay rum; you are a teetotaller. You say so in a weak voice which nevertheless has some adamantine quality that impresses him. He humors you; or perhaps your preference appeals to his sense of business economy.

He takes off your bib.

From a row of chairs a man leaps to his feet, anxious to give *his* head to the barber. A boy hastily sweeps up the hair that was yours — already as remote from you as if it had belonged to the man who is always waiting, and whose name is Next. Oh, it is horrible — horrible — horrible!

9. RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED: TO A MOURNFUL AIR

To any one of several editors.

Dear Sir: I paid a visit to your city several days since and humored myself with ambitious thoughts in the contemplation of your editorial windows. I was tempted to rap at your door and request an audience, but modesty held me off. Once by appointment I passed an hour in your office pleasantly and profitably, and even so tardily do I acknowledge your courtesy and good-nature. But a beggar must choose his streets carefully and not be seen too often in a neighborhood, as the same door does not always offer pie. So this time your brass knocker shows no finger-marks of mine.

You did not accept for publication the last paper I sent to you. (You spread an infinite deal of sorrow in your path.) On its return I re-read it and now confess to concurrence with your judgment. Something had gone wrong. It was not as intended. Unlike Cleopatra, age

had withered it. Was I not like a cook whose dinner has been sent back untasted? The best available ingredients were put into that confection, and if it did not issue from the oven with those savory whiffs that compel appetite, my stove is at fault. Perhaps some good old literary housewife will tell me, disconsolate among my pots and pans, how long an idea must be boiled to be tender, and how best to garnish a thought to an editor's taste? And yet, sir, your manners are excellent. It was Petruchio who cried:

> "What's this? Mutton? —
> 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.
> Where is the rascal cook?"

Manners have improved. In pleasant contrast is your courteous note, signifying the excellence of my proffered pastry, your delight that you are allowed to sniff, and your regret for lack of appetite and abdominal capacity. Nevertheless, the food came back and I poked at the broken pieces mournfully. It is a witch's business presiding at the caldron of these things, and there is no magic pottage above my fire.

And yet, kind sir, with your permission I shall continue in my ways and offer to you from time to time such messes as I have, hoping that some day your taste will deteriorate to my level or that I shall myself learn the witchcraft and enter your regard.

Up to this present time only a few of my papers have been asked to stay. The rest have gone the downward tread of your stair carpet and have passed into the night. My desk has become a kind of mausoleum of such as have come home to die, and when I raise its lid a silence falls on me as on one who visits sacred places.

There is, however, another side of this. Certain it is that thousands of us who write seek your recognition and regard. Certain it is that your favorable judgment moves us to elation, and your silence to our merits urges us to harder endeavors. But for all this, dear sir, and despite your continued neglect, we are a tolerably happy crew. It may be that our best things were never published — best, because we enjoyed them most, because they recall the happiest hours and the finest moods. They bring most freshly to our memories the influences of books and friends and the circumstances under which they were written. It is because we lacked the skill to tame our sensations to our uses, the patience to do well what we wished to do fast, that you rightly

judged them unavailable. We do not feel rebellious and we admit that you are right. Only we do not care as much as we did, for most of us are learning to write for the love of the writing and without an eye on the medal. With no livelihood depending, with no compulsion of hours or subject, under the free anonymity of sure rejection, we have worked. It has been a fine world, these hours of study and reflection, and when we assert that one essay is our best, we are right, for it has led us to happiness and pleasant thoughts and to an interpretation of ourselves and the world that moves about us. In these best moods of ours, we live and think beyond our normal powers, and even come to a distant kinship with men far greater than ourselves. Knowing this, prudence only keeps us from snapping our fingers at you and marking each paper, as we finish it, "rejected," without the formality of a trip to you, and then happily beginning the next. We are learning to be amateurs, and although our names shall never be shouted from the housetops, we shall be almost as content. Still will there be the morning hours of study with sunlight across the floor, the winding country roads of autumn with smells of cornstacks and burdened vineyards, the fire-lit hours of evening. Still shall we write in our gardens of a summer afternoon, or change the winter snowstorm that drives against our windows into the coinage of our thoughts.

We shall be independent and think and write as we please. And although we enclose stamps for a mournful recessional, please know, dear sir, that even as you dictate your polite note of refusal, we are hard at it with another paper.

10. TO AN UNKNOWN READER

Once in a while I dream that I come upon a person who is reading a book that I have written. In my pleasant dreams these persons do not nod sleepily upon my pages, and sometimes I fall in talk with them. Although they do not know who I am, they praise the book and name me warmly among my betters. In such circumstance my happy nightmare mounts until I ride foremost with the giants. If I could think that this disturbance of my sleep came from my diet and that these agreeable persons arose from a lobster or a pie, nightly at supper I would ply my fork recklessly among the platters.

But in a waking state these meetings never come. If an article of

mine is ever read at all, it is read in secret like the Bible. Once, indeed, in a friend's house I saw my book upon the table, but I suspect that it had been dusted and laid out for my coming. I request my hostess that next time, for my vanity, she lay the book face down upon a chair, as though the grocer's knock intruded. Or perhaps a huckster's cart broke upon her enjoyment. Let it be thought that a rare bargain — tender asparagus or the first strawberries of the summer — tempted her off my pages! Or maybe there was red rhubarb in the cart, and the jolly farmer, as he journeyed up the street, pitched it to a pleasing melody. Dear lady, I forgive you. But let us hope no laundryman led you off! Such discord would have marred my book.

I saw once in a public library, as I went along the shelves, a volume of mine which gave evidence to have been really read. The record in front showed that it had been withdrawn one time only. The card was blank below — but once certainly it had been read. I hope that the book went out on a Saturday noon when the spirits rise for the holiday to come, and that a rainy Sunday followed, so that my single reader was kept before his fire. A dull patter on the window — if one sits unbuttoned on the hearth — gives a zest to a languid chapter. The rattle of a storm — if only the room be snug — fixes the attention fast. Therefore, let the rain descend as though the heavens rehearsed for a flood! Let a tempest come out of the west! Let the chimney roar as it were a lion! And if there must be a clearing, let it hold off until the late afternoon, lest it sow too early a distaste for indoors and reading! There is scarcely a bookworm who will not slip his glasses off his nose, if the clouds break at the hour of sunset when the earth and sky are filled with a green and golden light.

I took the book off the library shelf, and timidly glancing across my shoulder for fear that some one might catch me, I looked along the pages. There was a thumb mark in a margin, and presently appeared a kindly stickiness on the paper as though an orange had squirted on it. Surely there had been a human being hereabouts. It was as certain as when Crusoe found the footprints in the sand. Ah, I thought, this fellow who sits in the firelight has caught an appetite. Perhaps he bit a hole and sucked the fruit, and the skin has burst behind. Or I waive the theory and now conceive that the volume was read at breakfast. If so, it is my comfort that in those dim hours it stood propped against his coffee cup.

But the trail ended with the turning of the page. There were, indeed, further on, pencil checks against one of the paragraphs as if here the book had raised a faint excitement, but I could not tell whether they sprang up in derision or in approval. Toward the end there were uncut leaves, as though even my single reader had failed in his persistence.

Being swept once beyond a usual caution, I lamented to my friend F—— of the neglect in which readers held me, to which the above experience in a library was a rare exception. F—— offered me such consolation as he could, deplored the general taste and the decadence of the times, and said that as praise was sweet to everyone, he, as far as he himself was able, offered it anonymously to those who merited it. He was standing recently in a picture gallery, when a long-haired man who stood before one of the pictures was pointed out to him as the artist who had painted it. At once F—— saw his opportunity to confer a pleasure, but as there is a touch of humor in him, he first played off a jest. Lounging forward, he dropped his head to one side as artistic folk do when they look at color. He made a knot-hole of his fingers and squinted through. Next he retreated across the room and stood with his legs apart in the very attitude of wisdom. He cast a stern eye upon the picture and gravely tapped his chin. At last when the artist was fretted to an extremity, F—— came forward and so cordially praised the picture that the artist, being now warmed and comforted, presently excused himself in a high excitement and rushed away to start another picture while the pleasant spell was on him.

Had I been the artist, I would have run from either F——'s praise or disapproval. As an instance, I saw a friend on a late occasion coming from a bookstore with a volume of suspicious color beneath his arm. I had been avoiding that particular bookstore for a week because my book lay for sale on a forward table. And now when my friend appeared, a sudden panic seized me, and I plunged into the first doorway to escape. I found myself facing a soda fountain. For a moment, in my blur, I could not account for the soda fountain, or know quite how it had come into my life. Presently an interne — for he was jacketed as if he walked a hospital — asked me what I 'd have. Still somewhat dazed, in my discomposure, having no answer ready, my startled fancy ran among the signs and labels of the counter until I recalled that a bearded man once, unblushing in my presence, had ordered a banana flip. I got the fellow's ear and named it softly. Whereupon

he placed a dead-looking banana across a mound of ice-cream, poured on colored juices as though to mark the fatal wound, and offered it to me. I ate a few bites of the sickish mixture until the streets were safe.

I do not know to what I can attribute my timidity. Possibly it arises from the fact that until recently my writing met with uniform rejection and failure. For years I wrote secretly in order that few persons might know how miserably I failed. I answered upon a question that I had given up the practice, that I now had no time for it, that I scribbled now and then but always burned it. All that while I gave my rare leisure and my stolen afternoons — the hours that other men give to golf and sleep and sitting together — these hours I gave to writing. On a holiday I was at it early. On Saturday when other folks were abroad, I sat at my desk. It was my grief that I was so poor a borrower of the night that I blinked stupidly on my papers if I sat beyond the usual hour. Writing was my obsession. I need no pity for my failures, for although I tossed my cap upon a rare acceptance, my deeper joy was in the writing. That joy repeated failures could not blunt.

There are paragraphs that now lie yellow in my desk with their former meaning faded, that still recall as I think of them the first exaltation when I wrote them — feverishly in a hot emotion. In those days I thought that I had caught the sunlight on my pen, and the wind and the moon and the spinning earth. I thought that the valleys and the mountains arose from the mist obedient to me. If I splashed my pen, in my warm regard it was the roar and fury of the sea. It was really no more than my youth crying out. And, alas, my thoughts and my feelings escaped me when I tried to put them down on paper, although I did not know it then. Perhaps they were too vagrant to be held. And yet these paragraphs that might be mournful records of failure, fill me with no more than a tender recollection for the boy who wrote them. The worn phrases now beg their way with broken steps. Like shrill and piping minstrels they whine and crack a melody that I still remember in its freshness.

But perhaps, reader, we are brothers in these regards. Perhaps you, too, have faded papers. Or possibly, even on a recent date, you sighed your soul into an essay or a sonnet, and you now have manuscript which you would like to sell. Do not mistake me! I am not an editor, nor am I an agent for these wares. Rather I speak as a

friend who, having many such hidden sorrows, offers you a word of comfort. To a desponding Hamlet I exclaim, "'T is common, my Lord." I have so many friends that have had an unproductive fling toward letters, that I think the malady is general. So many books are published and flourish a little while in their bright wrappers, but yours and theirs and mine waste away in a single precious copy.

I am convinced that a close inspection of all desks — a federal matter as though Capital were under fire — would betray thousands of abandoned novels. There may be a few stern desks that are so cluttered with price-sheets and stock-lists that they cannot offer harborage to a love tale. Standing desks in particular, such as book-keepers affect, are not always chinked with these softer plots. And rarely there is a desk so smothered in learning — reeking so of scholarship — as not to admit a lighter nook for the tucking of a sea yarn. Even so, it was whispered to me lately that Professor B——, whose word shakes the continent, holds in a lower drawer no fewer than three unpublished historical novels, each set up with a full quota of smugglers and red bandits. One of these stories deals scandalously with the abduction of an heiress, but this must be held in confidence. The professor is a stoic before his class, but there's blood in the fellow.

There is, therefore, little use in your own denial. You will recall that once, when taken to a ruined castle, you brooded on the dungeons until a plot popped into your head. You crammed it with quaint phrasing from the chroniclers. You stuffed it with soldiers' oaths. "What ho! landlord," you wrote gayly at midnight, "a foaming cup, good sir. God pity the poor sailors that take the sea this night!" And on you pelted with your plot to such conflicts and hair-breadth escapes as lay in your contrivance.

These things you have committed. Good sir, we are of a common piece. Let us salute as brothers! And therefore, as to a comrade, I bid you continue in your ways. And that you may not lack matter for your pen, I warmly urge you, when by shrewdest computation you have exhausted the plots of adventure and have worn your villains thin, that you proceed in quieter vein. I urge you to an April mood, for the winds of spring are up and daffodils nod across the garden. There is black earth in the spring and green hilltops, and there is also the breath of flowers along the fences and the sound of water for your pen to prattle of.

11. THE OLYMPIANS

Looking back to those days of old, ere the gate shut to behind me, I can see now that to children with a proper equipment of parents these things would have worn a different aspect. But to those whose nearest were aunts and uncles, a special attitude of mind may be allowed. They treated us, indeed, with kindness enough as to the needs of the flesh, but after that with indifference (an indifference, as I recognise, the result of a certain stupidity), and therewith the commonplace conviction that your child is merely animal. At a very early age I remember realising in a quite impersonal and kindly way the existence of that stupidity, and its tremendous influence in the world; while there grew up in me, as in the parallel case of Caliban upon Setebos, a vague sense of a ruling power, wilful and freakish, and prone to the practice of vagaries — "just choosing so," as, for instance, the giving of authority over us to these hopeless and incapable creatures, when it might far more reasonably have been given to ourselves over them. These elders, our betters by a trick of chance, commanded no respect, but only a certain blend of envy — of their good luck — and pity — for their inability to make use of it. Indeed, it was one of the most hopeless features in their character (when we troubled ourselves to waste a thought on them: which was n't often) that, having absolute license to indulge in the pleasures of life, they could get no good of it. They might dabble in the pond all day, hunt the chickens, climb trees in the most uncompromising Sunday clothes; they were free to issue forth and buy gunpowder in the full eye of the sun — free to fire cannons and explode mines on the lawn: yet they never did any one of these things. No irresistible Energy haled them to church o' Sundays; yet they went there regularly of their own accord, though they betrayed no greater delight in the experience than ourselves.

On the whole, the existence of these Olympians seemed to be entirely void of interests, even as their movements were confined and slow, and their habits stereotyped and senseless. To anything but appearances they were blind. For them the orchard (a place elf-haunted, wonderful!) simply produced so many apples and cherries: or it did n't, when the failures of Nature were not infrequently ascribed to us. They never set foot within fir-wood or hazel-copse, nor dreamt of the marvels hid therein. The mysterious sources — sources as of old

Nile — that fed the duck-pond had no magic for them. They were unaware of Indians, nor recked they anything of bisons or of pirates (with pistols!), though the whole place swarmed with such portents. They cared not about exploring for robbers' caves, nor digging for hidden treasure. Perhaps, indeed, it was one of their best qualities that they spent the greater part of their time stuffily indoors.

To be sure, there was an exception in the curate, who would receive unblenching the information that the meadow beyond the orchard was a prairie studded with herds of buffalo, which it was our delight, moccasined and tomahawked, to ride down with those whoops that announce the scenting of blood. He neither laughed nor sneered, as the Olympians would have done; but possessed of a serious idiosyncrasy, he would contribute such lots of valuable suggestion as to the pursuit of this particular sort of big game that, as it seemed to us, his mature age and eminent position could scarce have been attained without a practical knowledge of the creature in its native lair. Then, too, he was always ready to constitute himself a hostile army or a band of marauding Indians on the shortest possible notice: in brief, a distinctly able man, with talents, so far as we could judge, immensely above the majority. I trust he is a bishop by this time, — he had all the necessary qualifications, as we knew.

These strange folk had visitors sometimes, — stiff and colourless Olympians like themselves, equally without vital interests and intelligent pursuits: emerging out of the clouds, and passing away again to drag on an aimless existence somewhere out of our ken. Then brute force was pitilessly applied. We were captured, washed, and forced into clean collars: silently submitting, as was our wont, with more contempt than anger. Anon, with unctuous hair and faces stiffened in a conventional grin, we sat and listened to the usual platitudes. How could reasonable people spend their precious time so? That was ever our wonder as we bounded forth at last — to the old clay-pit to make pots, or to hunt bears among the hazels.

It was incessant matter for amazement how these Olympians would talk over our heads — during meals, for instance — of this or the other social or political inanity, under the delusion that these pale phantasms of reality were among the importances of life. We *illuminati*, eating silently, our heads full of plans and conspiracies, could have told them what real life was. We had just left it outside, and were all on fire to

get back to it. Of course we did n't waste the revelation on them; the futility of imparting our ideas had long been demonstrated. One in thought and purpose, linked by the necessity of combating one hostile fate, a power antagonistic ever, — a power we lived to evade, — we had no confidants save ourselves. This strange anæmic order of beings was further removed from us, in fact, than the kindly beasts who shared our natural existence in the sun. The estrangement was fortified by an abiding sense of injustice, arising from the refusal of the Olympians ever to defend, retract, or admit themselves in the wrong, or to accept similar concessions on our part. For instance, when I flung the cat out of an upper window (though I did it from no ill-feeling, and it did n't hurt the cat), I was ready, after a moment's reflection, to own I was wrong, as a gentleman should. But was the matter allowed to end there? I trow not. Again, when Harold was locked up in his room all day, for assault and battery upon a neighbour's pig, — an action he would have scorned, being indeed on the friendliest terms with the porker in question, — there was no handsome expression of regret on the discovery of the real culprit. What Harold had felt was not so much the imprisonment,— indeed he had very soon escaped by the window, with assistance from his allies, and had only gone back in time for his release,— as the Olympian habit. A word would have set all right; but of course that word was never spoken.

Well! The Olympians are all past and gone. Somehow the sun does not seem to shine so brightly as it used; the trackless meadows of old time have shrunk and dwindled away to a few poor acres. A saddening doubt, a dull suspicion, creeps over me. *Et in Arcadia ego*, — I certainly did once inhabit Arcady. Can it be I too have become an Olympian?

12. STUDY IN BLACK LACQUER AND RUST

"A Ford," said Phineas, "will run whenever a quorum of its parts is present."

Phineas was not joking. We were chugging up the side of a perpendicular ridge in the Alleghenies when he spoke, having come thither from Cape Cod, New London, Perth Amboy, Caledonia, Seven Stars, and Gap; so that just what constituted a quorum was important to decide.

Our vehicle suddenly decided for us. With its nose in the air at the steepest grade above the Old Well in the Wall, it stopped going forward and began to go backward, in spite of all clutches, all brakes. Not rapidly backward, but backward, if I make myself clear. Phineas was diligently working all devices for retarding this form of motion. It was not the sort of road where one willingly takes to the ditch.

"Do you suppose you could get out *carefully*," inquired Phineas between his teeth, "and find a big stone?"

Out I slid, reversing the correct position for leaving a street-car in motion, and sped to the precipice near by. Two good slabs of granite suitable for paving stones I seized, and ran to the aid of my retreating spouse. As I ran my brain repeated that cheerful motto, "It gets you there, it gets you back." Just now for the moment it was getting us back. Dashing well to the rear of the down-sliding machine, I placed my stones and hopped aside. The slim wheels of our frail Juggernaut felt of the obstructions, jounced a little, threatened uneasily to mount over them, and lodged.

"Very good!" said Phineas, "we 'll let the engine cool."

While it cooled he sat within our phaeton, holding tightly all the brakes. I removed my suitcase from the back seat and sat on it to wait.

"When you start," said I firmly, "I shall follow on foot, bringing this suitcase and a stone."

Phineas protested, but he was in no position to coerce. I took up my traveling bag and my running position in the rear, and waited for the starter's gun. A few false beginnings, a few lingering deaths of the engine, and we began to move, at a snail's pace first, next with unsnail-like coughs and jerks, and then more steadily so that I had to quicken my gait a trifle to keep up.

I had adjured Phineas not to stop for me but to husband carefully all spare momentum for the final spurt. The grade was now so steep that it tilted our vehicle unnaturally on end and made me, in my capacity as trailer, puff. Through the window in the rear curtain I could see the dogmatic set of Phineas's ears as he drove rigidly on, and uncontrollably I began to laugh. Trotting ardently behind our own conveyance, with a suitcase in one hand and a paving stone in the other, I made a fetching picture for tourists coming down. But I could not stop until, triumphant, we reached the crest. Then I rejoined Phineas, and gravely we shook hands.

I do not tell this story in disparagement of our Car. The least criticism would seem to me disloyal to the vows I plighted on my wedding day. The sturdy Ford was already getting along in years when I married into it. Hither and yon it had conveyed its master Phineas in the excursions of his bachelor days — an aggregate jaunty distance of nearly twice around the world. One can understand that it was by the time I met it a confirmed bachelor Ford. It and its owner knew all each other's little ways. I think I detected a trace of the Centaur motif in their complete at-one-ness. If anything, it was I who was on probation, received into their long companionship as a new element, spiritually, an addition to their projects and no great burden to the springs, but still an extra passenger taken on. By way of propitiation, on long trips I learned to pack my belongings light and to offer the hospitality of my hat-box to the Centaur's panama.

From the first also I learned to refrain from comment, allowing car and master to work out the route together as in other days, while I, upon request, unfolded fluttering square yards of map against the wind and preserved the high impersonal behavior of a guest. This absolved me from responsibility, and from broils.

Once or twice, to be sure, I have been known to ask a leading question, as when, one early Sunday morning, we were skimming through the city of Washington, past the Naval Observatory and down Massachusetts Avenue. We turned at a spanking clip around Dupont Circle, when suddenly out from behind us came bowling a detached automobile wheel, running briskly by itself, about to pass us on the left.

"Some poor duck," mentioned Phineas, "has lost a wheel." Our own car at this moment was sagging gently in the back.

"You don't suppose," I ventured, "that it is ours?"

At this, our left-hand hindmost brake-drum settled down. With no further parley Phineas leaped out and ran after his own rear wheel, looking like a vivacious advertising poster of "Time to Re-Tire." Miraculously, our wheel went tooling along under its own power ahead of him, well-balanced, hooplike, gravely steering a true course. Through Dupont it sped, veered around the corner of Connecticut Avenue, rolled smoothly down Connecticut toward the White House, with Phineas hard after it, and was still going nicely when he laid a detaining hand on its shoulder, as it were. When

Phineas and the wheel came back again, hand in hand, I was seriously jacking up our rear.

One can plainly see that I am a model wife. I vary from the politest stranger only in that I am handy with the jack, know how to find the tools, and can take the brunt of conversations with talkative standers-by when Phineas makes repairs.

When other topics of comment have been covered, our highway friends turn their attention to our instrument board. Time was when Phineas spent his days testing and developing aircraft-instruments for measuring altitude, direction, and speed. He has an assortment of such devices attached to the machine, some of them gifts from manufacturers, some of them home-made — altimeters, gauges, high-speed indicators, airplane-engine thermometers with dial reading, a watch, a compass, and even a thermometer in our roof. With so many dials and mercury-threads registering all around us, we can feel as up-to-the-minute as if we were in the cockpit of a plane. At least, Phineas can feel that way. As for me, I am never sure that I am reading the instruments aright. I have learned, for example, that the altimeter is really a barometer at heart; when the pointer is up, you can never be sure whether it means that you are on high ground, or that it is going to rain. If the dial-reading suddenly advances more than a thousand feet, however, Phineas assures me, I may be comparatively confident that we are going up.

Garage-men and hotel-people never fail to appreciate the discrepancy between our scientific equipment and our material wheel-base — such delicate instruments on so indelicate a car. Said one meditative Yankee at a filling station in the Berkshires as he saw us off, "I should calculate that what ye've got on that there dashboard is wuth more than everything else in the hull car."

To Phineas, I think, it is. The dials have measured for us many a variant temperature, many an up and down. Sometimes we wonder if there might be also a sensitive dial to register our joys: to record the loveliness of a morning mist rising off Long Island; the glory of autumn trees alongside Jacob's Ladder at sunset on the Mohawk Trail; or the afternoon lights on the peach blossoms around a certain valley that Phineas calls Nook Hollow, halfway between Fox Chapel and Harmarville, on a deserted woodland road. If we could devise an indicator for these it would afford fresh topics for our friendly passers-by.

The car now bears such marks of travel that we have little fear of thieves, and need no longer reckon in "depreciation" when we figure up its annual cost. We have already depreciated practically all we shall. We do not expect to sell at a profit or trade it in. Another year, we plan to pension it and let it spend its last of life at the family's summer home near Buzzard's Bay. There, with all the tribal mechanicians to attend it, it will have pleasant vacation jaunts from house to bathing-beach. It will feel once more the salt of fishing-creels and clam-baskets in its tonneau; and we shall be in the market for another kind of car.

But when we get into our dapper little Priceler and drive away, leaving our true old steed behind us in its stall, I think it will be a long time before we feel quite like ourselves again. We shall look more presentable, but we shall not feel more gay. And when, of an April twilight, we are loitering back from an afternoon tramp around Nook Hollow on one of our deserted woodland roads, I know I shall glance down under our favorite parking tree, half-expecting to see there waiting for us that high old flaring top. It will not be there, any more. We shall step into our suitable motor car and drive smoothly off, and it will run easily. But on the highways of remembrance there will be traveling still a certain homely vehicle that we shall not forget. It will jog along companionably in retrospect over many a bumpy road, its thermometers set for July weather and its altimeter set for rain, behaving competently in our memories and transacting business in parliamentary form, with a full and adequate quorum of all its parts.

13. EL DORADO

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that

our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy for ever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting: and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience — would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlour; for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten note-books upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow, in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the *Decline and Fall*, he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labours.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of

nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a life-long struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

"Of making books there is no end," complained the Preacher; and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study for ever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighbourhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realisable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimæras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived

for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.

TRANSLATING

Translations from a foreign language are not finished until every trace of the foreign origin (except for ideas or proper names) is removed. Not only the words, but quite as much the phrases, the locutions, the idioms, the structure and "slant" of clause and sentence — everything that could suggest the original language to one who knows it, is to be quite removed, and the place thereof swept and garnished. Instructors in foreign languages often ask for "literal" translations, as evidence of our knowledge of the *native* idiom; but they know, of course, that the "literal" translation is never the complete translation, and when time serves they usually want the final and completed English version.

Prose, or even verse, may be so successfully carried over into another language as to become distinguished in the literature of its translation. Perhaps the best instance in verse is Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám*. Certainly the one noblest example in prose is the Wiclif-Tyndale-1611 composite version of the Bible. Fine specimens of secular prose are the full-blooded younger English (historically speaking) of North's Plutarch and Florio's Montaigne; more recently, Professor Jowett's Plato, Lang, Leaf, and Myers's *Iliad*, Professor Palmer's *Odyssey*, and Professor Murray's Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Other valuable models of translation, besides those quoted from in these Models, are Jonathan Sturges's thirteen tales from de Maupassant in *The Odd Number*, William Archer's Ibsen, Jeremiah Curtin's Sienkiewicz, T. Bailey Saunders's Schopenhauer, and numerous others.

EXERCISES

1. Study carefully "Beatitudes" to see if you can gather any traces of the language it is translated from.

2. Find, and underscore, in the translations in the Models, those phrases and expressions which seem to you most certainly English, — which remove the foreign flavor, and could not possibly have come from the original.

3. Translate a connected prose passage of 300 words from the foreign language you know best: by first writing out a "literal" translation, and then translating that into the most "English" English that will keep the spirit and tone of the original.

4. Translate into the best possible English "Concerning a Youth Who Was Unable to Lie."

1. CONCERNING A YOUTH WHO WAS UNABLE TO LIE

(Literal)

A certain father of a family to whom there was a sufficiently large farm, moreover a son in whom he especially rejoiced, gave this one for a gift on his birthday a little axe. He exhorted him greatly to use the weapon with the highest care, lest it might be for a detriment to himself. The youth promised himself to be about to obey.

When it was necessary for that one, on account of business, to seek a certain walled town situated not far, this one, the axe having been hastily seized, departed into the garden, about to cut down each most flourishing cherry tree.

That one, his home having been resought, inflamed with wrath, the servants being called together, asked who might have been the author of this so great slaughter. All were denying, when this one, running up to that one, "Truly, by Hercules," said he, "O my father, I am unable to lie; I, myself, cut down the tree with that little axe which thou gavest to me for a present."

2. HOSTILE AQUITANIA (CÆSAR)

(Literal)

At the same about time, Publius Crassus, when into Aquitania he was come (which region, as before said has been, both of territory in extent, and in number of inhabitants, for a third part of Gaul is counted) when he had understood, in this region by him war to be carried on, where a few before years Lucius Valerius, the legate, army defeated, killed had been, and whence Lucius Manlius, the proconsul, baggage lost, had retreated, not small by him care to be taken understood.

(English)

About the same time, Publius Crassus arrived in Aquitania, a region which, as I have said, is accounted in both territory and population a third part of Gaul. Here he was to carry on the war; here, he remembered, Lucius Valerius, the legate, had a few years before been routed and killed; from hence Lucius Manlius, the proconsul, had retreated, with the loss of his baggage. Clearly, Crassus understood, he must keep his wits about him.

3. LAOCOÖN (VIRGIL)

And here is a scene even more disturbing and terrible. Laocoön, chosen and ordained the priest of Neptune, was sacrificing on the altars at the shore a stately bull, and his two young sons were near him; when suddenly, from the direction of Tenedos, two huge and horrible serpents came swiftly gliding over the water. Their heads, with monstrous, bulging eyes, towered above the waves; their vast bodies came rolling on behind in arch after arch; their tails swept and lashed the blood-sprinkled wave-crests into fury. Incredibly soon they reached the shore, together; and as we fled, we caught one awful glimpse of fiery, blood-shot eyes, of forked and flickering tongues, of horrible, hissing mouths. Relentlessly, they writhed toward Laocoön, who, terror-struck, was guarding his boys. Around the tender child bodies they wrapped their slimy coils, and into those soft child limbs they set deep their evil fangs. Laocoön seized a sword, and rushed upon them; but they whipped round his mighty arms their mightier bodies, and knotted twice about his loins and twice about his neck; and with their heads aloft, and dripping upon his head blood and black poison, they left him only strength to shriek vain cries to an unheeding heaven.

4. BEATITUDES (PAPINI)[1]

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth

The earth here promised is not the literal field of clods, nor monarchies with built-up cities. In the language of the Messiah, "to inherit the earth" means to partake of the New Kingdom. The soldier who fights for the earthly earth needs to be fierce; but he who fights within himself for the conquest of the new earth and the new heaven must not abandon himself to anger, the counselor of evil, nor to cruelty, the negation of love. The meek are those who endure close contact with evil men and with themselves — often harder to bear —

[1] With these extracts should be quoted this comment by the translator:

"I worked very hard over that translation, which was a most difficult technical problem. How can one keep in a language which abhors long-winded rhetoric, the roll and fire of a language and *an author* of a wholly Latin tradition, without making the English version sound like a Negro camp-meeting preacher? The kind of writing which Papini does is wholly foreign to my taste, personally, as well as to the general Anglo-Saxon tradition, so that it was a real effort of pure technic for me to try to give it a just and accurate rendering, a real transposition into the color of another tongue."

who do not break out into brutish rage when things go badly, but conquer their inner enemies with that quiet perseverance which more than sudden sterile furies shows the force of the soul. They are like water which is not hard to the touch, which seems to give way before other substances, but slowly rises, silently attacks, and calmly consumes, with the patience of the years, the hardest granites.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. The afflicted, the weeping, those who feel disgust for themselves and pity for the world, who do not live in the supine stupidity of everyday life, who mourn over their own unhappiness and that of their brothers, who grieve over failures, over the blindness which delays the victory of light — because light for men cannot come from the sky if their own eyes do not reflect it — who grieve over the remoteness of that righteousness dreamed-of again and again, promised a thousand times, and yet always further away through our fault and every one's fault; those who mourn over an offense received instead of increasing the wrong by revenge, and who weep over the wrong they have done and over the good they might have done and did not; those who care little about the loss of a visible treasure but strain after the invisible treasure; those who mourn, hasten with their tears the day of grace, and it is right that they shall some day be comforted. . . .

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the sons of God

These peacemakers are not the meek of the second beatitude. The meek refrain from answering evil with evil; the peacemakers do more, they return good for evil, they bring peace where wars are flaring up. When Jesus said He had come to bring war and not peace, He meant war to evil, to Satan, to the world, to evil which is wrong, to Satan who is Death, to the world which is an eternal battle. He means, in short, war against war. The peacemakers are those who wage war upon war, those who placate, those who bring about concord. The origin of every war is self-love, love which becomes love of riches, pride of possession, envy of those more wealthy, hatred for rivals; and the new law comes to teach hatred for oneself, contempt for measurable goods, love for all creatures, even for those who hate us. The peacemakers who teach and practice this love cut at the root of all war. When every man loves

his brothers more than himself there will be no more wars, neither great nor small, neither civil nor imperial, neither of words nor of blows, between man and man, between class and class, between people and people. The peacemakers will have conquered the earth and they will be called the true sons of God, and they will enter among the first into His Kingdom. . . .

By means of the beatitudes, Christ fully explains who are fit to be the citizens of His new Kingdom. Those citizens are henceforth found and sealed; every one can recognize them. The unwilling are warned, the uncertain are reassured. The rich, the proud, the satisfied, the violent, the unjust, the warlike, those who mock, those who do not hunger after perfection, those who persecute and outrage, can never enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. They cannot enter there until they are altogether conquered and changed, and have become the opposite of what they are now. Those who live happily according to the world, those whom the world envies, imitates and admires, are infinitely further from true happiness than those others whom the world scorns and hates. In this exulting beginning Jesus has turned upside down the human hierarchy; now as He goes on He will turn upside down the values of life, and no other revaluation will ever be so divinely paradoxical as His. . . .

5. CELLINI AND HIS *PERSEUS*[1]

lvii. While I was having the workshop built for making the *Perseus*, I worked in a basement chamber. There I made the *Perseus* of gesso, the same size as the finished statue was to be, intending to cast it from this mould. But when I saw that this method was a rather

[1] The translator's comment on the art of translation is revealing and valuable: "It is a great misfortune to his [Cellini's] fame in England, and an irremediable loss to English letters, that the MS. of his *Life* was hid away in an Italian library in our great age of translators, the age that gave us Florio's Montaigne and North's Plutarch, and certain of the Italian *novelle*. He has the full-bodied flavour they relished, the vivacious physiognomy they could so admirably render with their broad, effective strokes and living colour. We have entirely lost their tradition — lost their splendid art and their audacity, their contempt for detail and peddling accuracy, if so be they could express an individuality well-nigh as strong as, if not identical with, the original. . . . Our present ideals of translation, when we happen to have any, are quite different. They are scientific, philological, rather than artistic, and too often, in spite of excellent qualities, the work has the air of being done, not so much for the sake of literature, as under the eye of the examiner. The two earlier versions of Cellini have the virtues of neither class. Nugent's hardly

lengthy one, I resorted to another plan. By this time, I must tell you, there had been built, brick by brick, a miserable kind of a workshop, so wretchedly constructed that I can't bear to think of it. There I began the figure of the Medusa. First I made a framework of iron, then covered it with clay; and when that was done, I baked it. I had only some little apprentices to help me. One of these, a very handsome lad, the son of La Gambetta, I used as a model, since no books teach art as does the human figure. . . .

lxi. I was getting on with my great statue of Medusa. As I have said, I had made a framework of iron. Then I laid on the clay, according to the anatomy of the figure, about half an inch thinner than the finished figure was meant to be. Afterwards I baked it well, and spread wax on the top, modelling this with the utmost care. The Duke,[1] who often came to see it, was so afraid I might fail with the bronze, that he would have liked me to call in some master to cast it for me. But he was ever speaking with enthusiasm of my skill, which made his major-domo be always on the lookout how he could lay a trap to make me break my neck. He had authority over the high constables and all the offices in our poor, unhappy city of Florence. He, a Prato man, our enemy, a cooper's son, an ignoramus, just because he had been the mouldy old pedagogue of Cosimo de' Medici before he was Duke — he to be given such power, forsooth! . . .

lxiii. The first thing I ever cast in bronze was the large portrait bust of his Excellency, which I had modelled in clay in the Poggini's workshop, while I had the pain in my back. It was a work that gave much pleasure, yet I only did it to gain experience in clays suitable for casting in bronze. I knew that the wonderful Donatello had used

counts now. Roscoe's has individuality of style, but an individuality which is pedantic and often unpleasant. For the rest, it does not satisfy the loosest standard of correctness. English readers owe a great debt to Symonds, as do all translators who come after him, and I most gratefully acknowledge mine. His version has not lacked appreciation; but only one who has grappled with the same task can adequately know his unsparing conscientiousness, his patient, unremitting zeal for accuracy. Where he differs from others, he does so after long and deliberate research. No follower of his can be slipshod or indifferent to detail But the modern system has its defects we none of us can escape from. The pressing ideal of strict justice to each individual clause, compelling here the choice of archaisms, there of colloquialisms of the day, and again of foreign idioms, as if to force on the reader that something very difficult is being done for him — which, in truth, is often the case — tends to a lack of artistic coherence, and the result is apt to be something much better in the part than in the whole."

[1] Cosimo de' Medici, Duke of Florence.

Florence clay for casting his bronzes; but it seemed to me that he had worked under tremendous difficulties. This I believed to be due to some defect in the clay; so before beginning to cast my *Perseus*, I wished first to make some experiments. These taught me that the clay was good; only the admirable Donatello had not quite understood it: for I saw that his works had been cast with endless difficulty. So, as I have mentioned, I compounded the clay by a special process, and found it most serviceable. Then, as I have said, I cast the head with it. As I had as yet made no furnace, I used that of Maestro Zanobi di Pagno, the bell-founder. When I saw that the bust came out with great precision, I began without delay to set up a small furnace in the shop which the Duke had had arranged for me, according to my own plan and design, in the house which he had given me. As soon as the furnace was ready, with all haste possible I made my preparations for casting the statue of Medusa, that woman writhing under the feet of Perseus. The casting was a matter of the utmost difficulty; and to avoid any mistake, I determined to use all the knowledge I had been at such pains to acquire. Thus the first cast I made in my little furnace was perfectly successful; and so clean was it that my friends thought there was no need for me to touch it up again. Of course, certain Germans and Frenchmen, who plume themselves on knowing wonderful secrets, declare they can cast bronze so that it needs no retouching; but this is foolish talk; for after bronze has been cast, it must be worked on with hammers and chisels in the fashion of the marvellous antique masters, and of the moderns too; at least, such moderns as have learnt anything at all about the matter. His Excellency was so much pleased that several times he came to my house to see it, thus putting heart into me to do my best....

lxxviii. For two days I let my work cool, and then uncovered a little bit at a time. First of all I found that, thanks to the vents, the head of Medusa had come out splendidly — had I not told the Duke that it is in the nature of fire to ascend? Then I went on uncovering the rest, and found the other head, that of Perseus, was just as perfect; at which I wondered more; for, as you can see, it is much lower than that of Medusa. I had placed the mouths of the mould above the head and on the shoulders of the *Perseus*, and now I found that this head had taken all the remaining bronze in my furnace. Wonderful to relate, there was nothing left in the mouth of

the channel, and yet there had been enough for my purpose. This appeared to me so marvellous — indeed, nothing short of a miracle — that the whole operation seemed as if it had been guided and brought to a happy end by Almighty God. Luck still followed me as I uncovered farther; everything I found had come out successfully till I came to the right foot on which the figure rests. There I found the heel perfect, and on further examination evidently the whole foot as well. On the one hand I rejoiced; on the other I was half annoyed, but only because I had said to the Duke that it could not happen so. However, when all was disclosed, I found the toes and a little portion above them were wanting, so that about half the foot would have to be added. Though this would give me a little extra work, I was glad, nevertheless; for I could show the Duke that I understood my own business. A larger part of the foot, indeed, had come out than I looked for; but the reason was that, from various causes, the metal had been subjected to a greater heat than is ordained by the laws of the art; and then, too, I had thrown in extra alloy in the shape of my pewter household vessels, as I have told you — a thing nobody ever thought of doing before.

Now seeing the great success of my work, I set off at once for Pisa to see the Duke. He received me as kindly as possible, and so did the Duchess; and though their major-domo had told them the whole story, their Excellencies thought it still more prodigious and astounding when they heard it from my own lips. When I came to the foot of the *Perseus*, and related how, just as I had warned his Excellency before, it had not come out, I could see his wonder grow every moment, and he told the Duchess how, indeed, I had foretold this. Perceiving that my lord and my lady were in good humour with me, I begged the Duke to let me go to Rome. He consented with the greatest kindness, bidding me return ere long to finish his *Perseus;* and gave me letters of recommendation to his ambassador, Averardo Serristori. . . .

For further specimens of good translation among these models, see:

"The Peasants in the House," pp. 430 f.
"The Château," pp. 434 f.
"A Breton Village," pp. 443 f.
"The Storm," pp. 449 f.
"A Day in the Life of a Boy," pp. 468–477.
"After Waterloo," pp. 490 ff.

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